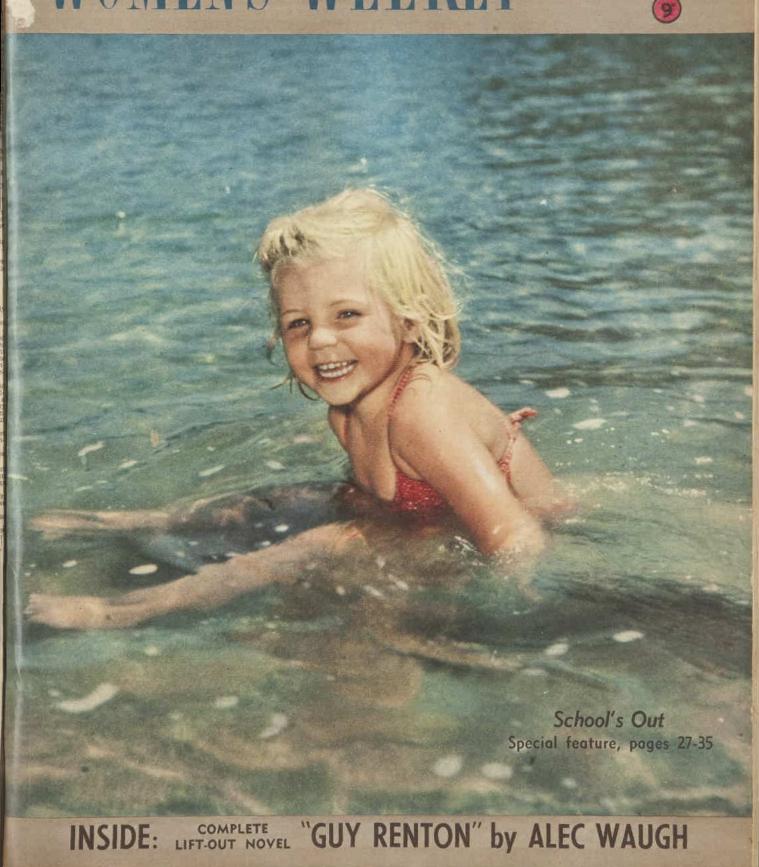
### The Australian Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

**DECEMBER 16, 1953** 

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(2) CALCIUM CARBONATE. A valuable antacid for gastric hyperacidity, gastric and duodenal alcers. Gives rapid relief of pain and heartburn.

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UNUSUAL WAR NOVEL!

### SIDE SHOW

By Gerard Bell

A stony Burma ridge about thirty yards long offered poor shelter to Major Hogan's task force, detailed to divert enemy attention there while a heavy attack developed along the road below.

below.

Over a thousand Japanese lurked unseen in the scrubby jungle surrounding the ridge. Ninety British dug in as best they could and fought with courage, ingenuity and endurance. Pitty hours later they numbered thirty.

A realistic story, written with economy and sincerity.

Price 13/3 From all Booksellers.

### The Australian WOMFNS WEFKIY

DECEMBER 16, 1953

### HELPING THE LIFESAVERS

THE surfing beaches are wonderful summer playgrounds for children. Their delights are innumerable.

But the beaches also have more than their fair share of hazards.

In a matter of seconds a child happily swimming in apparently safe water can be frantically floundering in danger of

The sea plays tricks that cannot be foreseen by the most careful children or the most watchful parents.

Australians, however, have an insurance against tragedies of this kind - the lifesavers.

Every summer they cheat the sea of potential victims. They risk their own lives to save others.

What do they get in return? The thanks of the rescued and financial contributions to their associations from well-wishers are their only reward.

So it must be a comfort to them and their families to know that this summer, for the third year running, free insurance has been taken out on the lives of 13,000 lifesavers in all States except Western Australia.

Of course, this isn't the complete answer. The insurance doesn't protect them from danger.

Parents can make the task of these willing men an easier one by seeing that their children take notice of lifesavers'

As a further precaution, they could have their children taught to swim. Learnto-swim classes are readily available.

A little co-operation can go a long way towards safeguarding the lives of both children and lifesavers this season.

### Our cover:

 Happy Sue Ellen Lowry playing in the water at Paradise Beach, N.S.W., is the water at Faradise Deach, N.S.W., is typical of the thousands of children to whom the school holidays mean wonderful days by the sea. The cover picture of five-year-old Sue Ellen was taken by her father, Shaughn Lowry. A special feature, "School's Out!", designed to help parents and children with their holiday entertainment, can be found on pages 27-35.

### This week:

 When our reporter went with photographer Bill Howarth to visit the charming puppies whose pictures appear on pages 28 and 29, she was prepared to cope with the strong protective instincts of the proud mothers of breeds like boxers, foxics, and bull-terriers, renowned for their watchdog qualities. But the only damage she suffered was muddy, paw marked clothes and much-licked hands.

### Next week:

- To mark the eagerly awaited approach of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to the shores of New Zealand and Australia, next week's issue will feature a brilliant twenty pages on the Royal tour The Queen and the Duke arrive in New Zealand in the Royal yacht Gothic on Decem-ber 23. Pages in color will show you some of ber 23. Pages in color will show you some of the Dominion's spectacular scenery, places the Royal couple will see, and homes they will stay at during their visit to the North and South Islands. As well, there will be up-to-the-minute news on the progress of their journey through the Pacific, fashion advice to help with the planning of Royal tour ward-robes, and advice on ctiquette to be observed when meeting the Queen and the Duke.
- The golden age for a man who has The golden age for a man who has lived wisely lies between 60 and 75—so dreamed Mr. Baldwin, London business man on the point of retiring. But it didn't turn out that way for Mr. Baldwin and his wife, Edith, whose adventures and misadventures are related in "Greengates," our next free, lift-out novel. "Greengates" is by R. C. Sherriff, author of the world-famous war play "Journey's End."

### SANTA CLAUSES by Addis



Disney Toothbrush for Xmas Stocking

Youngsters will really go for cute "Disney" toothbrush will Mickey Mouse or Donald Dud on the handle! It's by Addis guaranteed to make small fry LOVE toothbrushing time! Masset teeth gleam, too! 1/5 how "Disney"at all chemists and stores.



She'll Love "Handy"!

"Handy", the handbag has brush by Addis, fits into handbag, make-up kit (pocket, too) Yet it's BIG enough to work wonders on hair, keep it shining all day. Buy "Handy" in its own plastic cover for all best girls for 6/6 everywhere.



#### "Miss Teens" needs a Face Powder Brush!

No young lovely should clutter her skin with make-up given her skin with make-up given her skin with make-up given her product girl a silky nying Face Puwder Brush by Adibi It dusts excess powder off in trice, leaves skin soft and peach smooth. Just 3/8 at all chemists and stores.

P.S. Here's wishing you a

Xmas!

Grand passion is the theme Book review by of fine new novel AINSLIE BAKER

NNA FITZALAN," by Marguerite Steen, is the love story in the grand manner that so many readers have been

Telling of an illicit passion between a celebrated beauty and a fascinating and masterful lover who is tied to an insane wife, this novel has all the ingredients of popular success.

Thanks to the author's highly sensitive and intuitive writing, what might have otherwise been no more than an Edwardian-style melodrama emerges as the intensely emotional story of a love that illuminates the life of one woman

from childhood to advancing age.

Miss Steen makes the efforts of recent novelists who have attempted to write this kind of full-scale, unabashed love story appear selfconscious and trifling

conscious and trilling.

After the death of her incompatible husband,
Mrs. Hugh Sturges (Anna Fitzalan) is claimed
more and more by the ruthless, but charming,
Evan Crewe, her brother's old university friend
with whom she fell in

love as a schoolgirl.
Unable to divorce his wife, Crewe brings to the pursuit of the gentle and sheltered Anna all the brilliance and purpose that has lifted him to the pinnacle of British in-dustrial leadership. Shortly after she be-

Shortly after she be-mes a grandmother,

Crewe persuades Anna to give up her own home to become his official hostess

wife.

Alienated from her unsympathetic children,
Anna devotes herself wholeheartedly to the demanding Crewe, who refuses to be parted from
her for as much as a day.

By the time the war years are over, Evan
Crewe is a nationally known figure and Anna
is generally accepted as his wife. He has perreaded her to change her war he dead and

suaded her to change her name by deed poll to Anna Crewe.

Secure in the world of Evan's love and the sy devotion of an almost grown-up granddaughter, Anna sees an old age of golden con-tentment opening up before her.

tentment opening up before her.

Miss Steen is especially fine in her tenderly drawn portrait of Lin, the young girl torn between the loyalty she feels she owes to her parents and the strong, emotional pull of her

grandmother's warm personality.

The whole relationship between the girl and her grandmother is beautifully drawn.

Miss Steen is an author who can look into the minds and hearts of the young, and faith-fully report their work-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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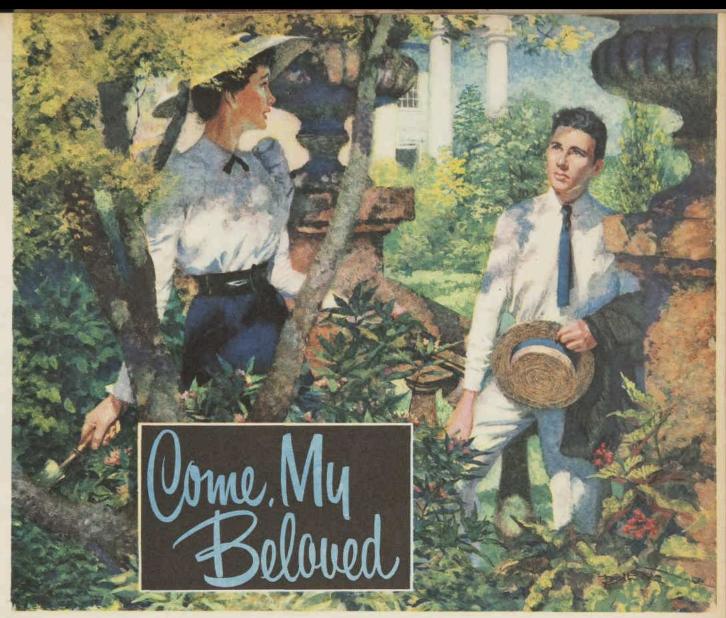
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PERTH OFFICE 40 Shifting Street, Perth Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O. TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

The chapters leading up to the perfidious desertion of Anna by Evan for a young girl and the role Lin plays in the breaking of the news to her grandmother are exquisitely written.

Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 16, 195



DAVID MacARD, wealthy American industrialist, takes a trip to India with his DAVID, in a desperate attempt to jurget his grief over the death of his

wife, LEILA. The country makes a great impact on both men. MacArd is appalled by the poverty and superstition he encounters, and his active brain begins formulating a plan which would simultaneously attack these conditions and set up a fitting memorial to Leila. David, meanwhite, is struck by the ideas and personality of DARYA, a young Indian with whom he makes friends. Soon after their return home, MacArd has a strange impression that Leila is close to him, urging him to make a suitable consecration of his wealth. He immediately resolves to put his plan into action and invites his rector, DR. BARTON, to come and hunch with him. NOW READ ON:

HE. Rector listened respectfully to this richest man in his congregation. He was not a coward, and had he left it his duty he could have spoken plainly even to the great MacArd. Fortunately it was not likely that such would ever be his duty. MacArd was a man rigidly respectable, without grace, perhaps, but good, and if there were rumors of his ruthlessness in business. Dr. Barton supposed that a certain amount of that barsh quality was necessary for success:

Caesar had qualities which did not belong to Christ, but which nevertheless were entirely suitable to Caesar.

"It is a stupendous idea, Mr. MacArd," Dr.

He had enjoyed the luncheon, the dishes were prepared with perfound feeling.

He had enjoyed the luncheon, the dishes were prepared with perfection and he had tried to check his appetite. MacArd ate with careless speed, accustomed, doubtless, to such food, but it was a feast even for a minister

as well placed as Dr. Barton. He knew that gluttony was the vice into which many men like himself fell, and he struggled continually

A fat man of God, a voluptuous priest, was repulsive if not actually sinful, and he did not deceive himself. Gluttony was also a sensual vice

"You like it?" MacArd demanded. "You see the need?"

"It is an idea worthy of your managerial genius," Dr. Barton replied.

genius," Dr. Barron replied.

"It is the fruit of my trip to India,"
MacArd replied. "The Indians need a decent
religion, a creed that will make men of them
instead of supine animals. Practical Christianity is the answer, Barton—a vital, missionary creed that will destroy their idols, clean
out their vile temples, and give them energy."

He went on forcibly: "I say India, but I
mean the world. I want to establish a centre

of virile Christian training from which men-will go out into all the world, preaching a gospel of faith and works. I shall make it a memorial to my beloved wife I want it called the Leila MacArd School of Theology. I want the standards to be the highest and the men to be the best. I want you to help me find the right place for it and then choose the best men in the country for the faculty.

"When a man says he is a graduate of MacArd, it must mean that he is a man of natural trichnical ability trained to the highest degree to spread the gospel of Christiamiy."

A waiter came in noiselessly to remove the plates, and the butler served the dessert, a creamy ice and small cakes and hot coffee. MacArd pushed his dish away.

"Bring me apple-pie and cheese," he

ordered. "Yes, sir," the butler replied, and, taking

the dish away, he was back again with a quarter of apple-pic, while the waiter pre-sented a tray of various cheeses.

MacArd pointed to a sharp Norwegian cheese and talked on rapidly while the waiter served him.

"First, the place," he proclaimed, "then architects to design the finest possible build-

Dr. Barton was overcome. "Do you have any financial figure in mind, Mr. MacArd?" "I am not thinking in figures," MacArd replied. "I am thinking only of achievement." "Admirable," Dr. Barton murmured. "It The girl stood eyeing David in frank curiosity. "Hello," she said, "what do you want?"

is quite possible that the world will be changed as a result of what you do."

He are his cream ice throughtfully and nibbled a cake. He hoped that he was not thinking of himself; he earnestly strove not to do so, but it was quite possible that Mr. MacArd would offer him the position as the first President of the MacArd School of Theology.

It was, of course, to be a memorial to Mrs. MacArd, but inevitably it would be known as the MacArd School. She would have been the first to recognise that necessity. He remembered her as a slender, tall woman, always gracious, and disturbing only because one was not quite sure whether she was about to laugh. Sometimes when he was preaching with the utmost sincerity he had chanced to look down upon her in the MacArd pew—the central from pew—and he met her eye fixed upon him and he had caught in them the brightness of laughter. He had learned not to look at her in church: to look at her in church.

MacArd tapped the tablecloth with his large fingers. Bunches of red hair shone between the knuckles,

"Well," he said briskly, "I guess that's all, Barton. You have your job cut out for you.

To page 38

Our fine serial by PEARL BUCK ... second of eight parts

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 16, 1953

Dramatise yourself-Colour Rinse your hair. Do it the NAPRO way ... . easy, safe and lasts only as long as you wish. There's blue, there's mauve, and twelve other shades from platinum to black.





can take the hard knocks of travel life or become a treasured table time-piece at home. A twist of the movement ... the big sweep-hand sets your waking to the minute. Available also with a handsome leather travel case.

The Swiss Alarm Clock of Precision.



### By HOLLIS

I had been Mrs. Osborne's first plane trip and she was still pleasantly shaky from it. She found herself unable to relax against the seat of the taxi carrying her and her son Roland towards Manhattan, but, instead, sat stiffly, the sensation of flight still possessing her body.

It was two years since she'd seen Roland—the last time was when he'd come home for a week's visit—and she was trying to detect any signs of change

It seemed to her that his skin was a bit sallower, and there were darker shadows around his eyes than there had been before. But, of course, he'd been working hard. His occasional letters always spoke of his extreme concentration on his business life.

"It tried to five an companying of the

"I tried to fix up something at the St. Regis," he said, his eyes seeming slightly abstracted, "but—I don't know—the hotels keep getting fuller all the time. The Roosevelt isn't bad, though."

time. The Roosevelt isn't bad, though."
"It will be just fine, I'm sure," Mrs. Osborne said, and that was when she noticed another change in Roland; her own softly slurred Florida speech was quite different from his, but once he'd spoken the same way. His years in the Army and then in the advertising-agency business in New York had almost taken away the similarity.
"I'll get you settled," he said, "and then I have to run off for an hour or so. But we'll have dinner together. You'll need an hour anyway."

need an hour anyway."
"Yes," she said. "I'll have a bath.
I'd love a bath."

The taxi made a sudden, sharp swerve and she couldn't help tensing. Roland grasped her arm firmly, and she took a deep breath and smiled. "My!" she

You'll have to get used to taxis," he d her. "The chances are we'll come told her. "T

They did, eventually. The cab stopped at the entrance of the hotel, and she felt helpless, in a nice sort of way, as Roland paid the driver and directed the doorman

paid the driver and directed the doorman to take her two travelling cases.

She was proud of the utter lack of fear Roland showed in dealing with these people. The last time she'd been to New York, she and her husband had come to meet Roland on his final leave before going overseas, and Joel had been forces and account of the property of the proper

before going overseas, and Joel had been fussy and nervous and obviously awed by the people he had had to deal with. Joel had wanted to make this trip, too, but Dr. Cadman had advised against it. Roland guided her gently into one of the compartments of the revolving door and, when they emerged, took her to a chair, where she waited while he made chair, where she waited while he made arrangements with the room clerk. It seemed no time at all before she and Roland were in a large, pleasant room, with the bellhop tipped and disposed of. "Now, before I run, is there anything I can get you?" Roland asked. She shook her head vigorously. "Nothing at all, dear. I can take care of myself. You'd better run along." "Let's see," he said thoughtfully. "It's four-ten now. I can be back by five-thirty. Maybe I'd better make a call first."

He went to the telephone and asked the operator to get him a number. Mrs. Oshorne was surprised at the briskness

at the other end, telling him to go ahead, he would meet him at the bar.

When Roland hung up, he came to her and kissed her softly on the cheek. "You get all fixed up," he said. "Then we'll go out and have a nice dinner. Awful good to have you here, Mother."

For just a moment, she nestled against him, then drew away as he made a movement to look at his watch.

"My!" he said. "Always late for something or other. I tried to get out of this.

He looked faintly embarrassed, ap-peared to be trying to remember some-thing, and then put his hand in an inside pocket and drew out a folded sheet of

paper.

"Here are the phone numbers of the people I thought you might want to look up. Aunt Clara, Mrs. Thomas, and some others—you just give the operator the number you want."

"Oh, that's sweet of you," she said.
"Goodbye, now. I'll be back on the

After Roland had left, Mrs. Osborne lay down on the bed, and for a moment the room revolved, very slowly. But the slight dizziness passed—she guessed it was the plane ride that had caused it—and she got up and ran a bath.

She lay in the tub x long time, hoping the immersion would drive away the feeling of being high in the air. She was all dressed, though, and waiting by half-past five.

She looked at the list of telephone numbers and supposed she ought to call Joel's sister Clara to say she was in New York. But she was going to stay almost three days, and there didn't seem to be any particular hurry. She wasn't too fond of Clara, anyway.

fond of Clara, anyway.

Mrs. Thomas she'd xen briefly on her last trip to New York—that was Rurh Barnard, her oldest friend. They'd been chums at St. Timothy's, more than thirty years before, and had kept in touch with each other pretty well ever since. Roland had also put down Sadie Maxwell, who had lived next door for a while, and Alma Nevens, whom she and Joel had met during a vacation in Miami and who had since paid them a yearly visit. It would be nice to see them all.

who had since paid them a yearly visit.

It would be nice to see them all again, but, oddly, she felt like postponing it. It was always a real effort to try to compress into sensible, communicable shape the happenings of a 
long period of time. And, naturally, it 
would mean talking about Joel's heart 
condition. It sometimes seemed that she 
had talked about nothing else for threeyears.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953

He couldn't see that all his mother wanted



"I'm delighted to meet you," said Miss Tremblay when Roland introduced her to his mother in the theatre lobby.

Actually, she decided, she didn't care if she saw no one but Roland while she was here. She had wished she could stay in New York longer than three days, but that wouldn't be fair to Joel. She'd only made the trip on Roland's account, because he'd written he was afraid he wouldn't be able to come home this

year.
Thinking of Roland, she began Thinking of Roland, she began to be anxious, for he was late. It was six o'clock, and heaven knew how she could ever find him if an accident had happened to him. But that was nonsense, she told herself. Roland was as capable as they came, and she was proud of the way he handled things and talked to people. He had a kind of personality that somehow sindicated something important about him. It was always good to be able to

something important about him.

It was always good to be able to say to her friends how well Roland was doing. He'd come out of the war safely and with a string of ribbons, and now he was making enough money to send home a cheque each month, although the and Joel didn't really need it. It always came promptly, to the day, and they used it to pay the specialist who came up every two weeks. ist who came up every two weeks from Jacksonville.

Mrs. Osborne jumped when Ro-land rapped at the door, and then hurried to open it. He came in looking a trille flushed. "Got tied

looking a trifle flushed. "Got tied up," he explained, seeming the least bit harassed. "It's a new account."
"It's perfectly all right," she said warmly. "I had plenty to keep me busy." She had a feeling that Roland had taken quite a few drinks, and it worried her, although why it was the based as dealers. The said warmle was the said to be a seen to be a seen as the said warmle was the said warmle warmle was the said warmle should she didn't know, for his eyes looked clear and bright enough and

it made his complexion seem better.
"Now, let's see," he said. "Would we like a nice, fancy hig place or a nice, fancy little place?"
"It doesn't matter at all, Roland."

"Well, suppose you decide." She decided on the little place, and a taxi took them there, although and a taxi took them there, although she was sure they could have walked it in no time at all. They had to go down some steps to get itiside, and the head waiter smiled at Ro-hand as if he had just caught sight of his best friend. They were given a small alrowe with a lamp on the table, and the head waiter asked them what he could get them to drink.

"Just a drop of sherry for me," she said.

'A dry sherry," Roland told the

waiter, "and the usual for me."
When the drinks came, Roland's

was a Martini, and he gulpr'd a third of it. "Tell me about Dad," he said. "Well, I told you he's just the same," he said, and then it was almost as though she were making

a prepared speech.

"It's the valves, and he keeps taking penicillin injections, and Dr. Cadman says there isn't anything to worry about just so he rests and doesn't strain. He has the down-

stairs bedroom now and—"
But she didn't have a chance to finish, for someone bouncd at their table and a deep voice said, "Well, for heaven's sake, Rolly!"

for heaven's sake, Rolly!"

A quick smile came on Roland's face, and he jumped up and shook hands with a tall, pink-faced man wearing a tweed suit.

"Mother," he said, "this is Jim Fairfield. This is my mother, Jim."

"Well, nice to meet you, nice to meet you," Mr. Fairfield said, shaking her hand. "Guess you're tied up, eh?" he said to Roland.

"Well."

"Inst wanted to say hallo." Me.

"Just wanted to say hello," Mr.

Fairfield said, and he waved and pursued a carefully rigid course to the bar, where he joined three men, all of whom gave Mrs. Osborne a glance of interest.

"Who is that man?" she asked Roland, for she wasn't sure she

liked him.
"Jim? Oh, sort of a big man in Jim? Oh, sort of a big man in his way. Controls a couple of radio shows. I have to be nice to him." He smiled fondly at her, then drank some more of his Martini. "Got a surprise for you," he said. "After dinner we're going to see "Street-

Streetcar?" she said dubiously "Streetcar?" she said dublously.
"You know, the play. I've seen it,
but I want you to see it. It's about
the South—New Orleans,"
"Obt, that's right," she said. "T've
heard of it. Mr. and Mrs. Porter
saw it when they came here last
summer."

"Sixth row, centre," Roland said, "I've got a man who gets me tickets. Valuable guy to know in my business. Never know who's going to drop into town."

His face seemed to freeze all at

see and he quickly finished his

once and he quickly finished his drink. "Now, what about dimer?" he asked. "If you want something not on the menu, just tell me. But I think you're going to want the special causipe, to start."
"Fine, dear. Whatever you say. Perhaps you'd better order." Roland's face grew serious again. "How about this Jacksonville man? Does he back Dr. Cadman up?"
"Well, yes," she said. "He consults with him when he gets in, and he told me Dr. Cadman is allour as good as the local doctors come. He disagreed with him only once, and that was about diet. We have to be very careful with Joel, you know, because of the gas—if it presses—"

She suddenly found she wasn't looking into Roland's eyes, for his attention had wandered to a passing waiter. She thought he was going to order, but he merely indicated his empty glass and turned back

to her.

"Good for relaxing," he said. "I have a few and then I'm all right again. So Dad is about the same. I wonder if we shouldn't get sometone from New York. I've rolled up a little extra lately, and it wouldn't hurt a bit to have another crimion."

opinion."
"Oh, it hardly seems necessary."
"Well, I don't know, Mother. My
psychiatrist was telling me about a
heart man who's doing wonders
with." He stopped when he
noticed the way her eyes had grown
large and round.

"I was going to tell you about that," he went on, with a smile that made him look tolerant, almost as though he were older than she was. "It's not an analysis—that is, not yet. We've been having a few preliminary talks, and it seems that might be ripe for it."

I might be ripe for it."

"But I don't understand," she said. "What on earth would you need a one of those for?" She couldn't keep away a sense of alarm, and her heart was jumping. "Well, these tensions creep up on you. Been trying to take on too much, I guess. We'll talk about it sometime. I can't seem to relax at all, and I haven't been sleeping too well. It's the work pressure, mainly."

"I can't understand why you."

mainly."
"I can't understand why you wouldn't be able to sleep. You always slept well at home. Now, Roland, you'll just have to tell me what this is all about."

She said it with decision, as if by

Sale it with decision, as it by taking a firm stand she could get him to be more open with her. She wash't able to stop the distipproval from showing on her face when an-other drink was placed before him.

She'd hardly touched her sherry. "I guess maybe we'd better get around to ordering," he said, "if

around to ordering," he said, "if we're to catch that curtain,"

The head waiter stood by and kept nodding as Roland gave him the order. He was a man who seemed able to remember very well, for he hardly jotted anything on his pad and Roland's directions were detailed. It was funny to see Roland taking all that trouble, when he just ate whatever was ser before him at home.

he just at what is the home to home at home.
"Now, tell me what's been happening." Roland said.
Mrs Osborne would vastly have preferred to keep him talking about himself, but he insisted upon learning of some of the recent hometown

matters.

Before she knew it, she was off on a record of births, marriages, divorces, deaths, and scandais, which continued through the entire meal. Roland laughed a lot and plainly enjoyed himself. He'd always said she told these things well, and she was pleased that he still seemed to think so. think so. The amount that Roland paid

To page 69

on this holiday was simply some quiet moments alone with her son

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WERELY - December 16, 1953

### GIFTS SO COLOURFUL - SO



#### NEW THIS CHRISTMAS! Perfume in angelic plastic bottles

Helena Rubinstein's famous trio of Skin Perfume now available in these new exquisite plastic bottles. They're angels . . . they're dreams come true . . . in plnk, blue and white Unbreakable; easy to refill; built-in atomiser. Every squeeze sends out a cloud of fragrence. Choose her favourite perfume: Apple Blossom 9/-; White Magnolia, 12/-; Heavenly Glow, 11/-.

#### SILKEN LOOK BOX-Complete "Silken" make-up set!

Any woman would take it as a compliment, it's so feminine, so excitingly packaged. No other gift will give her greater pleasure than this charming pink-and-allver box filled with her favourite Silk make-up. Below, we show you the non-spill Silk Compact Face Powder, 10/6; Silk Lipstick, 10/6; Silk Tone Foundation, 8/6; new Silk Liquid Rouge, 6/11; Waterproof Muscara, 8/3. Complete, £2/6/2



#### APPLE BLOSSOM The gift that is always right

"The world's best loved fragrence"the only perfume which really captures the sweetness of an apple orchard. What an enchanting surprise—lovely pink gift pack full of her favourite fragrance! Skin Perfume, Body Sachet, tragrance: Sun Fernisco Soap, complete for only 21/11. White Magnolle at 26/7. In Heavenly Glow, only 23/11.





### "HAT BOX" OF BEAUTY with a "just-for-her" look!

It's the exciting gift with a personal touch. Chicl A Parisian-stamped silver Hat Box at only 4/- extra. You can make your own choice of Helena Rubinstein's famous beauty products to pack in it. We show the lovely exotic fragrance. White Magnolle, in 5kin Perfume, 11/3; Body Sachet, 9/11; Bath and Complexion Soap, 5/5; Converted. centrate, 10/11. Set with Hat Box, £2/1/6





#### GIFTS XMAS WRAPPED at absolutely no extra cost!

Wonderful idea—a gift Xmes wrapped in the gayest Parision silver paper! A gift you'll be proud to give—any one of Helena Rubinstein's famous Skin Perfumes and matching Body Sachets!

Apple Blossom Skin Perfume, 8/3;
 Body Sachet, 8/3 - White Magnolia
 Skin Perfume, 11/3;
 Body Sachet, 7/11 - Heavenly Glow Skin Perfume, only 10/3;
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Gay to give—fun to receive. Fill it with your own choice of Helena Rubinstein products—this merry-go-round box is only 5/- estra. We show here Helena Rubinstein's engelic fragrance, Heavenly G in Skin Perfume. 10/3. Body Sachet, 8/3: Both Complexion Soap. 5/5; Concentrate. 10 Complete set in Carrousel Bus, £1/19/10.

SKY-HIGH GLAMOUR . . . DOWN-TO-EARTH PRICES!



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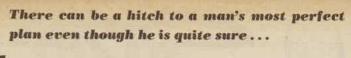
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 16, 1953



It's in the bag By Nicholas Patrick

BARRETT threw himself into the cover of the bush, his heart thumping madly. His heart thumping madly. His gasping lungs and heaving chest defeated his efforts to lie still, as he anxiously scanned the surround-ing scrub.

His hands were torn and scratched, and he felt the sand sticking to his sweating palms and chin as he hugged the ground, making himself small a target as possible

"Got to get it back quickly," he panted, "or I'll miss my chance. Oh, why did I let myself get trapped like this?"

He reviled himself for his stupidity, his carelessness, as he thought desperately, groping for some plan. "I must get them back . . . I must I must."

Bitterly he recalled his thorough preparations and how carefully, oh, how carefully he had packed that precious bag, the bag that spelt free-dom to him.

He remembered lovingly fondling every gleaming object and mentally savoring the joys they would bring him if he could get them to the right placel

Every stealthily acquired piece Every stealthily acquired piece had fitted neatly into the niches he had prepared. "Just an old shap-ping-bag," he had thought that morn-ing, "and no one but me knows its value"... and now he recalled the value"... and now he recalled the uneasy suspicion that had haunted him even then.

him even then.

"Who could know?" he had thought. "Where have I slipped up?" Mentally he had reviewed his actions, checking every step taken ... the furtive telephone calls, the rendezvous, the hange of clothing to be ready—everything carefully planned.

No ... he had given to every nove the same meticulous consideration as had carned him the management of one of the biggest diamond—

non as had carried him the manage-ment of one of the biggest diamond-importing firms in the country. "If they could see me now! Mr. Barrett, the painstaking Mr. Barrett, who had worked his way from office toy to manager and now sup-posed to be enjoying a well-earned holiday at the trout lakes of Tas-mania!"

A wry grin crept over his taut face to the compared the picture the office and of him and the reshity of the loopeless situation he now found himself caught in.

He thought of the cheery farewells his staff as he had left the office two days before, his precious clutched tightly under his armremembered, too, the moment of ickly apprehension when the sales manager had guffawed, "Behave ourself, George, or well tell Lydia shout that bag you've been so con-rened with. Haw, haw."

He had half turned to reply, but ad suppod as he realised the fu-lity, and the need to get away mckly. Just Gabby minding someone else's business again," he had hought. "Anyhow, just let me get out of the city, and he can gab all he likes. It will be too late then,"

He could imagine the conversation in the oiffice after he left — he knew here type of chatter. "Poor Mr. Harrett, he does need a holiday. He's been getting so jumpy lately. Still, been getting so jumpy lately. Still, he has picked a lovely place for a

holiday, they say. Berwick . . . heard of it? No. I hadn't either, but they tell me it is very secluded, almost in the wilds. Fishing and so on."

"Bah if they only knew," he had thought bitterly. "Fishing! As if thought bitterly. "Fishing! As if my dear wife would let me off her apron strings to enjoy myself with out her.

His arrangements for departure His arrangements for departure had worked smoothly, as planned, He had picked up his family, and had left the city by air within the hour. Lydia had been delighted to find that Mr. Hardstein, Barrett's employer, had sent a bouquet of roses to the airport for her.

In spite of a prim appearance, Lydia secretly fancied herself as a woman any man would find it diffi-cult to resist. Hence the roses, a silent tribute from Mr. Hardstein.

Her husband knew differently, of rier hasoand knew differently, of course. He knew the roses were purely an official gesture, more to him than to Lydia. Hardstein didn't want him going off to join any other firm, and this was one way of keeping Barrett's loyalties.

The two children were noisy and excited at the sight and sound of the aircraft on the busy airfield, and impatient for the thrill of flying. Alto-gether, the family presented an ap-pealing scene of domestic bliss.

Finally, they had reached their holiday shack, travelling the last few miles by station waggon driven by the country mail carrier. A gresne country mail carrier. A gre-garious fellow, he had said, "You'll have a good time here, mister. Fish-ing's good, and no hawkers, eh?" He chuckled

He chuckled. "Quite a honey-moon place this. 'Course, you're a bit isolated, but if you want to get bit isolated, but it you want to get to the store you only have to give Bill Hobbs a ring and he'll send a truck for you—and take you to the airfield, too, if I'm not around."

His careful planning had con-tinued to pay off. A few surreptitious telephone calls, when Lydia was engaged elsewhere, had quickly con-firmed his plans. That morning he had suggested to Lydia that she should take the children for a walk

He added, "I may stroll into town for some tobacco and shaving cream, so don't be surprised if I'm not back when you return. I can do with the exercise, anyhow . . . a five-mile walk will do me good." And his plan almost met with disaster im-

mediately.

"Oh, George," Lydia said petu-lantly, "you promised you would help me on this holiday. I want a holi-day, too, don't forget. If you think it's going to be any fun cooking and cleaning up in this old sback for three weeks, you're mistaken. I'd rather be home. And taking a walk won't get lunch prepared. I do think you might have offered to do some-thing shout lunch instead of thinkthing about lunch instead of think-ing of yourself all the time. And

Barrett knew he could ex-

pect no mercy as he felt a knee press cruelly into the

nape of his neck

you can give me some help with the children, too. After all . . ."

"All right, Lydia," he broke in wearily. "All right, dear. Of course, you're quite right. You go off and have a quiet stroll with the children, and TII clean up and fix lunch."

"Emille he he held fix Feerle he.

Finally they had left. Eagerly he had watched them disappear down the bush track, heading for the lake. Then he had quickly got out his precious bag and, as a second thought, had penned a note.

"Dear Lydia. Have decided to go to the store after all. May be back late.—George." To complete the burning of his bridges he had finally disconnected the telephone. "That will keep her quiet for a few hours." That

He was surprised to find that his eleventh-hour activities had taken almost half an hour. In fear that they might change their minds and return before he could get clear, he slipped hastily out the back door of the shack and made for the road.

"Just as well to make quite sure don't run into them," he had thought as he cautiously picked his way through the timber . . . and then it had happened! A rope tight-ened around his feet, a sudden jerk, and he fell.

Dazed and shaken, he tried to get up, but a knee swiftly pressed into the nape of his neck held him cruelly, while his arms were jerked behind him and his hands quickly and expertly lashed together.

"Keep still, Barrett, and shut up, if you know what's good for you," a hoarse, disguised voice gritted in his ear. "One peep out of you and you get this."

Barrett felt the cold barrel of a gun pressed painfully into his neck.
Check on that bag, Joe, and see if
the loot is in it."

loot is in it.

"Loot, you say! Look at this, will he!" said another voice from beat. "Sa—ay. Whadda y'know.

yuh? said another voice iron behind. "Sa—ay. Whadda yknow. The old rogue."
"Showe it over here... Strewth, eh. This is better than I thought."
Barrett could hear, but not distinguish, a whispered conversation behind him as he lay helpless on the argued.

He could not see his assailants, and were cloaks for their real identities. But he knew who they were, and knew what mercy he could expect. He made an anguished effort. "Look, fellows, let's talk this over,

eh?" be said appealingly. "You let me up, give me the bag, and I'll see that you don't regret it. How's that? Come on, be sports now."

"Nah. Sorry. We want these. I guess this ain't your lucky day. Right, Joe?"
"Right, Joe?"
"Right, Maxie. Come on; tie his feet and let's beat it."

Barrett wrenched desperately at his bonds as the sound of their footsteps faded. Strain as he would he could not break them, and with every effort the cord bit into the llesh of his wrists.

ns wrists.
"Curse them, curse them," he moaned tears of frustration starting to his eyes. And then he saw an empty jam tin beneath a bush a few fort away. feet away, its jagged edge poised in-vitingly. Painfully, he wriggled across

After several excruciating slips he finally got the tin into position and sawed at his ropes. At last they parted. Quickly Barrett released his eet and started at the run after his erstwhile captors.

"The road . . . they'll make for

In his desperation he gave little thought to the apparent hopelessness of his situation, singlehanded and weaponless, with the thieves minutes ahead of him.

ahead of him.

"I must get that bag back. I must
... I must"... and then he caught
a fleeting glimpse of dovement to
his right. He quickly ducked for
cover behind a bush. "Where is the
other one... who's got the bag?
Don't let me grab the wrong one
if I'll miss me change altogether."

Don't let me grab the wrong one or I'll miss my chance altogether," he prayed with silent desperation.

Tensely he waited, and peered carefully around. Where the movement had been all was now still. He tried to still his racing heart as he

considered his next move.

ILLUSTRATED DUNLOP

considered his next move. And then ... "Children, what's that you've got ... and George! What What on earth are you doing behind that bush?" Lydia's voice rang out stridently as she called, "Come on, all of you—come out of those dirty bushes. The moment I turn my back off you go."

"Joe" rose reluctantly from his cover, his Texax Ranger cap-pistol flashing in the sun. "Aw, gee, Mum, do we hafta? Aw, crikey, Mum!"

"Yeah, Mum, I was just going to blast a hole in Dad with my rod. Aw, Mum, have a heart, We're not gettin' dirty." "Maxie" rose from cover in Barrent's rear, with the bag

cover in Barrett's rear, with the bag under his arm, as he vociferously added his plea to that of his brother.

"George Barrett . . . just listen to that language your sons are using That's what comes of you permitting them to read those disgusting comics ... and you should be ashamed of yourself, a grown man, playing hide and seek with small boys."

Barrett's brain raced frantically as he wondered how he could re-trieve his bag before Lydia discov-ered what it contained. But too

Aw, O.K., Mum. Come on, Dad. "Aw, O.K., Mum. Come on, Dad. Here's your fishing goar hack. Say, Pop, that's a pretty nice-looking red you've got in there. How about tak-ing us fishing with you?" hopefully. "George Barrett! So that's what

you're up to. Sneaking out behind my back to go fishing. You selfish, inconsiderate creature.

And, with his ears filled with sound and fury, George Barrett, doyen of business executives, humblent of hen-pecked husbands, returned to his housework

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WERKLY - December 16, 1953

# ate with a Sta

RISTINA braked the roadsaw that they were coming into the middle of the small New England

The bus swept off on a slow, majes tic curve to the right and then turned left under an enormous marquee, where a large group of young men were waiting with eager ex-pressions. Cristina pulled in to the right-hand kerb and switched off motor.

She was tired and cramped and cold. It was near twilight, and she had only a vague idea where the Herolds' house was, somewhere on a back road and up a hill, and she'd mislaid her road map. She poked futilely in the glove compartment; no map.

She glanced up and smiled involuntarily. The bis was producing pretty girl after pretty girl, chatter-ing like birds and being embraced by the cager young men. All but one young man. He stood to one side. his eyes searching the entangled scene, and Cristina watched him. His girl wasn't there, that was plain. Ah, youth! Cristina remembered a few years back when she had been

such a girl, tumbling out of train or bus, on her way to a week-end of college fun. There must be a college around here somewhere.

college around here somewhere.

She glanced at atore signs, Greenport Pharmacy, Green-port PostOffice. That was it. Green College
was around here somewhere. A
garage sign caught her eye; maybe
they'd have a road map.

She backed up and made a turn
and drove into the garage, and forgot about the desolate young man.

The garage man was pleasant and

got about the desolate young man.

The garage man was pleasant and succinct. "You should have turned right about ten miles back," he said, pointing at a red mark on the creased, grease-stained map he produced from his breast pocket.

"Best way to do now, you go ahead two miles to the schoolhouse and turn right to the main road. That's about six miles, but you hit a dirt road just this side of it. Turn right there and you'll see a black-top road goes off left at an angle. That'll take you right in to Jenkin's Hollow, only you're coming in from the north in-stead of the south, so you want to watch it.

watch it."

Cristina looked at him fixedly. "Maybe I'd better go back ten miles and turn right," she said.

"Left," said the garage man. "It was right coming north. It's left going south." He put a stick of gum in his mouth. "Want petrol? Check the old?"

Cristina counted ten. There was a cramp in her left calf, and her feet were cold. She summoned a weak smile. "Thank you," she said. "I'd hate to run out of petrol on top of everything else. Is there anywhere around here where I can get a cup of coffee?

Sure. Right over across the street at the bus stop. Ma made apple-pie today too. Back her up to that pump,

ill you?" The little cafe beside the bus station was unexpected. A plump, middle-aged woman was sitting on high stool beside the cash register, nitting a bright red sweater. There a high stop tester in the same of the were white ruffled curtains crisp in the wide window, and a red geranium blooming on the sill. The counter was shining clean, the place smelled

fresh-baked pie and steaming coffee, and the radio was giving out a hymn sung by Doris Day and Gene

Cristina smiled and blinked, coming into the genial warmth after the crisp cold outside, and saw that there was only one other person there-the lonely boy who had waited at the

bus stop.
Nobody ever knew why Cristina did things. She just did them. "Hello, there!" she said affectionately. "How there!" she said affectionately. "How time no see."

are you? Long time no see."

She shrugged off the mink coat and hung it on a bright brass hook on the white wall. She sat down at the middle of the counter beside him.

and smoothed her green jersey suit and patted her sleek fair hair. She bearned at the white-haired knitter. "The boy at the garage said ma made pie today, so I came right

"Boyl For heaven's sake, Bill's thirty if a day," the woman said, beaming back, "Baked up some fresh

mincement too,"

She got down off the stool and put the other needle through her white

I'm starved!" Cristina confided.

"What's to eat?"
"Pot roast ain't done yet," the woman said thoughtfully. "Got bean soup and turkey I can hot up in a

"Wonderful," said Cristina, and meant it. She loved bean soup.

The white-haired woman went out back to the kitchen, and Cristina turned and smiled at the boy. He looked like most of them, tall, slen-der, a tan-colored crew cut, narrow det, a tan-colored crew cut, narrow light eyes in a long face. He was staring at her in a puzzled way, like a puppy which has been punished and then hears a friendly voice. "What's with you, chum?" Cristina said, looking at the cup of coffee get-ting cold in front of him. "No pie?"

He looked away from her. "I wasn't very hungry. Just—just cold." Ah, the poor baby, Cristina thought. "Cold," she said aboud. "I'm not just cold, I'm madder than wet hen. And what are you doing ff here in Greenport, anyway?" He looked thoroughly confused.

"I go to school—to college here." He looked at her, red staining his cheeks. "Do you—I mean, do we really know each other?"

He picked up his spoon as if it were an ingot of gold, and inspected it thoroughly. "Because, honestly, I don't think we've mer. But I've seen you somewhere

Cristina looked at him, thoroughly shocked. "You mean you don't know my name? You never saw me be-

He looked bothered. "Weil, I

Cristina gave him her row one smile. "A fine thing," she said. "Look, I need help. What does a gal do around here when she's been stood up? I wish Frank Merriwell or Hoppy or somebody was here, need a spot of rescue.

Up to that minute she had still been brooding about that ten-miles-back business. Or two miles ahead and heaven knows from there. But right then Cristina got an idea. She went on, confidentially, "I've been stood up.

The boy said, "That's tough. Me,

Oristina lowered her eyes. "We're in the same boat, huh? We ought to do something about that." She

thought: A fine thing, Adams! What

are you doing, anyway?
There was an unexpected depth of There was a interspected depth of the first time. But I always go on hoping Betts will change. She promises and she promises, and then, last minute, she sends a wire saying she can't come. Only this time she didn't wire."

"Too last to got another girl?" "Oh, it isn't

"Too late to get another girl?"
"I don't want another girl. I want

The door to the kitchen swung open and the white-haired woman

Made this soup with stock from the ham and a smoked tongue," she informed them. "Real tasty. It's an old English recipe."

"English?" Cristina asked. "Bean

The proud cook put the bowls down in front of them. "English," she informed them, "that's our name. Tim, there, knows us. Been Englishes around here I don't know how long. Graveyard's full of them." She went thack to the high stool beside the

thack to the high stool beside the cash register.

"I didn't order any soup, did 1?" the boy asked. "It's good, isn't it?" "Who is Betts?" Cristina wanted to know, crambling bread into the soup. "And why do you stand for her rude ways, anyway? Why go on inviting her?"

"I can't help it," he said simply. "She's for me, and I wish she'd find



Cristina held up the sweater and ran a quick look over it. "Nothing like red to catch a man's eye," she said to herself.

ILLUSTRATED BARBARA ROBERTSON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953



When they made him an instructor he was mildly annoyed, but if that was where he was needed

In the meantime he went to a few parties now and then to break the daily routine; he read the new books when he had nime, and his mother forwarded various highbrow

Cristina Adams was an Army child. Her father was commanding the post adjoining the air base, and Carlos King was her first love; a fact which entertained Carlos, who was fond of her, and mordinately amused by the tind entertain of the all the affects. by the rigid protocol of the officers and their wives.

and their wives.

They reminded bim of the equally rigid protocol at some of the stuffier universities where instructors were exquisitely polite to associate professors who, in turn, were very polite to professors, who deferred to department heads and deans.

department heads and deans.

Cristina's academic background was sketchy, to say the least. She had gone to school wherever her father was stationed — Washington, Manila, Benning, Leavenworth, with a year in a Virginia finishing school. Not the type of mind to interest Carlos King. He took her everywhere because she was an enchanting child, but that was all.

"And I are my beart out," Cristina axid forlornly, "I never even got kissed goodbye. I had some post-eards from him, and that ended it. I never beard from him again."

The hov buttered a piece of roll and finished his turkey soberly. Eight years. That makes you.—"

"Twenty-six," Cristina said. "And still single.

The boy's eyes went past her to the window. "Quick!" he said. "What's your name? Mine's Tim Hughes." "Cristina Adams," she told him, astonished, turning to follow his over

The door was opening and four young people hurried in, breathless and laughing. "We ran out of petrol on Poplar Hill," a great tall lad was shouting. "Had to get the car furned around and coast all the way back. Hallo, Tim! Got any money on you? We demand coffee."

We demand cottee.

There was a flurry of introductions, and the tall boy said, "You weren't on the bus, were you, Miss Adams?"

"No, I drove up." Cristina said, reaching for a slice of pie. "The car needed some petrol, so I left it over at the garage."

One of the two girls, a handsome thing with holdly carved features and a straight black bang, was watching her. "But you're Cristina Adams," she said. "Why, Tim Hughes! Why didn't you tell us?"

"Tim isn't a bit impressed," Cris-tina said, putting a warning hand on Tim's coat sleeve. "We're just old friends from way back. Aren't we, Tim."

Tim looked down at her, his eyes grateful. "She tells me all," he said gruffly. "She whispers her girlish confidences in my manly ears."

"Are you really coming to the dance tonight?" the tall girl asked, eyes shining. "What are you going to

wear!
"We-ell," Cristina said judiciously,
"If Tim still wants me to."
He took his cue like a trouper.
"Idiot!" he said. "Let's pick up your
car and find your room." He put
down some money. "Here you are,
Mrs. English," he said. "The turkey
was fine."

Mrs. English, he saws marvellous."
The bean soup was marvellous."
The bean soup was marvellous."
Cristina said. "Will you give me the recipe, Mrs. English?"
That recipe, said Mrs. English, has been in the family a long while.
Dumo Td give it to just anyone, but seeing it's you, Miss Adams—

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### Going on holidays?



### don't forget



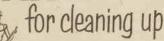
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Page 10

#### Continuing

call in tomorrow, and it'll be

all written down for you.

She worked out the change, and Cristina had a quick glimpse of Tim's wallet. There was one more note in it.

She said, under the farewells and ser-you-laters, "Is there sny place around here I can make a telephone call, Mrs. English?"

"Bus station," Mrs. English said, smiling, "You want some

Cristina put down a note and slid her eyes sideways at Tim's change. Without a perceptible flicker of expression, Mrs. Eng-lish slid the note into Tim's money Cristina and Mrs. Eng-lish exchanged delighted grins and Mrs. English said, "Come by in the morning and have coffee."

coffee."
"That I will, darling," Cristina said. "You're a love, Mrs. E." She tossed her a kias, and she and Tim picked up their respective change and left.
"Give me five minutes, Tim," she said. "I have to make a phone call. I'll join you over at the garage."
"O.K.," he said cheerfully."

"But " "Later," said Cristina.

Cristina could hear the ring on the parry line, one long and three short. It rang twice, and then she heard Mary Herold's voice, and clicks as the other parties on the line tuned in. "Mary," she said, "this is-you know who. I won't get there tonight, I'll explain when I see you."

e you." And just as well, too," Mary "And just as well, too," Mary Herold said. "Everything went wrong today. I am rassing a pack of fiends over here. I am exhausted. So it's all right, pet. Do me a favor, will you? See if you can buy a couple of roast chickens, will you? And some fruit and vegetables."
"Can do," Cristina said. "How about some cake?"
"Yes, her hostess said. "Anything. For three adults and "Anything. For three adults and

"Yes," her hostess said. "Anything For three adults and

"Yes," her hostess said.
"Anything For three adults and
three fiends."
"See you!" Cristina chuckled,
and went back to the cafe.
Mrs. English was still sitting
on the high stool, and the
young people had left. Bing
Crosby's easy-going barritone
tame over the radio, on some
cold records, and Mrs. English
held up one warning index
finger. Cristina waited.
"There," said Mrs. English
with great satisfaction, knitting
off the last stitch.
"Pretty?" She held up the
scarlet sweater. "Sow it up
under the arms and it's all
done. A bit low-necked, but
pretty."
"Who's it for?" Cristina said
admiringly.
"Don't know yet."

EQUALLY EFFICIENT

SALT WATER

HARD WATER

SOFT WATER

"Who it for Criticia sho admiringly."
"Don't know yet."
"Wan to sell it?"
"Why not?"
"How much?"
"Let's see, now; let's bar-

gain."

Cristina laughed. "You're a pet, Mrs. E. Look, I've got to get two roast chickens and some fruit and vegetables tomorrow. Have you any handy?"

"Got a roast turkey in the freezer. That do you? And one thing an another. Come back tomorrow."

"And the sweater," Cristina reminded her. "It's a glorious color."

### from page 9

Date With A Star

Tim was sitting in the car when she reached the garage, the sweater tocked into her shoulder bag.

"Sorry to be so long," she said. "You drive, will you? I don't know where we're going." She got in from the street side. "And what am I going to, anyway? A college dance?"

Tim put his arm along the back of the seat and turned to her. "You're Cristina Adams," he said accusingly.

her. "You're Cristina Adams," he said accusingly.
"That's what I told you. And you're Tim Hughes. We're the poor mugs that got stood up tonight, so we're taking pity on each other."

"No such thing," Tim said.
"You overran your turn and
you're headed for Jenkin's
Hollow."

You're neaded for Jenkin's Hollow."

"No such thing," Cristina said equably. "You've been listening to Ma English's boy."

"Nobody ever stood you up."

"That's what you think. I told you Carlos King.

"Okay, okay," Tim said, turning the ignition key. "But what do you get out of it? Soothing my wounded heart and all? I know who you are, now. The garageman told me. He's got a pin-up picture of you in his office."

He's got a pin-up picture of you in his office."

"Pretty, aren't 1?" Cristina said smugly. "So I wasn't getting anywhere in Hollywood, and I came to the hig city—and wheel It's fun, too. Name in lights, testimonials for home waves, cold cream, and toasters—so far. Wolves at my door. Name in the columns, And I listen all the time to people with angles. Fought I am going to dance until my feet

with angles Tought I am going to dance until my feet hurt, and have fun."

She fell silent for a moment. "You know, Tim," she said wistfully, "it's a long time since I had a real date, a date with a boy I liked. Let's just have fun tonight, huh? This is my first vacation in two years."

Tim reached over and patted her clasped hands. "You'll dance, all right. Sue Palmerthe girl with the black bangwill have it all over the dorm by the time you get there."

Cristina gazed out at the

Cristina gazed out at the snowy upbill fields on either side. "And you'd trade to-night's date with a Broadway

star for an evening with your Betts, wouldn't you?"
Tim looked at her and grinned. "You just know I would, Miss Adams."
"That's my boy," she said approvingly, "And it's Cristian."

approvingly. "And it's Cristina."
"Cristina." He said it again.
"I like that." He gave his attention to the ruts in the snow for a while until they topped the hill. He stopped the car then. "Pretty, sin't it?"
Across the valley below them, up the geantle slope of the opposite hill, Green College spread its toy buildings against a rim of dark pines, picked out with tiny lights. Far to the right a red skyway light on the ridge blinked on and off, and headlights flashed.
"It's lovely." Cristina said

lights flashed.

"It's lovely," Cristina said softly. "Carlos used to tell me about these little colleges tucked away in the New England country, peaceful and quiet. He said peuple learned how to learn here. He said...." Her

ice trailed off. ably teaching in one no maybe this one." Tim patted her shoulder as

leaned over and laid his col cheek against hers for

"Not this one. But nev-mind," he said. "You'll me-Mr Right some day. That wo only puppy love, Cristina!" He dodged her slap, laugh ing. "Well, that's what the

only puppy love, Critina.

He dodged her alap, lauging.

"Well, that's what the tell us, and you've only got a years on me!" He let the bras out cautiously, and they inchedown through the sliding snoe.

He said at the foot, speedin up a little in the level vally.

"We're having dinner in the main dinning-room, and then the dame, and a his breakfast at the dorm when you wake by You'll have my room." I colored a trifle. "Those potures in my room—they're a Betts. Give you an idea."

The narrow single roos looked a lot like Tim, Cristin thought. The tall bookeds framing the single wide wa dow were stacked neatly we books—texts, biographies, his tory, poetry.

Along the wall above he day-bed ran a series of pheu graphs, enlargements of sna shots; Betts in tennis togs, Bei diving, Betts playing with puppy, Betts with her an through Tim's.

Cristina inspected them, is head on one side. "Somethis."

through Tim's.
Cristina inspected them, head on one side. "Someth tells me, my good woman," addressed the lovely child the prints taped to the line big green desk blotters, "some kind friend is going tell you. Tim brought me this dance. I'd better be belle of the ball tonight. Tim's sake, of course," Tim's sake, of course," added, and bowed to framed book plate engo TIMOTHY MATH HUGHES.

HUGHES.
She sat on the floor and ranged through her of "Where's my sewing kit" in the floor and it, ap the red sweater and roquick professional eye over "Nothing like red to care man's eye." he said to her She then threaded a necession of the said to her she there are the said to her she said to her said to her

tacked up the sides to make a little tighter.

She tried it on and looked herself in the long door min

in dismay.
"Whew!" she whistled.

where she wassed on no, no, no no!"

It was much too short at it wast, that was clearly to seen. She pinched her left of a nd pondered Inspersion seized her. Somewhere is be

She found it at last, to in a side pocket, the gold She stitched it to the be oue a black nylon ballet-skirt, unrolled seamless nylon atockings, insignification of the minutes for a shower of quick cologne wave a termoles.

She beamed at herself on, Adams," she said.

on, Adams," she said. "Neep a man waiting."
She was almost the last down, at that, her mini-slung over her arm. Times at the foot of the wide."
case, bearing up at her. "O on," he said. "We'll have

To page 68

#### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY







THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December





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Page 12



FAMILY GATHERING at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, shows little Prince Charles the centre of attraction as sculptured deer in the grounds. From left, King George VI, wheeling Princess Anne's pram, the Queen (1 Elizabeth), the Duke, Princess Marguret, and the Queen Mother (then Queen Consort).

The Queen's Life Story

### Royalty had a housing problem, too • This is the fifth instal-ment of the brilliant series

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, on returning from their honeymoon, found the housing problem was just as difficult for them as for many other young newlyweds. The King could not find any house in London suitable for the heiress to the throne and her husband.

SO the young couple had for years, shaken by bombs to be given a small during the war years. suite at Buckingham Palace three rooms and a bathroom on the second floor looking out over the courtvard down to The Mall.

Most of their meals had to be taken in the family diningroom with the King and Queen and Princess Margaret, and they also shared the draw-

Inevitably, there were times Inevitably, there were times when the general domestic relationship was not completely screne. People are still individuals, even when they are Royalty, and different ages and temperaments sometimes caused disagreements.

The Duke, who has always hated an inactive life, had re-turned to his naval duties and been gazetted to the Ad-miralty.

Princess Elizabeth would kiss him goodbye at a quarter to nine every weekday morn-ing as he went off to work.

Just after 5 p.m. she would take up her stand at the sit-ting-room window and, as she caught sight of her husband crossing the road to the Palace, she would ring the bell for tea, then run to greet him—"as if they'd been parted for years," as Princess Margaret once

One morning the King summoned Princess Elizabeth to his study to tell her she would now have her own Lon-don home. It was Clarence House, off St. James' Palace.

"Thank goodness! Oh, what wonderful news!" the Princess replied. She would not have been a warmly human girl if she had not longed to r

Clarence House needed many repairs to be habitable again. It had stood empty

There was now other news in the Royal household, the most exciting news imagin-able. It was shared with the able. It was shared with the world when a Court circular formally announced that "Her Royal Highness Princess Ehza-beth Duchess of Edinburgh beth Duchess of Edinburgh will not undertake any further engagéments

Everybody rejoiced with the Royal Family at this intimation that Princess Elizabeth was to become a mother, and im-mediately hundreds of letters of congratulation reached the

There were gifts of tiny woollies, knitted with affection and care, and suggestions how the mother-to-be could maintain her health during the waiting period.

Queen Mary crocheted one of her special shell-pattern shawls in shawls in timest white By her time in the nursery now. One of the

who hated knitting, managed with supreme effort to pro-duce a tiny knitted vest.

One day a friend coming to tea met Princess Elizabeth in a corridor, carefully push-ing the old blue pram that had been used for so many Royal babies. "I am just getting my hand in," she explained. "Princess Elizabeth's son was

born at the Palace soon after nine o'clock on the night of November 14, 1948.

The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family waited in the private drawing-room, while the Duke of Edinburgh walked around, on the King's suggestion played a game of squash with his equerry, and occasionally sat in the corridor as near to his wife's door as he was per-

He was the first to see the Princess and their baby, only remaining for a few moments. Then the King and Queen' and Queen Mary peeped in

and Queen Mary peeped in for a brief space.

"How does it feel to be a great-grandmother?" some-body asked Queen Mary.
"Very satisfactory," came the smiling answer. "I'm glad for Elizabeth and for England ton."

For now both the King and Queen Mary could feel as-sured that the Royal line of succession was being carried on through this newest mem-ber of the House of Windsor.

Now came a time of great appiness for the young happiness nappiness for the young mother. She wheeled the baby in his pram in the Palace gardens, and helped his nurse to bath and powder him before im in his cot at Princess Elizabeth putting him

spent most of her time in the nursery

extremely few occasions when she arrived a few minutes late for a formal function hap-pened about this time,

The Princess was seen to slip into the reception-room and take up her place near the King and Queen after the other Royal ladies had assembled

Later she explained apolo-getically that she had been unable to resist "just taking a quick peep at Charles" before the came along, adding, "He looks so very sweet asleep."

The baby was christened at Buckingham Palace in the music-room, with its vivid blue decorations, filled with white chrysanthemums and lifes. It had served as a chapel since the real one was destroyed

Philip Arthur ment.

on the Queen's life by English author Margaret English author Margaret Saville, in which she de-scribes the early married life of Princess Elizabeth and ber sailor husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. The final instalment will appear next week.

George behaved perfectly the first ceremony of his Roya life, though he went to sleep while the photographs wer-being taken.

The repairs at Clarence House were now nearing com-pletion, and the Princess and the Duke could actively plan their future home.

They would go across from the Palace in the Duke's little sports car, to wander through the empty rooms with swather of fabrics and paint shade cards and a farge, black note book into which the Prince jotted reminders.

With an ever-active temperament and strong individuality, the Duke was not one of those husbands content to "leave it all to you, dear." He had definite ideas about this one just confined to his own

One afternoon a workm busy plastering was startled hear a voice underneath | planking saying "Oh, sweetie! That'll be foul!"

He realised who it was only when a clear, girlish voice re-plied: "Well, of course, if plied: you're really sure you don't like it, darling."

In October the Edinburgh, still a serving naval officer, returned to active duty with the Mediestranean Fleet, and flew out to join H.M.S. In October the Duke Chequers.

Soon after Prince Charles first birthday, Princess Fun-beth decided to join her has band for a time.

"Of course I'll jook aim," the Queen said happile, as she picked up her grandon and kissed him fondly, "Margaret and I will be posited dragons while you're away."

Next Week: Final instit

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1955

### £2500 Happy Marriage Contest

### Late entrants should hurry; more cash awards this week

With the closing date of our Happy Marriage Contest announced for December 31, readers haven't much more time in which to send in entries.

HERE are winners of progress awards in each of the three written sections

SECTION 1. BEST ADVICE TO MARRIED COUPLES FROM ANYBODY.

MY advice to married couples is to stop every so often to look and listen, to read again your marriage vows, and then to ask yourself these questions:

"Am I still giving my whole self to this marriage? Am I sharing my life, my work, and my very being with my loved one? Or am I just living as an individual, looking after my own interests?"

It is no easy to take each

It is so easy to take each other for granted. Don't do other for granted. Don't do this. But rather remind your-self often that this is the man (or woman) that you love, and tell him (or her) with sin-

A wedding day is not marriage. A happy marriage is built on the years after. So to all married couples I say, "Keep a deep respect for your marriage; remember that it is most sacred trust to be chershed and enlarged with your love and devotion for each other through the years."

£10 progress award to Miss M. Toose, 39 Railway St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.

BEING 15 years old, my advice is, of course, not based on matrimonial experience. Very few marriages follow my plan, but it is not impractic-

A husband or a wife must have a triend in his or her partner. One who can be atterly trusted, who knows the est and the worst, and who wes despite faults. An understanding of your

artner's character is essential, and a community of interests important. It is natural for couple to have differences of pinion, but with co-operative nderstanding and a sense of crifice these can be solved.

Between a happily married uple there must exist aple there must exist oughtfulness, consideration, of kindness. There should an attitude of frankness and liability towards each other

A certain amount of social e is important. To be able mix freely is a sign of oderstanding and tolerance. In raising a family, young trents should be firm and

draise them to be broad-oded citizens—to learn to others points of view, and he friends with the com-

Succeisful marriage can be lucved by learning to take luces and deal with them thful to your religion, and ing able to appreciate and

65 progress award to Ber-ard J. Biggs, 5 Collier St., THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 16, 1953

SECTION 2. BEST ADVICE FOR HUSBANDS FROM A WIFE.

FROM infancy the average woman is trained — as well as inclined — to look after

This, husband, is your greatest advantage. But don't try to capitalise on it; it is due to nature, not to your personality.

Even so, woman is thoroughly individual. Treat her as a woman, don't begin by baby individual. ing her, or making her "your queen." Time goes on, and nobody loves a middle-aged baby, and man tires quickly of subjection. Treat her as an adult; it's ordinary, but it wears

Although primarily designed to complement man, woman has earned the right to share as well as serve. Therefore, share with her your interests and ambitions, your worries as well as successes.

A woman knows when her man is worried, and your worst truth is usually better than her mildest imagining.

Encourage her to keep her own interests; over-devotion can smother you, but interest

Love her a lot, warm her with praise — justly measured. If you must advise, be pre-pared to back it up with practical help. Rage and war as little as possible; this creates hostility, and a hostile wife

is anything but warm and ielding. Subtle suggestion ielding. Subtle suggestion makes beating almost unneces-

Of course you'll remember to tell her how pretty she is, just often enough. As for muddying house, neglecting garden, swamping buthroom, or forgetting anniversaries vell — you wouldn't do that myway — or would you?

£10 progress award to Mrs. M. N. Hamilton, Married Quarters, R.A.A.F., Banks-town, N.S.W

I THINK a sense of security is sought by most human ngs. Therefore, the hushand whose wife and children feel "safe" is the most likely

feel "safe" is the most likely to have a happy marriage.

To give them this feeling, by must give them love and kindness. This does not mean to be indulgent, but to be firm, just, and good humored.

A man with these qualities is certain to apply these principles to his daily work. The knowledge of this will give his family a further sense of security and well-being.

Though he may never be rich, he will always be liked and respected in the commun.

and respected in the commun-ity. In consequence, he will try. In consequence, he will be sought after by people of his own calibre, who, in turn, will form a happy and agreeable circle of acquaintances from whom his wife and chil-dren may choose their friends.

Finally, he would be much helped in his aim to be kind, just, and loving if he has some spiritual faith. Alone, we are none of us much good at keep-

ing to our ideals.

£5 progress award to Mrs.
Winifred O'Sullivan, 23 Erskine Rd., Macleod, Vic.



E5 PROGRESS AWARD to Mrs. J. D. Robertson, Dowerin, W.A., for this wedding-day picture taken outside L1B A.G.H. Sisters' Mess in 1943. Mrs. Robertson believes that this was the only wedding to be celebrated in a mess in W.A.

BEST ADVICE FOR WIVES FROM A HUSBAND.

IT doesn't need lots of money to make married life run smoothly. Take my own case: After four years of war service, with less than £100. I married a city law and we serried on a "block" 26 miles

from the nearest settlement.

The best advice I can give wives is to tell them about the girl I married.

She was a "giver." I am firmly of the opinion that the distinction between "givers" and "takers" determines the happiness or otherwise of persons in all walks of life.

sons in all walks of life.

Side by side we cleared, fenced, and brought our little farm into production. Outback proved an ideal testing ground for us both, and my wife, by her willing help and courage coupled with fler care of our nine children, emerged with flying colors. with flying colors.

An early weakness of mine (over-indulgence in drink) was cured by my wife's gentle hanter, rather than a policy of soul—and home—destroying nagging.

From the outset we decided that our earnings should be banked in our joint names, any suggestion of a set al-lowance for a wife being repulsive to us.

We have never owned a car, but what of it? We have nine healthy, happy children, all happily married except the two youngest.

The law of compensation still operates. Build on ROCK Children (and grand-children) bring their own

£10 progress award to Mr. T. A. Kelly, Box 26, Maroo-chydore, Qld.

A WIFE carries an import-A Wife carries an import-ant responsibility. She is, literally, the power behind the throne. By her thrift, common sense, tact, and en-couragement she can help her husband on to greater

Impatience, selfishness, and lack of interest will keep him

Try to take an intelligent and sympathetic interest in his work and his health.

To be a success he must have your support.

A bright, cheerful home, free of friction and nervous tension, is important if he is to make the grade.

Whether pottering in the garden or going to sport be likes company, and would prefer yours.

If you cannot afford all the things you would like, don't mag him. As he makes his way in life he'll be able to give you more, so just be patient.

Give him a comfortable, peaceful home life and you will have a healthy, contented husband who will treat you with the same thought and consideration you have given

His responsibility is to provide the living. Your job is to keep him fitted to do so, mentally and physically.

£5 progress award to Mr. C. Black, 102 Wakefield A. C. Black St., Adelaide.

### THE PRIZES

The prizemoney of £2500 in our Happy Marriage Contest is made up as follows:

£1000 for the best entry in the

£250 each for the best entry in the four sections, Total £1000.

£50 each for the second best entry in the sections. Total £200,

£25 each for the third best entry in the sections. Total £100.

PROGRESS AWARDS for entries published during the course of the contest. Total £200.

GRAND TOTAL £2500.

- ★ Here are the full details of each of the four sections of the contest:
- 1. Best advice to married couples from

You don't necessarily have to be married yourself to have constructive ideas on what goes to make a section marriage. This is a section anybody can enter—and anybody can win.

2. Best advice for husbands from a wife.

This is a section for wives (or widows) only. We ask you to draw up a list of the advice that you think would help a husband to make a marriage

3. Best advice for wives from a husband.

This is a section for our married men (or widower)

Your advice can be of a practical nature or of an idealistic one. Or a judicious combination of both.

4. Most charming wedding group picture.

The picture may be of bride and bridegroom only, or it may include their attendants. However, the bride

or it may include their attendants. However, the trade and groom must be in the picture.

Wedding pictures may be submitted by the bride bridegroom, their children or grandchildren only.

In the case of the same picture being submitted by more than one person, only that received first will be eligible for judging.

### CONTEST RULES

A DDRESS your entries "Happy Marriage Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send in as many entries as you like, but
each must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

Put your name and address in block letters at the
top of each page of your entry. Write on one side

of the paper only.

Written entries may be as short as you like, but should not exceed 250 words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated

Copyrigit in all entries shall belong to consolutate or Press Lid. Entries in the written sections will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest.

All care will be taken with photographs, which will be returned after the contest, but no responsibility can be taken for any damaged or lost.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the

received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Finalists of sections two, three, and four will be asked to sign an affidavit of eligibility.

### HAPPY MARRIAGE CONTEST

December 16, 1953. Paste one coupon on each entry. I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. (This does not apply to section 4.) I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

Signature (Mr., Mrs., or	Miss)		******	*****
Address (block	letters) .	*(*,*,*,*,*,*)		
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YOUTH SERIES by Betty Best

### Goodwill guests

Now that school is over, maybe for the last time as far as you are concerned, there will be a lot of serious things to consider about the future. But first come the holidays and with them some exciting invitations.

PERHAPS you will be going away with your parents and spending some of your time with relatives or friends of an older generation.

Or perhaps for the first time you'll be striking off on your own and joining a house-party of young people. Whichever it is you can have lots of fun and add to

the pleasure of those around you as long as you remember a few guiding rules.

These vary in detail according to circum-stances, but they can be summed up in the single phrase "Don't be

with your parents it will be comparatively simple to plan ways of fitting in with their festivities as well as to organise some of your own on the side.

Always remember that at least half the reason for the holiday is to give your parents a rest. If you are co-operative, they will be keen to see that you do all the things you want to do.

You should check with your parents what they would like you to do and what times they have set aside family gatherings

You are bound to meet You are bound to meet other people of your own age with whom you can arrange swimming, termis, or riding parties, evening barbecues, and maybe a dance of two.

As long as these activities don't leave your parents in the lurch just when they most want you with them, they will be only too pleased to see you having a good time.

And if there is someone whose company you enjoy

whose company you enjoy nore than others, pay your parents the compliment of in-troducing him or her to them.

ntirely fresh recording on (1013. It's an excellent

choice for the youngster who is beginning to take an interest

Apart from making them feel good about your new friendship it will give them an opportunity to include that special person in any family jaunts—that will make them much more fun for you.

The teenager house-party can be a grand idea too, but it puts even more responsi-bility on to you as an individ-

your party will have exactly the same high expectations. You have probably been asked by the son or daughter of your hostess who will be staying in the house as a chaptere. No matter how much she

ikes young people, don't for-get she has given up all her own holidays to make yours enjoyable.

Holidays don't mean that all routine work stops dead. Although you're liv-

ing in someone else's house there are still plates to wash and beds to make.

Make sure that you

take the responsibility for any work that your presence has made. If you have a roon

to yourself, always keep it clean and tidy without anyone having to mention it to you.

It's easy to get the work done quickly if each guest does his share, but it takes only one or two lazy mem-bers of the gang to fall down on the job to make life difficult.

Another short cut to spoiling the holiday spirit is to pair off with one member of the party

Selfish actions like

the this som arouse feelings of resentment.

Of course you will like some of your fellow guests more than others, and perhaps one will seem so attractive that it seems a waste of time to talk to anyone else. But it's rude to wander off and ignore the others.

If the friendship is so important you'll have a chance to see more of each other when the holiday is over

If it was a one-sided feeling at the start you will seem more attractive if you distribute your attentions—and it won't be such a let-down if you never meet again.

#### A bachelor's opinion: ON BEING BROADMINDED

ONE of the first true marks of sophisfication in young women is their ability to manage conversation in mixed

When a girl is the one female representative in a group of men her position can be an uncomfortable one if she condones "barrack-room" jokes or lets the talk swing around to a smutty

theme.

It's all very well to pass everything off with a knowing look and a shrug of the shoulders and say to herself, "Oh, boys will be boys."

But eventually she'll be embarrassed and by that time her dignity will be

"oo far off to recover,

If she joins in the laughter she'll only encourage the boys to elaborate on their and their opinion of her will go

Don't forget that there's a wolf in

Exery gap who'll draw his own conclusions—and treat you accordingly.
You can ignore the first juke, change the subject to a less compromising one, and command everyone's respect without offending anybody

If you haven't been to one before, it will be your first big chance to prove that you are

You'll have a chance to meet new people, make fresh friendships, and perhaps even fall into a gay romance.

These things are more likely to happen if you start off with an open mind instead of being determined to make

And you won't be alone in

hoping for some special ex-citement. Everyone else in

growing up graciously

being determ them happen.

### DISC DIGEST

in music. The appearance of this disc is also a poignant re-minder that with the recent death of Quilter the world has lost one of its best light

HERE'S the forerunner of a new trend—not themes from movies but incidental and signature music from big American TV shows. This one is called "Dragnet," theme of is called 'Dragnet, theme of a "cops and robbers" show. It's one you'll be hearing in the hit parades, or I'll go straight to the D.A. and take the rap. Flip to EA50003 is "Hey, Joe," a bright and lively ditty sung by Artie Mulvin, Enoch Light's band resulted the muse on both provides the music on both sides.

I HAVE to take back what I wrote recently about Woody Herman. The disc that caused my change of heart is "Blues in Advance," a really top-flight number that I feel sure fight number that I feel sure you'll find quite fascinating. This platter is red, hot, and blue; Woody does the vocals, too. You'll find it on Y6499 and the backing will give you a dashing rhumba number called "Terrissita," also played by Herman's New Third Herd

IF you're feeling Latin, give "Las Vegas," another rhum-bu, a spin on Y6501, You'll hear the one and only Edmun do Ros, and for his coupling he has chosen—and put sizzling new life into that irresistible time "Valencia," which according to my reckoning must be every bit of 25 years old

BERNARD FLETCHER

### Exciting as your first lipstick - the flattery of Cutex holished nails!

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### CALL ME LUCKY

By Bing Crosby.

Page 15

\* Australian Women's Wherly - December 16, 1953

### On the Royal route-lovely Fiji

On her way to New Zealand in the Royal yacht Gothic, Queen Elizabeth will spend December 17 and 18 meeting the people of the lovely Fijian Islands in the South Pacific, Pictures on these pages show some of the people and beauty spots the Queen will see on the main island of Viti Levu.

ON TRAFFIC DUTY, Constable Peni, of the Fifian police force poses outside his box. He is typical of the fine members of the force whom the Queen will see during her two-day stay at Viti Leva

PRESENTATION OF KAYA, performed here by a grass-skirted Fijian, is one of the many traditional ceremonies of welcome with which Queen Elizabeth will be greeted on her arrival at Suva, the capital of Fiji.

GAY FRUIT STALL, with its brown-skinned, fuzzy-haired vendors, is part of the colorful scene in Suvo's native markets. Besides Fijians, large numbers of Indians and Chinese live in Fiji. Pictures by Eric Were.

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GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, SUVA, will be the tuxurious setting for the State Ball to be attended by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on the evening of December 17. During the drive to the hotel, Fifian torchbearers will except the Royal car and line the route, Later the evening the Royal couple will hear songs by massed Fifian choirs and watch a fireworks display at Albert Park. Suen.



AT LEFT: View of Suca Harbor, where the Gothic will be met by a big fleet of canoes and yachts.

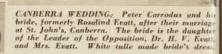
ABOVE: In the fields outside Suve members of an Indian family work together threshing rice by hand.

The Australian Women's Wreely - December 16, 1953



HOME AT PORT MORESBY awaits John Brown and his bride, formerly Margaret O'Sullivan, snapped leaving St. Patrick's, the Valley, with bridesmaid Muriel O'Sullivan, sister of the bride.







VISITOR from Western Australia, Mrs. Lucia Lewis (right), with her hostess, Mrs. Cook Rudwick, at a lunchoon at the Hotel Cecil. Mrs. Rudwick, formerly of Perth, is now living in Brishone.

WITH Christmas just round the corner, W the festive season parties are in full swing, and the pace gathers momentum with new gaieties added every day to the already long list.

Dancing on the verandahs and supper in a marquee on the tennis courts will be features of the Christmas party officers of Northern Command will give in their mess at Victoria Barracks on December 18.

Major-General V. C. Secombe and Mrs. Secombe will be assisted in receiving the guests by the presi-dent of the mess, Lieut.-Colonel F. S. B. Peach.

No. 11 National Service Training Battalion, at Wacol, will hold a feative party on New Year's Eve in the Officers' Mess. The Commanding Officer Lieut.-Colonel M. P. O'Hare, and Mrs. O'Hare will receive the guests.

Christmas Eve party which Mrs. M. Graham Brown will give in the garden at her lovely home at Hamil-

will give in the garden at her lovely home at Hamilton will have a novel Christmas tree—a huge poinciana tree, said to be a hundred years old. The tree, which flowers prolifically every fourth year, is now a mass of scarlet blooms, and with its great spreading branches dominates the landscape.

A BOUT seventy guests will be entertained at the outdoor Christmas party which Mr. and Mrs. Glen Slater will give at their home at Ashgrove on December 16. Guests will include Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mills, Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Dorald North, and Mrs. Dorald North, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whatmore. ABOUT seventy guests will be

TO celebrate their silver wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Brian O'Sullivan will entertain a number of friends at a cocktail party at their home at Ashgrove on December 19.

IN Adelaide for a month is Mrs. Hugh McMaster, of Hamilton. She is staying with her sister, Mrs. R. McFarlane. On the way home she will spend a few days in Melbourne and Sydney.

SEASIDE holiday for Mrs. H. B. Sewell and her son, Dr. Ian Sewell, who are at Surgeon-Lieu-tenant Darby's house at Surfers' Paradise for a fortnight.

WITH their three children, Mr and Mrs. L. W. H. Butts will leave on December 14 for a fort-might's holiday at Surfers' Paradisc.

HOLIDAYING in the south is Mrs. H. S. Chesterman, of New Farm. She is staying with her sister, Miss Evelyn Lawrie, in Sydney.



COOL DRINKS were enjoyed by Merle Salisbury (left). Ken Hooper Pat Hale, and Bill Nash (right) at the Church of England Young Contingent "December Dance" held at Mandalay, Proceeds will oil St. John's Cathedral Completion Fund. Engaged couple Merle and Bill are making plans for their weating next year.

December 14 is Elizabeth Rhodes. She has been spending the past three weeks with her sister, Mrs. Paul Parmentier, at Cremorne. THREE weeks in January at Mermaid Beach is planned by Dr. and Mrs. Alex Inglis, of Indoorooand Mrs. Alex Inglis, of Indooroo-pilly, who will have two of their children, Alasdair and Georgina, with them. Their schoolgirl daughter, Dain, is spending the holidays with Stuartholime triends, Kathleen and Mary Dwyer, at their home, "Donna-bar," Wallumbilla, near Roma.

RETURNING from Sydney on

MOOLOOLABA, where they have a flat at "Wandooma," is the choice of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jackson, of St. George, for their seaside holiday in January.

EARLY in the New Year Mrs. C. E. Wassell will leave for a holiday in New South Wales. She will stay with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Kell, of

FORMER Brisbane residents Mr. and Mrs. 1 ed Smout, who are now living in Sydney, will spend three weeks over Christman at their beach house at Mooloolaba. They will also stay a few days with their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Westall Smout, at their new home at Bald Hills.

JANUARY will be spent at Labrador by Dr. and Mrs. George Colville, of Annerley, and their two sons, Richard and Hugh. The Colvilles will stay with Dr. Col-ville's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Colville, who have come from Melhourne to live at Labrador.

CAIRNS will be the home of Barbara Adams after her marriage to Dr. Lindsay Ward on December 14 at St. Andrew's, South Brisbane 14 at St. Andrew's, South Brisham Barbara is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Adams, of Eversley Estate, Childers, and Lindsay is the cider son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ward, of Gordon Park. The bridesmaids will be the bride's sisted. Pat, Judith Young, and Claudia Henry, of Townsville. The best man will be Dr. Geoff Bradfield. The couple will sail in the Manunda or December 18 for Cairns, when Lindsay will be attached to the h

LEAVING on December 23 for holiday at Southport are Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Camife and Mn. Caniffe's daughter, Judith Cleary.

PLANNING to spend part of the holidays at Tewantin are It and Mrs. Lorimer Walker. Their and Mrs. Lotimer Walker, the som Roger will go north to spon some of his vacation with his brother in-law and sister, Mr. and Mr. Keith Brazier, at Ingham. Mr. and Mn

COUNTRY visitors in town for COUNTRY visitors in town to Christmas will be among guests at the cocktail party shird the Queensland Law Society will hold at Lennon's on December II Paterson, and Mrs. Paterson will be assisted in receiving the guest by vice-president Mr. Walter Bowl and Mrs. Boyd.

TRAVELLER returning home December is Olivia Blanshar She is at present in America pt booked Sydney on Decem-Jaru



TRIP to New Zealand next year is planned by Delmai Fett (right), pictured with guests Doug Griffin and Pat Merefield at her twenty-first birthduy party at Wanganui Gardens, given by her parents, Mr and Mrs. F. Fett, of Yeerongpilly, formerly of Toowoomba.



LEAVING ST. MARY'S, KANGAROO POINT, are Harry Greaves and his bride, formerly Heather Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Clarke: Harry is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Greaves, of Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 16

FOUNDER of the Food and Wine Society, M. Andre Simon, king a close examination of a vintage wine at a wine using function in London recently. He will make a quick visit to Australia early next year.

### and cheese Eat bread

"Bread and cheese eaten in the company of 'someone nice' does a man far more good than an elaborate meal taken alone." according to celebrated French gourmet Andre Simon.

He will visit Australia early next year as the guest of various branches of the Food and Wine Society, a world-wide organisation which he founded 23 years ago.

SIMON. IN nounced Seemoan, is a stimulating personality who has dedicated himself to promoting the art of good living.

White-haired, with white haired, with a smooth, tauned complexion and eyes that dance as be talks, he is as heartening to meet as the fine old brandy he selects to finish a good diener

He attributes his bonhomic to an extreme consideration for his stomach.

"Bad temper is the natural result of poor digestion," he explained to me recently in

When a man eats anything he does not really enjoy, or the food quarrels with what he drinks, there is juternal dis-

"Consider the friction created below the belt when a foolish man drowns a delicious dish of lobster with icy-cold water," M. Simon said. "Ugh!" he said with a shud-

pro- der, appalled at the thought.
"The quarrel would continue "The quarrel would continue from his poor stomach to his brain, and he would have the bad sleep-the nightmare.

"Madame may put an ugly hat on her head and not have the headache, but her stomach will quickly object if she takes a similar liberty with her

M. Simon considers that meals should be varied to suit monds as well as occasions.

Failure to vary methods of cooking was as monotonous as being obliged to live in uniform, he said.

"Convicts are the only ones who must stay in the same clothes all the time.

"The free man looks at the weather. This day he puts on the overcoat, tomorrow it is the bathing-suit—tonight he must look charming to go to a

"Like the wardcobe, the kitchen must always be pro-ducing changes to fit the

The housewife need not

spend more money for this. She must pay attention to find success. When the little peas are fresh and green she will serve the baby duck—because the flavors are so happy to-

'If she can only buy the old peas, it is more elever not to have the cluck.

"The pass go in the casserole with something else."

M. Simon likes to see a woman with a shiny nose—in the kitchen.

"If a woman prepares the dinner with powder on her face, lipstick, she passes the perfume to the food she cooks... the poor little rabbit, he gets the same flavor as the in-

"This is not nice. M. Simon also advises choosing flowers that lack perfume

for the dining table.

Roses, carnations, and lilies be condenus as too heavily

scented.

Women guests at a dinner party should be most sparing in their use of perfune, he

MARY COLES. who has just returned from London

. In fact he rules that it is

In fact he rules that it is better for them not to use per-finne at all.

"Nothing must conflict with the beautiful aroma of the food and the wine at the table," M. Simon said.

"The aromas make the gas-tric juices flow and the digestion begins before the guests even taste the food.

"That is good."

"That is good."

M. Simon founded the Food and Wine Society in London 23 years ago as a hobby after he retired from business as a

French champagne shipper.
The society now has branches throughout the world dedicated to the pursuit of maintaining exacting standards

of wining and dining.

M. Simon and his wife celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding three years ago with a banquet at the Dorchester Hotel.

The crescent-shaped table at the top of the room was laid with gold-plate.

Six hundred guests at the rincely feast had 600 bottles

of champagne.

Madame Simon was later presented with a length of golden chiffon. It had been the central theme of the decor arranged as a huge bow on the main banqueting table.

### Palace of health with conveyor-belt healing

By PATRICIA ROLFE, of our London staff

England's first comprehensive health entre, at Woodberry Down, in the north of ondon, is now in use. Its advocates call it Palace of Health, Its critics call it conveyorbelt medicine.

TS role is that of guinea pig. The pattern of neland's health services the future will in part end on how successthe centre performs functions for which it designed.

e scope and the plan of centre are interesting for alia and other countries the health services are ming more highly organ-with the accent on preon rather than cure.

odherry Down, huilt by London County Council £155,000, will cost 4,000 a year to run. It be able to serve a popuof 24,000.

bensive as this seems, it is be beginning. To serve hole city of London an-161 such centres would

o other, much smaller, res have been built in in. One is at West whe, Bristol, and cost 000, and the other is at ow in Essex (one of the (owns"), and cost only

U Australian Women's Weekly - December 16, 1953

the suburb of Stoke Newington. It has numerous blocks of postwar flats whose tenants are mostly young couples with

This district is considered an ideal one in which to try out a comprehensive health centre.

The people are not so well off as to feel snobbish about visiting a public health centre. On the other hand, they have not the indifference about health which the very poor sometimes feel.

At Woodberry Down a woman may:

- Visit one of the general practitioners or the obstetric-
- Leave her children at the child minding bureau while she is with the doctor.
- . Visit the ante-natal clinic regularly until her child is
- · Bring her baby for monthly visits for weighing etc. to the baby health department until he is 12 months old, or even when he is toddling if noces-
- 800. Buy special food at special with the centre. Woodberry Down is part of prices if her child needs it. When the centre was

- Have her child's minor physical faults corrected with remedial exercises or ultra violet ray treatment.
  - · Have her feet attended to for 2/6 at the foot clinic.
  - Leave her children at the day nursery if she has to work. Then when the child grow

up and marries the cycle will begin all over again. The first criticism the people Woodberry Down have to meet generally is that the centre is too centralised. It is claimed that people have to

travel further to it than they would normally have to go to local doctor Those who planned Wood berry Down stress that such centres are suitable only for

The centre is planned to serve an area which does not require anyone to travel more

than a mile to reach it. Although this may further than the distance to the nearest doctor, it is considerably less than the amount of travelling which would be re quired to visit the number of

Six local doctors are now installed at the centre. For £350 a year they have

obtained four-roomed suites and all the services that go



REMEDIAL EXERCISES at Woodberry Down health centre. Under the supervision of Miss M. Freedman children with minor foot trouble try to pick up small cotton bags filled with beans. Mothers attend to seatch the children's progress.

chosen because it was realised that in most cases they would bring their patients with them and in most cases this has However, most of them still

retain their private practice.
One thing working at the centre has achieved for the six chosen doctors is to cut

down their night and weekend But what of the local doctors who were not chosen for the centre?

One of them said it cost him £1800 a year to provide the

services which the centre gave services which the centre gave to the six chosen doctors for ity.

Will patients who for per-

London County Council health planners think that the principle of baving general practitioners at the centre is sufficiently important to face up to criticism.

Their aim is that the local health authority services should be linked with the family doc-tor so that he may become regarded as an agent of preven-tion as well as cure. The modern medical prob-

lem is how to take the hap-hazardness out of health

schemes and leave the human-

haps a couple of generations have been going to the same family doctor, sitting on the same horsehair sofa and discussing family finances as well as illnesses, feel the same about an elaborate health centre, as brisk as an air terminal, where they fill in forms and are ushered from one department to another?

On these human factors will finally depend the success of Woodherry Down and other modern health centres.

### THEY GAMBLED-AND WON



MR. GABE WARD (left), of "Willoween," Wandsworth, N.S.W., with Mr. Albert Watson, late of Cambridgeshire, England, Mr. Ward nominated Mr. and Mrs. Watson and their 13 children to come to Australia as migrants. The Watsons rent their house, which is a former hotel, from Mr. Ward, and they also bought a car from him. Later they hope to buy the house.

### English family of 15 staked everything to migrate here

A 15-roomed home for a family of 15 sounds like a dream, but for Mr. and Mrs. Albert Watson and their 13 children, who came from England a little more than a year ago to live at Wandsworth, in north-eastern N.S.W., it is a dream come true.

THEIR house was built originally for a country hotel.

One morning recently staff photographer Ron Berg and I drove out to Wandsworth, 16 miles from Guyra on the Inverell road, to meet the Watsons at their "hotel."

sons at their note.

Mrs. Watson was there with four of the children, her eldest daughter and right-hand man Margaret (13½), five-year-old Elizabeth, at home from Elizabeth, at home from school with a sore foot, threeyear-old Nigel, and Nick, who has the distinction of being the thirteenth child, born on Friday, June 13, last year.

It took us the rest of the day to seek out the other members of the family. Daphne (12), Diane (11), Janet (nearly 10), Colin (nearly 9), and Julian (6) were at the little 60-year-old Wandsworth school just up the road.

Mr. Watson, Timothy (19), Tony (17½), David (16½), and Chris (15½) were working on four different properties in the

It wasn't until 6.45 the following morning that we were finally able to see the whole family together at home.

From Mrs. Watson, 38 years old and looking much too young and tiny to be mother to such strapping youngsters, I learnt why the family had decided to migrate, how they managed to get their wast home, and how their first year here had gone.

It is a story that tells of hard work, the will to succeed, and quite a lot of good luck.

Mrs. Watson and her quiet, good-humored 44 - year - old husband, both Norfolk-born, have not had an easy life.

In their 21 years of mar-riage they lived and worked in farming districts in the eastern counties of England. They were once bombed out com-

BINGHAM, staff reporter pletely during the war, and another time their home was

By MARGARET

badly damaged by flying-bomb

Mrs. Watson has had 19 children, six of whom did not survive, and at times she had to go to work as well as look after the family.

Their last English home was in the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, Mr. Watson, Tony, and David were agricultural workers there, while Timothy trained as a mechanic at Newark in Nottingham-

The family wanted more room and better opportunities for living and working, so they applied through Australia II. House to come here.

It happened that Mr. Gabriel Ward, of "Willoween," Wandsworth, was looking for a big family to nominate as migrants. Labor was scarce in the district, and he and his two sons-in-law particularly needed help on their prop-

The fates were kind. The Watsons and Mr. Ward were brought into contact with each

When the family set out from England in the migrant ship Somersetshire to start their new life, they had staked all their assets.

"Betting like the Watsons" was as applicable to them as to their more famous punting namesakes. It was a mighty gamble, but it has come off.

Almost everything they had except the clothes they wore had been sold to pay the expenses of the trip out.

"We arrived here with hardly £1 between us," Mrs. Watson told me, "but we were well and strong and ready to

And, thanks to Mr. Ward, they had a home and jobs waiting for them.

Within a week of their arrival Mr. Watson and Timothy

TONY (17), second eldest of the Watson children, as with tractor and plough at "Yoolimba," Mr. Joe tractor and plough at "Yoolimba," Mr. Joe A rry. Tony drove tractors in England. He has le to crutch and shear since coming to Australia.

working for Mr. Ward at "Willoween"; Tony for Mr. Joe Atkin, one of Mr. Ward's sons-in-law, at "Yoolimba"; Chris for Mr. Ted Ivy, another son-in-law, at "Woollsla"; and David for Mr. Bill Barnes at "Karana." Karana.

A year ago jobs could have been found for more members of the family if they had been old enough to work

The five men like country life and they like work; and each works for the sake of the whole family.

Timothy, for instance, longs to concentrate on motor mechanics, and to set up for himself, but he's waiting until he can be spared.

While he waits, however, he's building up a reputation for himself in the district for repairs of cars, trucks, and agricultural machinery, which he does in his spare time.

Right at the heart of the Watsons' contentment with their new life is their old

Mrs. Watson sums up their attitude when she says, "We feel this is home."

Built 50 years ago by Mr. Ward's father, the one-storied, solidly built place is an echof more spacious days. The Wandsworth Hotel in

its heyday was the popular half-way house for travellers on the coaches which ran from Armidale to Inverell.

When the tin-mining town of Tingha, 26 miles away, was booming, 80 people some-times sat down to meals in the large, high-reilinged diningroom



ELDEST SON TIMOTHY mechanic's overalls red ditions a truck engine in spare time. Tim hopes make this a full-time i some day.

now the Watson children pl ping-pong there in the evings. One day they hope hold a dance there.

The Ward family held t hotel licence until 1928, ob Gabe Ward and his wife ma it their home. Then then turn, passed the house of the Watsons.

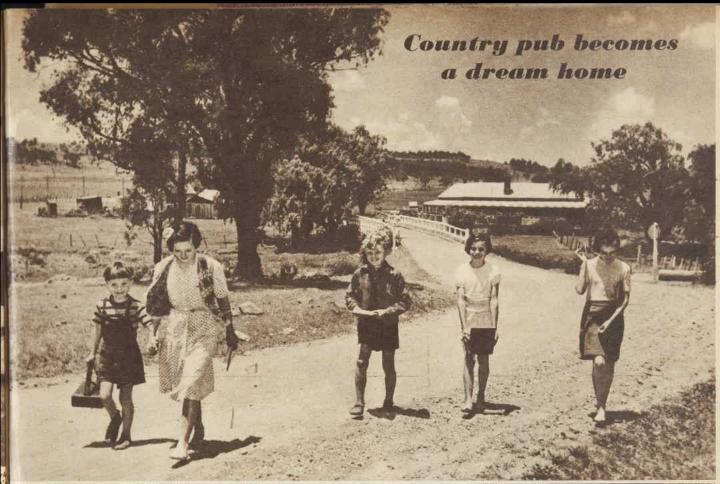
There's plenty of room all of them. On her first not there Mrs. Watson felt de was almost too much room

"I got lost," she told " The door still bears the "I forgot there wasn't words "Dining Room", but twilight here. I left the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16,



THE WATSON FAMILY in front of their home. They are (back, from left), Chris, Tony, David, Timothy, Mr. Watson, Mrs. Watson with Nick, and Margaret; (front, from left), Diane, Colin, Elizabeth, Nigel, Julian, Janet, and Daphne.



ONC TO SCHOOL. Julian (left), Diane, Colin, Janet, and Daphne have only a few hundred yards to walk up the road.

In the background (right) is their 15-roomed house beside Limestone Creek, once a busy hotel. Margaret, the eldest
mighter, has lessons at home by correspondence so that she can help her mother with housekeeping and young children.

ren in different rooms and ou in't find them again when got dark so suddenly."

The house is well to the re in the family's plans for tuture.

"We are renting it from Mr. (and now," Mrs. Watson said, as we hope to start buying soon.

This first year has been a nugle, but we're on our feet ow and can begin to fix up we house. It's going to be smiled green and white out-

In England, "Don't fence in" was Mrs. Watson's matent prayer. It has been awared now.

Nothing could be more unise the cramped living contions there than her new time and nothing more unise the flat, reclaimed marshand of the fen country in the the d Ely than the huge, wide, where d sheep country round formisorth.

Mr. Watson can stand on or front verandah, with its tiling wistaria, and look for tiling round at rolling hills.

In her immediate neighborcod is what she calls "The blace." But it's just a bare andful of houses, a post flor, the tiny school, and a meral store.

Behind the house are green the of oats, beside it Limeer Circek with willow trees soping round it. Magpies, ich remind Mrs. Watson in nicest possible way of slish vieras, stalk about on Krass in front of the house. Irs. Watson doesn't feel fenced in any more, and neither does her family.

The younger children paddle in the creek with a fine disregard of leeches. They run about barefooted in spite of their mother's warnings that their feet aren't hardened to it yet. They play with Jock the dog, Felix the cat, and make mud-pies.

The older ones have space and to spare for their hobbies —Tim for his spare-time mechanical work, Tony for his motor-cycle and carpentry, David and Chris for their gardena.

They are all sunburnt, happy, and, as their mother says, better fed than ever before.

Even Wandsworth's freezing winters suit the Watsons. They're just like English winters.

Last winter they had a blizzard, and snow piled up on the front verandah.

"In all the time I lived in England," Mrs. Watson said, "I'd never been hit by a snowball. But one of the children hit me with one out here."

As in so many big families, everything revolves around mother, and Mrs. Watson is conscious and quietly proud of her family's affection.

"They always think of me first," she explained. "The boys always ask me to go with them if they're going out.

"I don't go often, because I think they enjoy themselves more without me."

But she appreciates it.

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CHRIS WATSON (154), youngest working member of English migrant family of 15, feeds a lamb at "Woollala," Mr. Ted lvy's property near Wandstouth, N.S.W.



FIVE of the younger Watsons (from top), Diane, Janet, Elisabeth, Colin, and Julian, peep round the door of the former hotel dining-room, where the family plays ping-pong.

Pone 2

Give your guy a quick-drying Jantzen for Christmas." Coral-colors for Christmas in POPLIN, the fabric of the season This is Jantzen's Silver Anniverary in Australia - these are our Celebration Swimsuits This year every Australian girl can wear a Jantzen identical to the ones Jantzen America designed on the Riviera. She can wear dazzling poplins, in brilliant, blazing reds, luminous greens, tropical blues, tawny yellows. She can wear printed poplins, Crinklelastics, Nylon Taffetas, two-way stretch Luravel. Roll along Christmas — it's going to be your most dazzling holiday. Coming Soon! Jantzen Featherfleece Knitteds in Jewel Colors rizen JANTZEN J SHIRTS ARE NEWS. Super color combinations never before seen on Australian beaches — and the best quality cotton -be attractive while you're active ever to go into a play shirt. There are J Shirts for girls and their guys to team with Jantzen Shorts. Page 22 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 190

### Christmas settings





4BOFE: Traditional Madonna is used in this setting for a mantelpiece. Use two black cardboard discs for the base and background, Arrange lemon leaves in a needle-point holder to follow the curve of the black disc, and set candles behind leaves in holders made of patty or children's modelling clay.

LEFT: Colored candles glowing against a background of pine and painted cones are a lovely decoration for a buffet toble. Directions for making the candle-holder are given on page 60.

BELOW: Colorful arrangement for gift parcels. Fasten a bright red bose to the wall above a small table, and have multi-colored ribbons festooning down to the wrapped gifts.





IBOVE: Yule log for a table centre-piece. Tie a length of wide berry red libbon round a 12 in. log, tuck some pine or evergreen foliage into the bow, set the log on cotton-wool, and sprinkle with ailver sparkle.

RIGHT: Painted driftecood, tinsel, and tridescent baubles make this modern-style Christmas tree. The driftecood can be set firmly in plaster of Paris or a tin of sand.



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### **Gemey Perfume**

The perfume of enchantment the irresistible fragrance of romance. In three sizes handbag, 4/9; pedestal, 15/-; de-luxe gift size, 63/-.



Richard Hudnut Suggests a Gemey Christmas and a Fragrant New Year

he exquisite, tantalising fragrance of lovely Gemey Perfume is delicately blended into every one of the famous Gemey Beauty Aids so cherished by women everywhere. A gift of Gemey reflects your own discriminating taste . . . the subtle, lingering Gemey fragrance keeps gently whispering your name, day after day-unforgettably it's you. This Christmas give Gemey!



Powder In lighter, lovelier, superfine elegance makes it a gala beginning to the daily grooming. In attractive gay container, 3/9.

**Gemey Skin Perfume** 

for all-over freshness. A glorious cooling effect . . . . . lovely founda-tion fragrance. In a gracefully distinctive bottle, 14/-.

### Harmonising Gemey

Beauty Aids:
Gemey Face Powder, 5/6; Gemey
Lipstick, 7/9—refills, 4/6; Gemey
Vanishing Cream: jars, 5/6—tubes, 3/3; Gemey Facial Treatment Creams (4 types), each 6/11; Gemey Skin Freshener, 7/6; Gemey Rouge, 4/11; Gemey Beilliantine, 4/3.

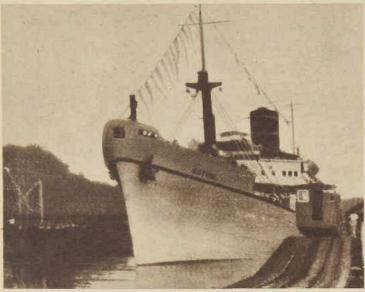
mey

BEAUTY AIDS

Your Gemey Gift may be purchased ment stores.



### QUEEN PANAMA ACCLAIMS THE



BEFLAGGED Royal yacht Gothic (above) on her way through the Panama Canal, At right: Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh watch the busy scene in the Canal Zone from the ship's rail. (Radiograms.)

### Brilliant fiesta expressed exotic republic's welcome

The Queen's brief visit to the Panama Republic while Gothic went through the canal was a never-to-be-forgotten day of fiesta when the Queen captured every Panamanian heart.

"We are lonely without our Queen," the West Indians are now sighing emotionally.

THESE Jamaicans who migrated to the Canal Zone and form the largest and most important group of West Indians outside the Caribbean are staunch British subjects, proud of their Queen and basking in affectionate memories of her bright smile.

The Queen was given a welcome and send-off so colorful and stupendous it was like a glorious film.

For the Queen's entertainment, Panamanian belles and young senors donned national costumes and danced a tam-burito at the open-air Union Club, where the final recep-tion of the day was held.

Young men resembling Valentino wore gaily trimmed panama hats at rakish angles and loose embroidered shirts.

Girls with the looks and glamor of Rita Hayworth wore colorful fiests dresses of deep and embroidered flounces with frilly berthas, and all the gold chains, brooches, pearls, and headdresses of golden combs and jewelled ornaments that had been handed down for generations. Their vivacious dancing and gay abandon soon had the Queen laughing happily.

When the dance was over, she clapped and clapped, and soon after took the floor with Panama's rotund, jolly, 40-year old President, Jose Antonio Remon.

I was at the Queen's table, and as she passed I heard her voice the fear that any couple taking the dance floor alone

watched by 3000 people would feel. "I hope we're not the only couple dancing," she said to the President as they to the President as they moved behind the long table beneath Panamanian flags.

But the Queen need not we worried. To "Embracehave worried. To "Embrace-able You" the Queen and the President fox-trotted across the marble dance floor.

Soon the floor was crowded with magnificently gowned women and white-suited part-

Though the floor was crowded, at no time did the courteous Latin - Americans crowd on the Queen

#### Loves dancing

I WAS dancing with her private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, who said, "The Queen loves dancing and will enjoy herself if only the dancers don't stare and crowd in on her."

Again there was no cause for

Again there was no cause for worry. The Panamanians were in happy mood. There was no jostling and their infectious gaiety carried the dance on to the next encore.

Panama recognises only one English tune after "God Save the Queen."

This is "The Harry Lime Theme," which they take to be Britain's national song and they played it to honor the

Two thousand people were invited to this reception, which followed the State dinner party President gave in his sumptuous palace.

Two thousand people accepted the invitations.

Women ordered the most Zone, bristling with military

expensive and elegant gowns and adorned themselves with magnificent jewellery and heavy gold chains and ear-

But so did lots of other

There were another 1000 unashamed gatecrashers, who just came to see the Queen. And because it is an old Spanish custom to turn no one away, everyone joined in the

The Union Club, where the fabulous reception was held, is a sophisticated, expensive

ANNE MATHESON, our Royal tour correspondent in Panama

haunt of wealthy Panamanians and its name belies its gaiety.

I heard from members of the Queen's Household how surprised and delighted she was with the Canal Zone and the Panama Republic.

On the drive across the isthmus the route runs out of the Zone into the Republic and in and out again as it tra-verses the narrow neck of land linking the Caribbean with the Pacific

It is beautiful country, with thick tropical vegetation, rain forests, wonderful birds with haunting cries, and dank, mysterious, dead forests of a million sunken trees in wide lakes, their gaunt branches stretching up in weird gestures.

and G-men, was tense with precautions for the Queen, but once the car turned the corner into Panama there was such a into Panama there was such a howling and cheering crowd mobbing the Queen's car, plus the loud explosions of fre-crackers, that one Panamanian travelling in the rear car of the Queen's procession thought another revolution had broken

out. Seven cars stopped to try to clear the crowds and to try to pull out the Duke of Edin-burgh's car, which broke down

in the middle of the melee.

I ran forward to ask Lady
Pamela Mountbatten, the
Queen's lady-in-waiting, how the Queen was standing up to

this.
I had expected to find them all anxious, but they were enjoying it.

oying it.
"The Queen is frightened that the children running in front of the car might be hurt, but she has no fear for herself," Lady Parnela said.

At the end of the day, when mobbing the Queen's car had become almost routine, I was told by members of the Household that the Queen thoroughly enjoyed every moment.

"The Queen is always anused when things go wrong and she loved the feeling of fiesta," they explained.

A lovely touch at the presidential palace was four agrettes of such dazzling whiteness that they dimmed the white and marble walls.

Perched immobile around a cool, flowing fountain, they seemed carved. The only sign that they were real came when the tropical wind ruffled their fine, sweeping feathers that fanned out in delicate play.

These tame aigrettes stand all day on the fountain, but occasionally, as when the Queen arrived, they fly gracewhen the fully around an open-air court to resettle in elegant poise on the rim.

"They are the most beautiful birds I've ever seen," the Queen gasped.

In each setting the Queen oked lovely, Her fresh English complexion looked even more beautiful against the rich tank and deeper browns and blacks of the Latins and Jamaicans.

As she left each reception she looked youthful and very sweet to the sea of animated dark-skinned faces beaming at

### Clothes admired

THE Queen's clothes were well chosen for crowded 14-hour visit. for her

She arrived in a blue silk dress with feathery tracery in black and grey, the full skirt mounted on stiffening and swept across in front. She added a tiny duckegg-blue cap.

Americans dressed in newly imported models from New York approved the Queen's clothes and everyone of the 150 presented was honored that the Queen, on such split-second programme and always running late because of the mobs surging around her car, yet found time to shake each one by the hand.

The Queen's thoughtfulness for those who have a difficult job to do was evidenced at the American reception, when she had a long talk to Dr. Ezra

Horowitz, head of the lepe

colony. The Queen asked him if h had to treat many lepers from Panama. He said no, but the colony looked after leper from other parts.

The Queen told him, "I do think you are doing a wonder ful job."

But her sweetest words were to five-year-old, coal-black Andrea Winter, who dropped a deep curtsy and presented bouquet at the British Embassy

reception.
Andrea's tight little pigrail not four inches long, were the with enormous white bow The Queen thanked her an said, "You did that beautiful! Andrea.

Andrea is the granddaught of the old Jamaican butler the Embassy, who has be there for 40 years.

"I sure honored that gran child of mine met the Queen the butler said. "I very of now and die happy that in people are so loved. It's wo derful to have such a lovel girl for our Majesty."

For the Embassy reception

the Queen wore a cocktain dress of shadow lace in del cate snuff-brown and a time cap of feathers curled lib chrysanthemum petals.

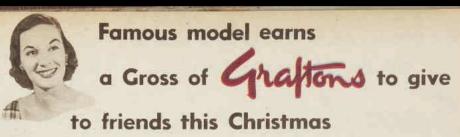
But her most regal gown for dinner at the last rect silver - embroidered mounted on a full white p skirt over many petticon with appliques of lace fine ing in an unbroken line wi above the hem. She added her favorite list

spiky diamond tiara, hear diamond necklace, and

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEIGHT - December 16, 199

Pope 24







# 6 Grafton Handkerchiefs 50 times and proves they really stay like NEW



I aften worked them to the hand-basin at argin with hard soap. Ordin ary hankies would soal up hut my Grafton have kept then 'yesh from the shop took.



Earlier in the year, the Grafton people isked me to use six of their handkerchiefs day in day out—and lander them myself." Twe been doing just that for mouths putting them through the boil almost daily. Stand them alongside brand new ones today and you can hardly tell the difference. I'm giving Graftons to all my friends for Christmas.

"I wear Graftons as fashion accessories all the time when modelling," added Janis. "Try these fashion tricks with Graftons yourself. Tuck them in your belt, through your pecket, at your wrist, an your handbag — they can make a plain outfit sandlag."

Grafton hankies are the prettiest you'll see in many a day's Christmas shopping.



View Men's Graftons — they're long lasters, use Postels, pure whites, stripes in match was shirt. grapon

Quality handkerchiefs for men and women are made by Grafton

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953

### MIZE YOUR FOOD ORIGINAL Semak



### Fruit drinks, Soups, Entrees - with the flick of a switch

The Semak Vitamizer, the original and only Vitamizer, gets the best out of every bit of food you pay for – retains all of its nutritional When you Vitamize your food with a Semak Vitamizer it saves you time, saves you and with all these savings, pays for itself in a matter of months. Just flick that switch and watch your Semak Vitamizer go to work for you, then energy, saves you money you'll wonder how you ever managed without one. Semak Vitamizers are manufactured to comply with S.E.C. requirements. See them at any good electrical retailer. Make sure you get the Free Recipe Book, too, when you buy your Semak Vitamizer. It contains over 400 tested recipes.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

1. Simply place in the container the fruit, meat, vegetables or other ingredients.

2. Switch on

3. Empty out

contents ready to use. Wash container by simply rinsing

Page 26



"But what will the Queen say when she gets here and sees that you haven't been cleaning your teeth?"



### seems to

Dorothy Drain

A LREADY the city smells of Christmas -scented soap, mangoes, and a hint of bushfire on the wind.

You can't help noticing, when you're buying presents, that the gifts for small boys are much more fun than those for girls.

Trains, atomic guns, and sailing-boats for the boys— and what for little girls? Toy irous, toy kitchen sets, toy brooms. Unfair, isn't it?

Which reminds me, since the mind always runs on chil dren at Christmas, I heard an anecdote the other day confirming my belief that small boys are much more alarming in the home than small girls. (Big boys are different, but we are not talk-

(Big boys are differing about THEM.)

ing about THEM.)

This particular small boy, aged three, has a sister, ten, who owned a jar of tadpoles and a bowl of goldfish.

And the state of the first ing and frothing at

Seeing the tadpoles floating and frothing at the mouth, she cried: "What have you done to sque-e-ezed them," said the boy with

She ran frantically to the goldfish. One was expiring on the surface, one lying on the

expiring the bottom.

"What have you done?" she cried again, wringing her hands.

"I sque-e-exed one," answered brother. "I bit the tail off the other one."

"Sometimes," remarked his father later, "I coal like telling him to pack his favorite toys feel like telling him to pack his favorite toys and get out."

TWO Hollywood couples, Billy May Arletta, and Carlos and Joan Bastel, recently obtained divorces in order to swap spouses.

Arietta told the judge that she and Joan had talked to the two families of children about the change. "I wanted them to get adjusted to the idea of changing papas without getting confused," explained Arietta.

So there! All this talk about Hollywood couples being irresponsible in their attitude to marriage can't be true at all. Look how anxious these girls are to do right by their

PIRST prize in an essay contest on "How To Marry A Millionaire" went to a New York widow.

The film company which ran the contest as publicity for a film of the same name was surprised to find that the winner was 76 years old and had had two husbands, neither of them a millionaire.

a millionaire.

Why they should be surprised I cannot imagine. Obviously a woman of 76 is better equipped to give advice on the subject than one of 26. She has had a whole lifetime to learn about men, rich and poor, both from experience and observation.

It is a little late, of course, to put the ex-perience to practical use. But life is like that. She wasn't asked to catch a millionaire, only to tell others how.

ONTROVERSY Contracting in the (Queensland and States Australia) ove legislation to ban the sale of sex and crime conic and literature.

In South Australia, opp sition to the ban was based or the argument that such a la might apply to classics of works of art.

There is, too, the other argument, that book-banning makes people want to read the book concerned.

Indeed, it was for just not

Indeed, it was for just such a regrettable reason that I hought a book in a second-hand shop the other day. I wanted to see why Miss Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" had been banned in two countries in 1907!

A very entertaining evening I had with it, too, though I feel bound to report that what shocked three continents in the time of King Edward VII wouldn't cause such a stir today. Miss Glyn's work has now entered the scale of comedy, especially the bit where the borniar receives her admirer while reclining, dreamed in purple chiffon, on a tiger-skin rug and clutching a rose in her teeth.

Reading the book, I was at first inclined at think that Miss G, had not a rose in her teeth.

Reading the book, I was at first memora withink that Miss G. had not a rose in her trest but her tongue in cheek.

But it soon became apparent that she was deadly serious, an attitude which paid off during the next 20 years, when, advancing from success to success, she made a good living a success to success, she made a good living a bullett-spread directors or Hollywood advising silent-screen director

ove scenes.

There is one thing about Miss Glyn orting. She wielded a very pretty asterisis fact, she did more with asterisks than a modern writers do with several paragra Which accounts for the fact that the book 50,000 copies in a single month—most of them I dare say, promptly put in brown paper cover

THIS isn't the first time that I mentioned the way experts make solemn discoveries which everybody knew anyhow.

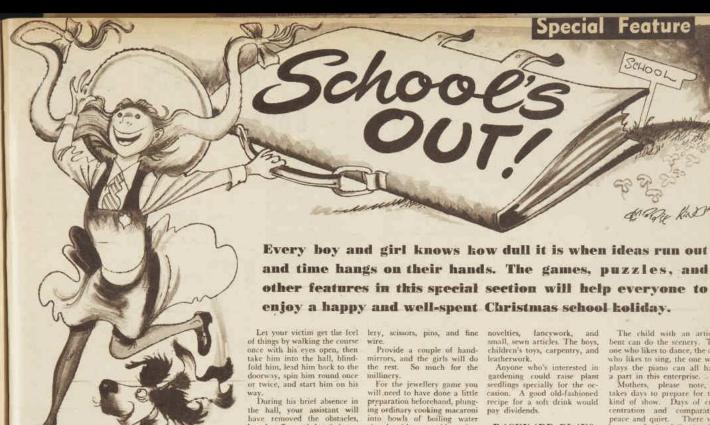
But I've found the daddy of the lot-a stat ment in an American paper which runs. "Go ernment studies show that lying down requir the least energy."

IN Abyssinia the Emperor has decreed that good husbands will receive medals. Those married 15 years will be given bronze medals; 25 years rates silver medal, and 50, gold.

Not a mention, you'll notice, of women, Not a word about Missus or Miss. The status of girls must be grim in A country with customs like this. But don't get indignant, dear Madam.
Abyssinia's a long way away,
And if they pin medals on Adam,
Eve, doubtless, has something to say.

Or has she? Perhaps she is grateful To still have the creature around, And, though some are nice and some hatter There's a chance that her reasoning's some

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December



THE ideas and suggestions on this and following pages can used as a series of family projects"- or ou may prefer to keep is section by you to ip into from time to ne for inspiration.

For instance, if you're aving a party during the lidays, you'll need some games. Even with no y, these games will be ood to introduce at odd nents when things need rightening up.

#### Bango

YOU'LL need to prepare for is noisy, high-spirited some time ahead, by col-

hind its own pile of empty

hind its own pile of empty paper hags.

At the word "go," the first member of each team runs from the starting line to the bags, takes one, blows it up, and bursts it with a bang. He races back to the end of the line, and the next team mem-ber sprints off to explode his

bag.
The team exploding all its bags first is the winner.

### High stepping

YOU need six or so human guinea-pigs to put across this hilarious game, so call for volunteers and let the rest of the party sit back and prepare to be entertained. Bring your first victim into

the room containing the audi-ence and point out to him the course he must walk blind-folded among the objects you have placed in strategic posi-tions on the floor. way.

During his brief absence in
the hall, your assistant will
have removed the obstacles,
but the efforts of the victim to
walk the course without putting his foot in it will convulse
the watchers.

#### Ticktacktoe

THIS team game is good fun. Equally divide your players, identifying members of one team with armbands. Have three rows of three chairs each,

A member of each team is called in turn, and quickly sits in a chair. The team that can show three of its members sitting together in a row first is the winner.

### Ting-a-ling

THIS is a new and much more lively version of blind man's buff. In this re-versed form of the old game versed form of the old game everyone is blindfolded except the player selected to be "It." Little bells are tied to his wrists and ankles, and, guided by their sound, the rest of the players have to catch him.

#### Milliners and jewellers THERE'S no more fascinat-

preparation beforehand, plung-ing ordinary cooking macaroni into bowls of boiling water tinted with vegetable color-ings. When the macaroni has ings. When the macaroni has absorbed the coloring, ladle the macaroni out on to sheets of greaseproof paper to dry. These sheets can then be lifted on to the table ready for the miles.

for threading.

The only other things needed for the making of the macaroni jewellery are scissors and

#### BACKYARD BAZAAR

IF there's never been a backyard bazaar in your street, why not start working for one now, and have it at the end of the holidays, giving the pro-ceeds to your local church or charity?

If you have brothers and sisters it can be a family affair, the goods for sale being made by yourselves. If you don't think you can manage it alone run the bazaar with the help of your best friends.

Have working-bees to make the goods for sale, and, when the day comes, display them on decorated "stalls" in the backyard. Advertise the bazaar amon

neighbors, family, and friends. The girls might make home-

### BACKYARD PLAYS

A GROUP of children — yours and the kids next door—will have a lot of fun presenting a backyard play or

Books of plays can be ob-tained—simple snes that young schoolchildren can read. If they are a little older they can write their own plays. And this, of course, is much more for for all concerned.

fun for all concerned.

This group work gives everyone from toddlers to early teenagers an opportunity. The imaginative children can write and produce; the practical, maybe not so imaginative, can prepare the programmes, tic-kets, and the costumes for the The child with an artistic bent can do the scenery. The one who likes to dance, the one who likes to sing, the one who

who likes to sing, the one who plays the piano can all have a part in this enterprise.

Mothers, please note, it takes days to prepare for this kind of show. Days of concentration and comparative pease and quiet. There will be no Junior following her round saying: "What'll I do now?"

On the big day parents will get a kick out of the show, too. It will be very amusing, and they'll be secretly rather proud of their kids.

of their kids.

Once children get the idea of this kind of independent organisation they won't want any interference from the adults. They will enjoy keeping it a "secret" from their parents until the big day. You could come unsee that the could even suggest that they



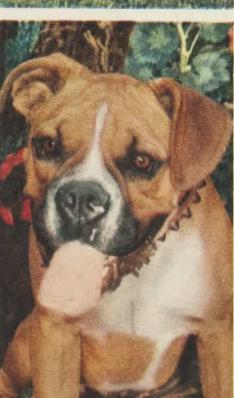
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### PUPPIES ARE IDEAL GIFTS

A gift of a puppy to a boy or girl will ensure a happy holiday whether it is to be spent at home or away. On these pages are pictures of dogs of breeds which have proved suitable as children's pets and playmates.



CHOCOLATE KELPIES. Always active and ready for fun, these kelpic pups, Firginia Pollyanna, three months, and Kirawee Dawnie's Return, 11 weeks, were bred by Mrs. K. F. Jakins, Hurstelle, N.S.W. Sheep-dags, they are also suitable for city life, Puppies cost 10 guinens.





CROSSBRED KELPIE, a lovable temporary resident at the Dogs Home, Sydney, Dogs and puppies are sold to the public at the handwhich is conducted by the R.S.P.C.A.

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DALMATIAN Daldina Dandi, owned by Bill Fraser, of Paddington, N.S.W., and bred by Bill Plankett, of Penrith, N.S.W. Dalmatians, gentle and intelligent, cost obout 15 guineas to buy, and about 30), weekly to feed.





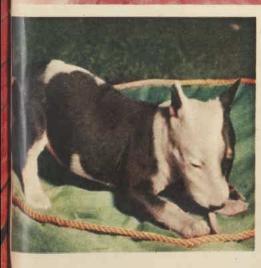


MINIATURE POODLE, Sugar Plum, whose mother is champion Drumglen Lady, photographed on the steps of Mrs. George Rose's home, Vancluse (above), Pups cost between £20 and £30.

COLDEN COCKER SPANIELS, Suntide of Alloma and his daughter Suntide Sheena, bred by Mrs. R. D. Cole, of Penshurst, New South Wales (right). Cockers need 11b. of ment a day, Pups cost 12 or 15 guineas.

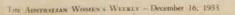
LEFT: Sydney Silky and Australian Terrier, Both pups are eight weeks old. They cost from eight to 10 guineus. These were bred by Mrs. Birkin O'Donnell, of West Pennuat Hills, N.S.W.

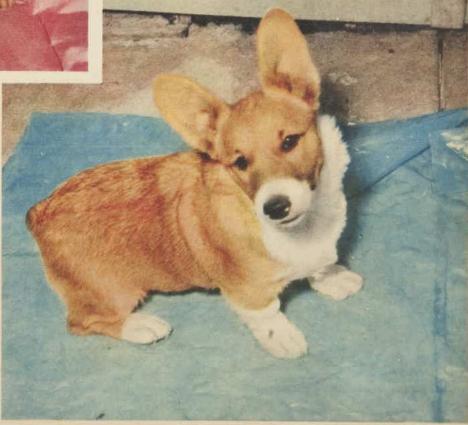




BULL TERRIER Monomay Gem (above), four weeks old, lives on row ment, bisenits, fish, and eggs. Bred by Miss Gwen Fisher Hobbs and Mr. W. Goddard, of Lampsis. Pups cost from eight to 15 guineas.

CORGI. Jour months old Telleg Cheerie Charm (right), bred by Mrs. H. McNair, of Bunkstoom. The dog barks but won't bite, will ear anything, and will never need bathing. Puppies coat from five to 15 guinens.







School's out!

### All done by magic

M AGIC is good some perform at a party. AGIC is good stuff to but, as well, it's a good basis for a family entertainment.

However, you must prac-tise your magic hard, for nothing is worse than a trick that doesn't come off.

#### Fire-eating

TO start your show, display your power as a fire-eater.
First you must have a "candle" prepared. You do this by extracting a section of the flesh of an apple with an apple corer. Their you have a piece of fruit that looks like the other ead of a real candle. the stub end of a real candle. Stick a small strip of almond in the top for a "wick"—it will burn most realistically when lit.

Light your candle and casually pop it in your mouth and munch it as you prepare for the next illusion. Don't worry about the flame; it will go out as soon as you put it in your month.)

### Cut and uncut

PRODUCE a length of string and get one of the string and get one of the other guests to measure it. Four teet? Good! Now then, fold the string exactly in half and take the looped end in your left hand.

With the right hand, ease the looped end of the string the looped end of the string up through the first and second fingers of the left hand and then cut it. With a dramatic flouridh, place your right hand over your bunched left fist and ask two of your guests to take hold of the dangling ends of the string and pull. What a surprise when it comes out completely intact! ompletely intact!

Before you perform this il-lusion, conteal a small piece of the same type of string be-tween the first and second fin-gers of your left hand. This will be kept entirely concealed when you are preparing for the trick and when you take the folded length of string in-to your left hand. Your hand will be kept bunched so that the onlookers will not see that it is the tiny, concealed piece of string that is eased up through the fingers and not the real length. It is that small loop that is cut through.

The cut having been made

it is a simple matter to pass your right hand over the left, so that the two tiny pieces can be palmed and safely tucked away somewhere while your audience sits back with amazement at your apparent skill.

#### Pin-points

A PIN is a valuable ally to A PIN is a valuable ally to some treally mystilying magic. For instance, borrow a cigar (or cigarette) from one of your guests and place it across the fingers of one hand, palm facing upwards. Now you tell your oblookers that you will cast a spell over the cigar so that it will not fall from your hand whatever you do. You can prove your boars by turning your palm downwards or by holding the hand perpendicular, leaving hand perpendicular, leaving the cigar apparently stuck to your fingers

The secret is a small pin which is gripped tightly between the middle joints of the first and second or second and third) fingers, where it will be quite concealed from view. The pin-point, of course, pro-trudes far enough between the fingers to stick into the cigar (or cigarette), thus preventing it from falling from your open

One word of warning, Keep a very tight grip on the pin all the time. When the trick is finished, however, it is quite simple to dispose of the pin by dropping it on the carpet.

You can use the same pin to prove your mastery over an "obedient" coin. This time, the point of the pin protrudes between the fingers towards the BACK of the band, which you hold straight out, palm facing

Now ask someone for coin—a two-shillings is best, being much the same color as the pin. Stand it up on the the pin. Stand it up on the backs of your outstretched fingers, holding it for a few moments while you tell it to remain upright. When you remove your restraining fin-gers, lo and behold, there is the coin obeying your instruc-

tions—simply because it is resting against the pin.

"But that's not everything," you tell your audience. "I will now make it it down." Which you promptly proceed to do by gently releasing the grip on the pin between your fingers. The coin will slowly fall on to the backs of your fingers, and while you are takfingers, and while you are tak-ing the applause you can dispose of the pin without any one being any the wiser.

### Pocket drinks

WHILE your guests are still WHILE your guests are still puzzled, make them gosp again by taking a tumbler from your jacket or trousers pocket—a tumbler practically filled with water, or lemonade, if that is your favorite drink. It is quite a simple trick, really. While you are pre-paring for your performance, nearly fill a glass with liquid and over the top of it stretch a piece of rubber out from a and over the top of it stretch a piece of rubber out from a burst balloon, sufficiently large to stretch well over the edge of the glass. Keep in place with a tight elastic band, place the glass upright in your pocket. (All right, it won't spill!)

When you wish to produce

(All right, it won't spill!)
When you wish to produce it, all you need do is to slip your hand into the pocket, flick off the elastic hand and the rubber covering.
"Ah! Just what I can do with," you say, drinking the lemonade or whatever the tumbler contains. "Handy, when you're thirsty!"

### Magic circles

HERE you show you HERE you show your astounded audience how you can cut three "identical" circular strips of paper along the middle, producing at will a circle twice the size of the paper you're cutting, two separate circles of paper, and two circles of paper linked together like a chain.

Spread a newspaper out to

Spread a newspoper out to full width and cut three

long strips about an inch wide.
The first you make into a circle by neatly pasting the conds together. The second you treat the same way, but first having made one neat twist in the paper. The third re-ceives the same treatment, plus a second twist.

# POWDERED MILK Only the water removed! POWDERED MILK Easy to mix!

All the food value of milk!



All the nourishing goodness of milk from the hish Hunter Valley is retained in Oal Full Cream Powdered Mill To mix—add to water, store a minute, and you've riccreamy milk that has everything for drinking, cookin, and any purpose for which with the purpose for which will be the milk of the milk and any purpose for wi you'd use fresh milk. All vitamins are there, and all the minerals that in milk the world's most per food. A 12 oz. tin mil 4 pints of rich, creamy in



### Children's Christmas Book

As the rush continues for "The Story of the Sara Quads," The Australian Women's Weekly special Christmas book, readers should make sure that their children do not miss getting their copies.

TO obtain "The Story of the addressed to The Australian Sara Quads" by mail, fill Women's Weekly Book Dein the coupon below, cut it partment, Box 7052, G.P.O., out, and send it with your re-

Ing at The Australian Women's

hig at The Australian Women's Weekly office in your State. Addresses of our interstate offices are as follows: SYDNEY: 168 Costlerragh Street; MELBOURNE: 247 Collins Street; PERTH: 40 Stirling Street; BRISBANE. 81 Elizabeth Street; ADE-LAIDE: 24-26 Halifax Street;

	obtain the book LAUNCESTON. 71 Paterso or 6/9 by call- Street.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY BOOK DEPT. Box 7052 G.P.O., Sydney. Please forward	BOOK WITH CARE
"THE STORY OF THE SARA QUADS" fo NAME.  Gignature: ADDRESS.	ADDRESS
7/6   No. of Cliq., M/O. p/N   Value   Date:   1953.	If undelivered please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 195

None gennine without this design and Was Statutary Start treatment today! Obtainable from all Chemists.

GOODBYE INDIGESTION!

Just one dose relieves that pain after meals.

> MACLEAN Brand

You get really quick relief from stomach pain and just one dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder

Marleans scientifically balanced formula instantly neutralises excess acids, soothes the inflanced stomach lining, perfects it and enables it to heal. Say goodbys to pain after meals, flatulence, heartburn and billourness.

Take one tempoonful of Macleans in water or milk after meals and enjoy blissful relief!



### INTIMATE PROBLEM

are still distressed by the problem of superfluous

There's no hair. need to worry these days, now you can literally cream away the hairquickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor. Cream as that razers make unique

coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazine cream called Veet removes all bair in three minutes, leaving skin silkensmooth! Summer and winter,

legs must be Veetsmooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ngly and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores

Large Economy (double size), 4/11

Medium Size, 3/-Slightly more in so-country districts.



USE THE ONE AND ONLY Safe Effective



aseline

Something wonderful happens

WHEN YOU CHANGE TO A SHAMPOO THAT SUITS YOUR HAIR COLOUR AND TEXTURE my Virginia Roberts

And this famous New York has upoc created STA-BECINO - with lamble brighten for hair without bless.





### The Children's Book of Prayers

Chasen by Enid Biston.
Attractively Bustrated in cold charming selection of prayers find a welcome in every home.

THE Australian Women's Weekly - December 16, 1953

### Holidays can be fun for parents, too

Now that school's out thousands of mothers are facing up to their annual problem of keeping the children entertained at home during the long Christmas break.

EVEN if the family goes away to the beach or the country for part of the time, there are still many long days in which children can become bored and mothers irritable.

The solution of the problem lies in some simple

An occupied child is a happy one, and when all's said and done it really doesn't take much to keep a child occupied if you go to work on the right lines.

Lavish plans and complete slavery to a complicated holiday entertainment routine do not help either mother or children.

The ideal situation is for the The ideal situation is tor the children to entertain them-selves with only a few sugges-tions, a very little supervision, and some words of encouragement from mother.

Space to play is an essential. Space to piay it an essential. Even in homes and flats where gardens and special playrooms aren't available it pays to put aside a corner for the children. An untidy corner is better

than having fractions children.

It's wise, of course, if their games are likely to be messy ones, to protect floors, tables, and the children's clothes be-

fore they begin.

The younger children do not.

The younger children do not need expensive toys. The novelty does not last.

Pieces of lessian, odd bits of junk, large empty boxes are much easier to obtain, cheaper, and the source of much more entertainment.

THAT famous joke about the spoilt rich child tossing away his wonderful pile of toys and getting to work with a hammer and nails and a piece of wood is only too true.

Simple but constructive playthings are the things to aim at.

But, according to Miss Zee Benjamin, a leading Sydney child psychologist, it is important to remember that coung children very often need mitial suggestions from portant

Put them on the right track and they will get to work with

For the small girl a large box supported on four cotton reels makes a doll's bed. Pieces of bessian (a clean old sugar hag cut up or unbleached calico make bedcovers. They can be embroidered with gay wool. Bags which the children can sew up themselves can be made into mattresses and pil-lows. The filling can be made of torn-up paper or paper cut up with blunt-ended scissors.

Dolls' clothes can be made out of cut-up paper or pieces of material.

Children of six to nine years

enjoy sewing. big needle threaded with colored wool, with pieces of hessian or calico they will sew away merrily.

And boys of that age like wing as much as girls. What sewing as much as girls. What boy doesn't want a cowboy surt for Christmas? Well, let him make it himself. It doesn't take long, and both the making and the wearing will give him a lot of pleasure.

Cut out a simple pattern for trousers and a sleeveless waisttoat from hessian. He can sew the scams with gay wool, fringe the legs and sides of the pants and the bottom and sleeve openings of the waist-

As a final dashing trim he can embroider patterns on the

It will probably look very crude, but that is a minor de-tail. Of course, mother mustn't forget to say it looks wonderful.

Perfection doesn't matter, Miss Benjamin explained. "The child is creating some-

### School's out!

thing for himself, and skill comes with practice."
Painting is another pastime

that appeals to children of all

ages.

Excellent home-made paints can be made from hoiled starch the consistency of cream. Different bright shades can be obtained with the addition of vegetable dyes.

Large sheets of paper, even discretization of pages.

advertisement pages of news-papers, and thick brushes are the only other equipment the only other equipment needed. Poster paints could be provided for more experienced

Expensive paint-boxes not necessary except for older children who really make painting an important hobby. Large colored crayons are so a good idea for the

younger ones.

Another suggestion for pastimes is the ever-popular jig-saw puzzle. These puzzles can be home-made be home-made quite easily. The cover of a dilapidated old picture book or a picture pasted on board can be clear varnished and cut up for use.

Most children also enjoy cutting colored pictures out of magazines to make picture

Thick starch, cornflour, or flour paste in a wide-necked jar is the least expensive "stick" for them to use.

Modelling is another in-terest. For the young child dough is a good material for modelling. Dough made of modering. Lough made of plain flour and water mixed to a firm consistency and with vegetable coloring added will keep well in a screw-topped jar, and can be used several

Salt the dough heavily to seen it all.

discourage the littlies from For older children who like

modelling, clay for the purpose can be bought at art departments of stores

In the weeks before Christmas no children need be at a loss for things to do

THEY can make their own Christmas cards, paste cut-out pictures or paint little designs on them, make out invitations for their Christmas parties, make presents for the family, and get the decorations ready for the Christmas tree.

In all these things it is always better, after making the suggestion to them. to let the children do everything themselves. It will spoil their fun if you try to show them how to do things properly—your way. Let them do it their

If you have a garden, give them picnic lunches to eat out of doors. Large boxes can make tables and chairs for them. For the younger ones a tub of water makes a good swimming-pool on hot days and the hose comes in handy

For children of all age dressing up has a constant ap-

Old clothes, hats, handbags, gloves, bits of ribbon can give endless hours of pleasure to

If they are playing mothers and fathers or doctors and nurses or any of the other things that attract boys and girls between six years and 10 years, a costume for the part makes everything more inter-

Another version of this theme to give them the idea of varying their mothers, fathers doctors, and nurses with char-acters from books. Peter Pan and Wendy, for instance, and Wendy, for instance, makes a wonderfully exciting

dressing-up game.

This is a game which they can carry on from day to day.

Every day brings new varia-

With these and other ac tivities along the same lines to occupy their days it should only be necessary to give them occasional treats.

Expeditions such as a day at the Zoo, a few mornings at the beach, a picnic in the Botanic Gardens, a very occasional matince at the pictures can be real high spots when they don't come too often

A trip to the Museum is another outing which most chil-dren love. And boys of all ages love the Technological Museum. It depends on their ages, of course, as to how long they will remain interested. You could probably take them several times before they had

complete tood protection.

At your local hardware store you'll find the complete Bristalite range—every item an ideal gift. See, in their sparkling colours, Kitchen Caussiters a Cuitery Box, Salt Box, and a pretty, but practical, Bisenit Bortel.

FREE I You can obtain Sago, Barley or Coreal nametags without cost by writing to Master Moulders Pty. Ltd., 62 Carrington Road, Box Hill, Victoria, Mention

This scone, cake and biscuit

this score, care and instant container is supplied in single, double or treble units. The sections separate easily, yet fit tightly together to give complete food protection.

Page 32

Amazing Value!

SUPER

SHELLTOX

the most powerful

fly-spray in the world

The second second

KILLS flies, mosquitoes,

moths, silver-fish, cockroaches INSTANTLY!

FOR PRICE-SAVING, PLUS KILLING POWER, GET

SUPER SHELLTOX . . .

The Shell Company of Australia Ltd. (Inc. in Great Heimin)

Solved by Bristolite

Spice canisters, sung on their own rack and featuring the removable name-tags that are part of Bristolite wate.

the problem of

"WHAT TO GIVE

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plastic kitchenware.

Choose from the sparkling, singing range of Bristolite

Costs less than most

These days, when every penny

cheapest!

counts, you'll be delighted to

learn that Super Shelltox - the

most powerful flyspray you

can buy - is also one of the

and because it's the strong-

est, goes much farther. Enjoy

complete freedom from insect

pests with money-saving Super

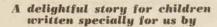
Shelltox. It kills instantly !

Super Shelltox

costs less at the outset

The state of the s

## Along the track came Christmas



### Eve Pownall

UDY IEFFERSON stood on her verandah and looked along the track. It was a long, long track that wound around and around the saudhills and over the river at the stony crossing, and went on and on until it seemed to join the sky at on until it seemed to join to the other side of the plains.

Something was going along the track hidden in a kind of mist where track hidden in a kind of mist where latties might be dancing or a gemie go a-riding. But Judy knew it waan't either fairies or a genie. It was dust around the truck of Steve, the mail-man, who was driving away from Birilla Downs, where Judy lived, on his way to the other cattle stations of the sandhill country. "Well, there goes Steve with our Christmas orders," said Mrs. Jef-forson, "When he brings them back Christmas will be almost here."

Christmas will be almost here.

The orders were written in Judy's The orders were written in Judy's very heat writing, orders for ties and whip lashes for the men of the rattle camps, who would spend Christmas at the homestead, orders for bright, bright shirts (Santa Claus-red, washing-day-blue, and egg-yolk-yellow, Junty had written) for the aboriginal stockmen, orders for dresses gay with flowers for their wives, and toys for their sons and wives, and toys for their sons and daughters. There were orders for sweets and toffees, charms for the pudding, outs and fruits, tinsel and stars for the Christmas tree. And, of course, there were the special par-cels which would be whisked away as soon as they came, and wrapped and sealed and kept in secret places until

scaled and kept in secret places until it was time to bring them out and say "Merry Christmad" to mother and dad and brother Theo. "Christmas is always fun," Judy told the aboriginal children who lived on the station, "but especially this year because Susan and David are coming front Jindilla. They'll stay until New Year and I'll wear my new vellow drees and Susan will teach us-New Year and I'll wear my new vellow dress and Susan will teach us to dance as she does at boarding-school. There'il be a tree as tall as the verandah with gold and silver trimming and stars in the branches. You'll smell cakes cooking and tur-keys and special things to eat. And keys and special things to eat. And there'll be pink uce-trgam in the frig. and presents for everyone. It's so exciting that you feel mire feek camper up and down your back." Then the aboriginal children nodded and chuckled and Pete, who was the youngest, rolled on the ground with delight because Christmas was such fain and Christmas would soon be coming to Birilla Downs.
Every morning when the sun came

coming to Birilla Downs.
Every morning when the sun came up yellow and full above the river, Judy and: "It will soon be Christmas Eve." And every night when the sandbills she mid: "It will soon be the night before Christmas," and the feet scampered each time she

Every day she helped mother in the kitchen while Theo made toys for the Christmas tree, and every day they talked about Steve, who would bring the Christmas parcels

Lovely, lovely Christmas, thought

the fruit mother would bake in the cake. It was hot in the kitchen, and cake. It was bot in the kirchen, and hotter outside on the plains, but who cared? Not Judy, for heat meant summer and summer meant Christmas—lovely, lovely Christmas.

"Jungle bells, jingle bells," she was singing when Theo called:

"Come on, Jul Steve's coming! I saw the dust of his truck over by the Nine Mile Bore. Let's ride out to meet him."

to meet him."

Judy tossed away the apron she had tied over her jodhpuss. Steve coming! Then Christmas was really

Jing-le bells, and jing-le bells, and jing-le—all the way," she sang as the ponies, Blackie and Prancer, castered along. Steve was coming along the track, Steve and the truck and Christmas!

Make way, make way," he bip-ped on the hooter. Judy and Then laughed and drew off the track. They him, and then—Blackie's foot went into a rabbit hole and he stumbled so battly that Judy pitched forward over his head and landed in a heap on the sandy soil.

In a flash Steve stopped the truck and climbed out, while Theo slid off Prancer like a lizard down a

"Jul Jul Are you all right, Ju?"
ueo asked.
Judy nodded, but something was

July modest, but someting was hurting and Steve said: "It's her leg. Better get help, Theo." So Theo went galloping back to the house, while Steve fanned the flies away and put water on her forehead. And soon mother and dad

were there, and mother's clever hands fixed a splint on her leg. "That will do for a while, darling, but we will have to take you to Bettrom," mother told her.

USUALLY Judy liked to go to Bertron, the little town 100 miles away, and call on the nurses at the hospital there gentle Sister Peggy and laughing-eyed Sister Nan. Their hospital was such a friendly place. where there were games to play and where the whole district sometimes came to parties. But this time Judy didn't want to go, aithough mother went with her in Steve's truck to give her ice-blocks from a vacuum flask and hold her hand when the bumps were bad, because with every turn of the wheels Birilla went further and farther away, and it seemed as though Christmas was being left behind, too.

At the little hospital in Bertron the sisters set Judy's leg in plaster and told her she was their only patient, so did she mind being rather spoiled?

Then they put her to bed in a bright ward which looked out on the only street, so that she could see everything that happened and they were very sorry when Judy said: "But we were going to have such a lovely party."

"Never mind, dear, Just as soon as your leg is better Susie and

David will come to stay," mother

promised.
"And what about our party?"
asked Sister Nan, "Haven't you heard? Everybody's coming, and we're going to have the biggest tree on the plains."
"I'll have to go back to Birilla to

get Christinas ready, mother told Judy, "But as soon as we can, Dad and Theo and I will come back to spend Christmas with you. I'm sure

Ing.

It did seem as though it might be fun, and when Mrs. Jefferson went off in Steve's truck along the sandy track that led to Birilla, Judy waved goodbye quite cheerfully. After all, mother would soon be back and Christmas would happen after all.

"Christmas is Christmas where-ever you are," Judy told the chil-dren of the town when they came to see her—Elaine from the little shop, and Bruce, the schoolmaster's son, and Bill, whose father was a drover, and all their brothers and sisters, Then there were cards to paint and decorations to make for the los-pital's party, and little mice feet often scampered as fast as they did at

For more than a week everything was as bright as stars on the Christmas tree. The Flying Doctor came in his plane and said Judy's leg would soon be well and she could go home after Christmas. And every day Judy heard from Brilla on the transceiver radio, which works rather like a telephone.

a telephone.

Theo would say: "Come home soon, Ju. I'll show you a new dive when we go to the waterhole."

Dad would say: "Get well quickly, Judy. Blackie's growing as fat as butter without you to ride him."

Mother would say: "I mis your help with the cooking, darling. Are you nearly ready for Christmas."

And Judy told them: "It's going to be a lovely party, and I wish Christmas could be tomorrow."

Then when the aboriginal children played outside the hospital or looked a telephone. Theo wor

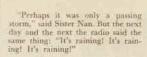
Then when the aboriginal children played outside the hospital or looked shyly over the veraindah, she told them that Christmas was made of exciting things, like rustly paper, and presents on the tree, and icine on the cake, and mice feet scampering, and stars and stars and stars.

But something happened which made Christmas look quite different to Judy.

It began with news Sister Peggy heard on the transceiver radio. "It rained has night at Jindilla," she told Judy and Sister Nan, "and everybody thinks that more will

Rain! Judy stopped cutting strips of cellophane and looked out the window. When rain fell on the sand-hill country it turned the tracks into mud—thick, sticky mud that held back the wheels of cars and would not let them through.

"Oh, it mustn't rain now!" cried Judy, and outside the window it really seemed that it wouldn't, for the sun burnt as bright as a bon-fire and there wasn't so much as a puff of cloud in the sky.



Christmas came nearer and nearer and the rain still fell. Then in a little while no one could go in or out of town because of the midwhich lay everywhere and covered the tracks. Even Steve called by radio to say he was trying hard, but he didn't know whether he would reach

town in time.

"Oh, dear!" thought Judy. "If Steve can't get through, then no one can." And she wondered what would happen to Christmas.

For the Christmas cards were

For the Christmas cards were finished, the little trees to stand on the table where the party food would be set, the stars for the big tree and the wall behind it, the wreath for the door (made of salt-bush and bushes from the riverbank, twined with silver ribbon and a big red bow ar the top), and yards and yards and yards of colored paper chains.

Ludy supposed the children would

colored paper chains.

Judy supposed the children would like them—Elaine, from the little shop, and Bruce, the schoolmaster's son, and Bill, whose father was a drover, with their brothers and sisters and, of course, the dark children with their soft eyes and wide smiles. But not Judy, whose family could not come along the track from Brilla Downs. Even the gold and silver stars she had made seemed to have lost their shine, and no mice feet went scampering—not so much as one little mouse.

Then it was Christmas Eve, and in

Then it was Christmas Eve, and in the afternoon Sister Nan and Sister Peggy hung up the chains, pinned up the stars, and tied presents on the tree. The day was nearly over, soon it would be the night before Christmas, and what, Judy wondered, was the use of Christmas when there was no one from Birilla to share it?

Then suddenly she was rubbing her eyes to make sure they were seeing as they should. She looked from the window again, and stared and stared. The aboriginal children were

#### Blackie's hoof went into a rabbit hole and Judy pitched forward.

running down the street, and so were Elaine, from the little shop, and Bruce, the schoolmaster's son, and whose father was a drover fathers, and their small brothers and sisters. Everyone was hurrying and hustling after the children, who were

husting after the children, who were running, running, running.

Somewhere out of sight came a runbling and a rearing. It came nearer and louder, and Judy held her breath. She knew that noise, and so did the sandhills and the tracks across the plains. It was the sound of Steve's track, it was steen busself. Steve's truck, it was Steve himself coming into the little town with the parcels and bundles that were wanted for Christmas, it was Steve arriving just as the sun went down on Christmas Eve!

People cheered and shouted as Proplic cheered and shouled as Steve moved slowly down the street and stopped around the corner of the hospital. Judy heard Sister Nan and Sister Peggy laughing and talkng, then Steve stood in the doorway

big and smiling.
"Here's Father Christmas," he declared, "only I mislaid my whiskers at the last swamp when I was digging in the mud and pulling the truck out

in the mud and pulling the truck our with ropes."

Judy chuckled, and Steve looked surprised. "You don't believe me? Well, I've a parcel for Miss Judith Jefferson for Christmas. I found it sitting in a car that was bugged along the track. Seemed a pity to leave it there, so I put it in the truck and—here, it is!"

He moved aside and there was mother, her eves as bright as stars, and dad, as strong as the Christmas tree, and Theo, merry as a Christmas bell.

'Morry Christmas!" they all cried

Then Judy felt 1000 mice feet scampering all at once because Steve had brought Christmas along the track, and outside the stars were be-ginning to shine in the wide Christ-



### SHELL JEWELLERY

11.6 per set, postage pasa per cos mail, direct from the sale Zealand Exporters, the past per control of the sale per control of the sale per control of the sale per crear of the sale per crear of Postal Note INT KAME AND JOHNSS ANLY AND POST IMMEDIATELY ROTARY (5.1, L.17).

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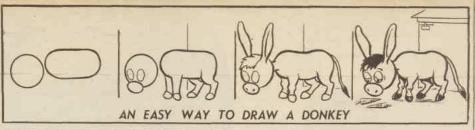


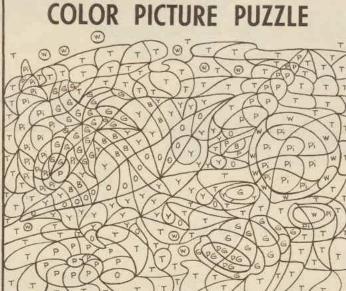
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Get a tube of concentrated Curlyper—
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a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlyper for 3/6 from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

### PUTURE PUVILLES & GANES The Charming





HERE IS a very attractive picture for you to color, but what is it all about? To find out, get out your colored pencils, crayons, chalks, or paints and fill in each little space according to the following guide: T. Turquoise; Pi. Pink; D.G. Dark Green; W. White; Y. Yellow; O. Orange; P. Purple; B. Blue; G. Light Green.

AT RIGHT is a crossword puzzle that air-minded boys and girls should have little trouble in solving. Just what is the name of each of these six planes? Each one, you will see, is numbered. Write your answer in the set of squares which starts with the corresponding number. You will find the word PLANES a big help in solving the puzzle. (Solution, page 49).





AT LEFT is a treo-inone puzzle. First you have to work out the message you will find that it sets an interesting problem about money. First work out what the message is, writing the deciphered words on a sheet of paper. From this you can set out the arithmetical problem on another sheet. (Solution, page 49).

### SAVOY

COFFEE PERCOLATOR



a Irelsaw,
Glue the pictures to
the wood, and when perfectly dry cut their
into irregular patterns
with the saw. A coat of
clear varnish completes
the job.

### HOME TREATMENT FOR "YOUNG SKIN" TROUBLES

Jigsaws

a fretsaw.

to make

YOU can easily make your own jigsaw puzzies. All you need are some

color pictures cut from the "Weekly," three-ply, glue, clear varnish, and

- you don't have to let nature rob you of a pretty

skin just when you want it the most.

And it's so true. When a girl needs to look her prettiest, nature seems bent on spoiling her complexion. Skin that only yesterday was haby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings - there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

TODAY Pond's recommends this greaseless treatment for the four major problems of "young skin" - oiliness, sluggish-ness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's quick. It's easy. And it works!

POND'S "Magic Minute Mask"



Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish "Magic Minute Mask" Gover face, except eves, with a lavish "Magic Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Gream. Leave on one minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action foorants stubborn, dead skin cells—dissoftees them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally again. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off. See how tingling-fresh your skin feels. How much smoother, clearer, it looks.

Give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing Give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing of the control of the policy of the control of the

Cream two or three times a week to help keep your skin at its loveliest. Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in

lovenest. Font's vanishing Gream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.

For the skin that rebels against a heavy make-up: Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanish-ing Gream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.



Beautiful Ina and Dina by night in the best quality wool-felt are only 19/11

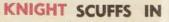






### KNIGHT MOCCASINS IN MERRY COLORS

In wine, royal, rose or saxe, with a moccasin top of pastel quilted satin. Pure wool felt with a punched moccasin top in contrasting colors.



Leather-soled scuff with punched straps in 10 vivid colors.







### FOR CHRISTMAS-KNIGHT VALUES ARE UNBEATABLE

Luxurious quilted satin in wine, royal, saxe, black and rose.

Leather-soled slingbacked buckle scuff in ten colors.

Beautiful embroidered satin in a lovely range of colors.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEREY - December 16, 1953

By golly it's jolly.... This season of holly.

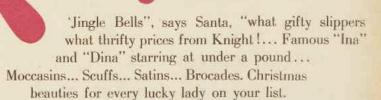
Knight slippers have put an end to price folly.

las Slippers from 19'11 eauties by



SUNSHINE COLORS

Leather sole with plain Roman straps.





Make sure you get the genuine Knight slipper. Look for the name "Knight" on both inside and outside sole.



AVAILABLE AT 9 OUT OF 10 STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

BUY METT-BUY MOOF







#### BEAUTIFUL KNIGHT QUILTEDS AND BROCADES

High-cut classic vamp in plain mirror satin and five colors.

THE ADSTRACIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953

Quilted satin court with a frou frou rosette on high-cut front.

Chinese brocade sling-back in wine, royal, saxe, rose, black, green, red and gold.

## with the New Years of ease and leisure...



...this Xmas give her a

## HOOVER-

How THRILLED she'll be to have a magnificent new Hoover Electric Polisher-to do in minutes the jobs that take most of her morning now! Wood floors, linos, tiles, the Hoover gives a ballroom finish to them all. And feature after feature is included which no other electric polisher can match—built-in headlight to point out unpolished spots, snap-on lambswool pads to give a super-high gloss, and many more. Ask your Hoover retailer for a demonstration tomorrow.



P.S. For Would-be Santas. The Hoover is specially made to be used as a hand polisher, too. which means that you can put a showroom polish on the car in half an hour!

Give her a Hoover—she knows it's the Best

#### Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

You can have any help you need here at the office.

"Thank you," Dr. Barton said. "I prefer to do some preliminary reconnoisting myself, if you don't mind. We don't want to duplicate existing institutions.

"There doesn't exist such an matitution as I plan," MacArd said heartily, "It is something anique, something great, a cen're of missionary force. MacArd men must know it is their duty to go into all the world, not settle down in some comfortable pulpit here at home."

ous "I trust you are not spear-ing of me." "Our churches have to be supplied. "Our churches have to be supplied. Besides, you are not a young man. It is the young who must undertake the sort of thing I have in mind."

sort of thing I have in mind."

Dr. Barton was relieved. He rose, conscious of an atmosphere thickening with impatience.

"I shall let you hear from me in a very few days, Mr. MacArd," he said. He rose, a pleasantly rotund figure, and shook hands warmly with his chief parishioner and went away.

Summer crept over the city in a mist of heat. Great houses along the Avenue were closed and the families went away to Bar Harbor, to Newport, and the coasts of New England. In other years David had gone with his mother to a quiet beach in Maine. This year, as a matter of course, he stayed on in the city, breakfasting each morning with his father, and he was there at night to dine with him when he came home.

He knew that his father wornied about him intermittently between bouts of work, and he endeavored freshly every day to be cheerful and sympathetic.

endeavored freshly every day to be cheerful and sympathetic, ready to listen to whatever his father chose to tell him. It did not occur to him to share his own though's or feelings, not only because he had never done only occause there was nothing, he would have said, to share. He was not unhappy; the loneliness for his mother had settled into a dreamy melancholy and he spent his days in a continuous peace, which he in a continuing peace which he knew was only an interval

knew was only an interval.

Some time soon he must make up his mind about what he wanted to be. One thing he knew that he would not go into his father's offices, but this was not expected of him. So much his mother had done for him during the years, she had made it quite plain that David was not like his father and must not be expected to follow in those immense footsteps.

"David will do something

"David will do something quite different from you, King David," she had said. The name his mother used for his father suited him and yet she had taught the son to perceive from page 3

father might be there was al-

"It's romance that makes your father want to conquer the world," his mother had once told him. "Long ago I tried to make him stop—we had enough money, more than we could ever spend—and then I saw that it wasn't more money he wanted but greater dreams. Each dream but greater theaths. Each tream leads to ano her as it becomes reality. The world is his theatre and he is a playwright, designer, producer, director, and star actor.

She had laughed that day

and tra actor.

She had laughed that day and then was suddenly grave.

"And never forget. David, that he is really a king, a man among men. Your father could never do a small or petry deed. Oh, he can be cruel in a big way, but I've always known that if he saw the human beings he was cruel to he would stop everything to rescue them, even from himself. The trouble is he doesn't see them unless someone shows them to him. That is my business. Only I don't always find them."

She had made it her business to keep his father human and some imes in the long, quiet days David wondered if now it were his business, too, to keep his father aware of men, the average men, the little men, above whom he towered so high that he seldom stooped to sethem. Yet he had seen them clearly enough in India, not molividually, perhaps, but the mass of them, swarming in misery upon the starving earth, and he had been angry at their misery.

"What are you doing with

and he had occurrenced with misery.

"What are you doing with yourself, David?" his father asked abropily one morning at broakfast.

"Nothing at all for a few months," David replied. "I hope by then I shall know what I want to do. Something, of course."

want to course."
"Want to go to Maine?" his father demanded.
"No, thank you," David said.
"I had rather be here with

"I had rather be here with you."

Mat-Ard did not answer this. The words gave him comfort, his son's presence made this still a home, but he must not grow to lean on the boy. He had said nothing of his big plan, and now he felt moved to share it. David might think it absurd, one never knew what the young felt, and there was a good deal of atheism in the colleges. He had never asked David anything about his religious beliefs.

"You might like to help Dr. Barton in a job I have just put op to him," he said.

"What is that?" David asked half idly. He liked the family minister, though without profound feeling. And the plan, when his father explained it, left him surprised and not a little bewildered.

After his father had left, he

After his father had left, he

sat on at the table, deep to thought. He had passed through his He had passed through his first phase of grief for his mother now, and his remaining melancholy was expressed in vague and thoughtful questions to which he could find to answer. He was lonely and he mad begun to long for the companionship of others who were like himself as he now was, and not as he used to be in college. It was impossible to return to the childishness of sports and games and routined lessons. He must penetrate far more deeply games and routined jessons re-must penetrate far more deeply into learning, but where and how should be begin? He turned over in his mind the plan his father had put before him.

father had put before him. For a moment it seemed preposterous and he doubted his father understood fully what he himself had conceived. A school for religion could grow far beyond the confines of expressed theology. If a body of young and inquiring minds gathered into such a centre, who knew what together they might discover?

He finished his coffee and went to the telephone and called Dr. Barton.

This is David MacArd, Dr.

Oh, yes, David, what can I

"Oh, yes, David, what can I do for you?"
"My father has just told me of his great idea. He suggest that I might be useful to you."Yes, indeed," the tiministerial voice was professionally choerful. "I have just been looking at some sites. That's the first thing, isn't it? The place is important, the repose, the proper isolation and yet not to remote from railroad stations. The practical combined with the spiritual, ch. David? Comalong to my study, my dear along to my study, my dea boy You'll find me in a fog o contusion. I shall be glad u your listening ear."

"Very well, I'll be there

He hung up and then climbed the wide stairs slowly. The house was as still as a tomb and house was as well as a tomb and on a sunny murning like the he was glad to be out of it.

The air in Dr. Barton's offic was warm and slightly tragram as though a fire had been in sprinkled with incense and a lowed to go out again. The dying smell of old leather-bound books and the mildly acid faint of printer's ink mingled with the scent of an immense bow of roses on a table under the

"My wife's contribution of the day's work," Dr. Barto-sard when he saw David's ey-straying again and again to the

said when he saw David's eye straying again and again to the roses.

"They make me think of immother," he said.

"Ah, we miss her," Dr. Barton replied, with emotion their just escaped being unctured.

"But it doesn't do to think of the past, dear boy,"

"She doesn't belong to the past, David said.

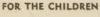
"Ah no, of course not," Dr. Barton agreed quickly. "Shall we proceed, David? I don't want to hurry you, if you feel you would like to talk a while of your dear mother.

"No, it was only the roses. He drew his chair to the dral and took up the sheets of paper that Dr. Barton had put down. "You will see," the minuser said, "that I have nothing conclusive. A fine tract of land lies over here north-west of the city. It can be had for in thousand dollars. There are good building sites on it. What would you say to running the tree today and seeing at fee yourself? Then you could corroborate what I am planning to tell your father on Friday at noon, when he has kindly broon, roborate what I am planning tell your father on Friday a noon, when he has kindly nyited me to come and havited me to come and have to com

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THE ADSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953



















Wine is the very heart of Christmas good cheer. It is a traditional part of the festivities and McWilliam's provide a range of great wines that do full justice to the occasion. Whichever McWilliam's wines you choose you will find full flavour and rich bouquet and the delicious qualities of Australia's choicest vintages.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 16, 1953



s a great responsibility. I would like to go, and may ake this map? By all means, Dr. Barton di. He was secretly a little di to be rid of so grave a use must be cordial, since was the son of a benefactor, by he wondered, had Macd decided to offer his own a sa an aide? Did he distrust, subly, he minister's pracable to the minister's pracable to the minister's pracable to the minister's pracable the minister's pr

waten. There is a train to just e-quarters of an hour which get you there nicely be-noon. It is only as hours. At the station you can ask the livery stable, it is not far, and half an hour's drive hours. oo far, and half an hour's drive with horse and buggy will get ou to the spot. There's an old armhouse nearby. Just ask for diller's Creek There's a train ack at five o'clock." David took the map and edied it a moment. The dis-oused was a trifle too swift.

"What do you make our of y father's plan, Dr. Barton." asked after a moment. He idded the map and put it into

the minister looked sur-ed "A very noble idea," he led "A centre of the best sing for young leaders of

My father emphasised to me

ct." David said.
"Ah, yes." Dr. Barton replied his swift, amooth surrement. Juite rightly. The church litent is a missionary one-over into all the world, and forth. A civilising, oplifting fluence, proclaiming the pagel teaching men the right, valing the true faith. This was no see of expansion and if an age of expansion, and if r country can carry aloft the iner of God, we cannot fail."

other of God, we cannot fall."
David leaned back in the unfortable chair, his hands in a pockets, his eyes intreas and oughtful upon Dr. Barion's ooth-shawen, well-fed face. It said be unwise, if not useless, argue at this point when we was not even a piece of of for the school, later he old talk with his father. He astute enough to divine by astute enough to divine by act that Dr. Barton looked

Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved upon him as a potential enemy, wanting no son between him-

wanting no son between him-self and the father He rose "I had better move

He rose "I had better move on if I am to catch that train." Dr. Barton was till anxious. "Will you report direct to me, dear boy? I feel responsible to your father."
"Certainly," David said. "I realise that I am supposed to be belonge, you, sir."

realise that I am supposed to be helping you, air "

They shook hands and he left the close, sweet air of the study and went into the outer freshness. It was one of the city's rare days, the winds blew in from the wa and cleansed the street's of smoke and mist. He headed for the station, reaching it sarrly enough to hav a couple of sandwishers for his buncheon later on in the hills. In the train the car way

In the train the car was almost empty at this hour of the day, and he sat by a window and gazed at fleeting tenements and gazed at fleeting benements and dirty streets, comparing them in his mind with the crowded sidewalks in Bombay and the dianty squafor of Indian villages. Why should his father decain of sending missionaries to India and China or to any part of the foreign world when here not five miles from his own door were heathen as valid as any to be found.

any to be found?

He knew very well the answer to this His father would declare again, as he had often declared before, that idleness, the truit of laziness, was the sole cause for poverty in a rich country, and he would give himself as proof. Had he not been poor, the son of a country parson, and had he not raised himself without help until today he was one of the richest men in the world? What he had done others could do in any free and Christian country.

"But could 1,7" David in-

"But could 12" David in-quired of himself. He did not believe that he could.

believe that he could.

He turned his troubled mind away from a problem he could not solve, and was grateful that the tenenth gave way to scattered streets and then to the pleasant countryside. Here was something better to be seen, indeed, than the countryside of

India. Instead of dry and barren fields, dust behrarh the heat of a burning sun, here were green crops, trees, and grass and comfortable farminouses, barns to store harvests and place for children's play.

Why should not a practical religion destroy the tenements? But he knew that his father would say that transments could not be destroyed. If they were others would spring up to take their place, because power, was a result of shiftlessness, and a proper punishment for such behaviour.

And perhaps his father was right, and who could say he was not? Perhaps the battle was to the strong and the race to the

David left the hill-top and walked down towards the river, the Hudson, at this distance from the city a wide and placin stream. He was hot, for he had chosen to walk instead of hirms a rig, and the coolness of the morning had changed to a still white hear under the blazing sun, and the thought of a swim in the river had become a necessity. He had found the site suggested by Dr. Barton, a beautiful place, he agreed, a low hill-top surrounded by higher mountains, facing the distant wists of the river. Yet it was strangely remote and silent, far from human life. He had esten his sandwiches on the grassy flat, his back against a grey rock his feet outstretched, and he had tried to magnine buildings, people young men and their teachers, living here.

It was too much like a monastery, he decided, no different from hy or the crowded streets of Sombay and the tenements of New York, and he began to be troubled, by the whole iden of

from page 38

memorial to his mother. How did men learn of God?

He searched thoughtfully his own experience of religion, nothing very valid, he feared, the usual business of Sunday School and church, and then when he was at prep school and college the roquired chapet. He could not say that he had ever had an experience of God, although he had joined the church of his parents when he was instean or so because it was the right thing to do, or perhaps only the proper thing, and for normal human beings that might be the same thing. He knew that he was not a natural rebel, there had been nothing in his life against which to rebel, and he had found life good until his mother died.

He lay back on the grass He searched thoughtfully his

good until his mother died.

He lay back on the grass after he had caten and lying with his arms under his head and his eyes closed he thought about his mother. It was impossible to believe that she was not alive, in whatever form shought be 5he had been too vivid a creature, too positive, too gay to be dead. It was easier to believe that she lived, and that from somewhere at this very moment she looked upon him and knew what he was thinking.

was thinking.

The san beat upon him and the wind died down and he slept for an hour and awake thirsy and hot. Yet he was conscientious and he roamed about the hill-top before he decided that the place was good enough, beautiful if one wanted that, and that he might as well agree with Dr. Barron.

The wide above, head of the

agree with Dr. Rarton.

The wide silvery band of the river shining through a valley between the low mountains tempted him, It could not be more than a mile or two away straight downhill, and the railroad ran near enough so that he had only to follow it southward to come to a station. He found a small path and by following it or leaving it to crash through trees he reached a

above.

The level was that of a spacious lawn where the grass had not been clipped and in the midst of the lawn he saw a large and even splendid house.

the midst of the fawn he saw a large and even splendid house. It was occupied, there were chairs on the porch behind the massive pillare which reached from the tool in the style of the Greek Renaissance in this south. Yet, despite the splendor, the house looked untended. Terraces, led down to sunken sardens on either side and therethe rose bushes grew too high. A solitary peacock walked slowly on the edge of the apper terrace, its fail folded and dragging.

He drew sear and saw that the wide front door was open, although no one was about. A magnificent site this, he thought, only a few hundred feet above the river, which made a sweeping westward.

made a sweeping westward urive as though to add more magnificence. Then the peacock saw him and began to screech and bridle. It stretched its small, foolish head and lifted its tail and almost immediately

"Oh, Pilate, do be quiet!"

"Oh, Pilare, do be quiet!"

She stood up and David saw her, a dark, peetty xirl, too slender for her height. She saw him and walked towards him, a trowel in her earthy hand. Then she stopped and stood eyeing him in frank curiosity. "Italia, abe said, "why do.

"Hello," she said, "what do you want?"
"I am looking for the river,"
David said. "I want a swim."

"Well, the path goes there." She pointed with the trowel. "You'll find some decrept wooden steps and at the bottom of them is the river. If you don't trust the steps you'll have to slide down the cliff. It's not

to slide down the cun, as the too steep."

"Thanks." David said, and lingered. She stirred his imagination. "What a beautiful house," he said.
"It is beautiful, in't it?" she agreed. "It's my home. We don't live here in the winter.

since my father died, but we come as early as we can in the spring, my fincher and I, so that I can get the finwer-beds into shape. Still, it's July before I get it anything like the way I want it.

He restrained his curjosity way.

I want it.

He restrained his curiosity
Why had she no help? "It's
job, he said." I shouldn't like
to have to do it all mysell
Haven't you any neighbors?"

Haven't you any neighbors?"

"No," she said rather shor by No," she was not throking of hum, that was clear, she was briting the edge of her crimon lower lip. Her mouth was very partry, almost perfect in its bow, had it was too small. Her smoot holive skin was flawless, and her dark brown eyes were clear. Her hair was straight and she wore it pulled back tightly from her face and knotted rather high from her nage. The hand that held the trowel was small, too, and just now badly scratched and very dirty. "The place is for sale," she

The place is for sale," shi d abruptly,

said abruptly.

So that was what she had been trying to say, he thought, she had been trying to decise whether she could bear to say it. He could see that she loved the house.

gravely.
"Oh, it's no use!" She mail

Oh, it's no use! She illand the words a sudden cry and sho threw down the trowel. "I know we can't keep it up. Mother tries to do the housework and I rry to do the sardening and we can't. We used to have its servants here and they were always boxs."

servants here and they were always busy.

"I can imagine that," he said, wanting to help but not to weep. "We have a place in Maine something like it My mother is dead and I dou! think I'll ever go back there."

think I'll ever go back there. At this moment his own inspiration came to him. If the
house was for sale, why should
not his father buy it and make
it the centre of the school.
There could not be a better site,
the trees were old and handsome the gardens ready to cultivate again, and the house had
the air of life about it, in spira
of its present state. It did not
acem remote, it was not a piece

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Long, long after the tinsel and tokens of Christmas have faded, the lovely Polo handkerchiefs you gave will be carried with pride in the pockets and purses of your family and friends as constant reminders of your love and affection. Classic Polo handkerchiefs of pure combed Egyptian cotton for men and women are such inexpensive gifts for you to give and they go on giving pleasure throughout the year. So, make up your mind to give plenty of Polo handkerchiefs this Christmas See the full range of white, initialled and coloured designs, singly wrapped in cellophane or in gift boxes-they're so exciting to give or receive

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Polo Handkerchiefs



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wilderness. mean, it was a place eople had lived and il live, here," he said to the

of wiferness, it was a piace where people had lived and fould still live. "Look been," he said to the girl, "this seems very brash, perhaps but it happens that as tacher is looking for a place to found a theological seminary as a memorial to my mother, and it occurs to me that this might be the place — if you really must sell, that is."

The girl looked at him, her

k eves penetrating. No?" he asked, half smiling No? he asked half amiling.

I am frightened? she redied "I was almost daring God
to help me, haring him, reality,
ecause I am no desperate. I
now this is our last summer,
dy mether can't go on, and I
soldfut possibly manage alone,
int what does one do. I

"I suppose many a prayer has been answered by coincidence" David said, hesitatine or the right work. The girl was so mense, so vivid in her darkness. "I might say that God inswered my prayer, too, that i find the place I wanted to and for my father."

His native prudence touched and at this point. The matter of price was not his concern and he must not disease it or even too eager.

"Come inside," the girl said.
You'll want to see the rooms.
There are twenty of them, quite

"I ought to introduce tripself David MacArd"
"I am Olivia Dessard." She at out an earth-solled right and and he clasped it for a cond. "Mother will be glid to evon. We don't have guests.

She led the way along the rick path and up the stately ep to the wide porch beneath in pillars, and then into an unionse hall which ran straight trough the house and opened son a wide terrate and the usa of the curving river.

"Please wait in the drawing-orn," she commanded him oth a gesture. "I will find my outher,"

He went into a room of fad-manufficence, a museum of almogany pieces of French fur-ious and tapestries. It was earn, the furniture dus ed, and on the centre table was a wid of small white liles. He adown in a highback chair of waited. Great windows exched from ceiling, to firor it at the end of the room a arbie mantelpiece supported a oup of Watteau figurines. The case was well beloved, he could that, and the more he looked bout him the more canni-He went into a room of fad-

that, and the more re-nt him the more cnam-d he was of his idea. If heard footsteps but no ces, and then Olivia came, cling by the hand a small, cy-haired woman with a tired, were one of the control of the con-trol of the con-

perious face. "This is my ther Mr. MacArd." Mrs. Desard." David said, put out his hand and took los, swollen little hand, still py from dish-washing, he spoord, or scrubbing of some

Olivia is so impetuous,"
Dessard said in a high
"I hadn't time to dry
hands properly. You must
use the dampores."

He decided to come to the "Your daughter has told of your courage, Mrs. Des- I admire it immensely." Its. Dessard sank down on the covered chair.

in-covered chair, libris says you are infer-in buying the house for a coun purpose. That would me be very happy. I have yo been religious, although aith has been society tried to years. But Gord works in broke on the words

Continuing . . . . Come, My Beloved "Miss Dessard told me,"

David said gently.
Olivia interrupted "Is your father David Hardworth Mac-Ard? Mother asked me."

David turned to her "Yes, he he said unwillingly."

is, he said unwillingly.

"We read about your mother's death. Mrs. Dessard said She had got the better of her tears." We met once or twice. I think at Mrs. Astor's parties. But we have lived very much abroad. Ms. dear husband was French, not Carthoire, however. His family was Huguenot, but they did not emigrate farther than Holland, and then they went back again. Mr. Dessard had business in New York and Paris. Olivia is our only child, though we lost un infant son.

infant son "MacArd is not interested in our family history," Olivia said

interested in our tamily distory. Olivia said

Mrs. Dessard bridled. "I amsure he is. Olivia. It is important to know with whom,
one deals and he will want to
tell his father. Mr. Dessard
lost his fortune in the panie.
Mr. MacArd else we would never have been left as we are
now. We could live in Paris, of
course, and indeed we own a
small house there, inherited
from Olivia's grandfather Dessard, but she loses America.
She will not live in France.
"I love this house," Olivia
said wilfully.

Mrs. Dessard turned to her
with the impairence of old inended argument. "I know, my
dear, and so do I, but what can
we do?"

dear, and so do I, but what can we do?"

Olivia turned to David impersously "Will you let us come and voir you smertimes?"

He laughed "Of course, but the house is still yours. My ather will want to make up his own mind.

It was time to go. The two ladies, each wilful after her own lashion as he could wer, must not take for granted that the house was sold. He got up and put out his hand to each in turn.

"Goodbye, Mrs. Dessard, goodbye, Miss Dessard, goodbye, Miss Dessard, goodbye, Miss Dessard, with the sound of the house was credit to the work of the work of the house her had foreforten. "Ah you though perhaps we could wait until my father.

"Yo, now." Olivia direlated. Then we will feel we cannot change our united.

She began to walk away as he spoke, and he was compeded to follow while Mrs. Dessard throw the follow while Mrs. Dessard to do the down of the house of the house of the was compeded to follow while Mrs. Dessard looked after them.

"This is the drawing-room."

Desard looked after them.
"This is the drawing-room."
Olivia said, throwing open as closed door, "and here is the dining-room. The other side of the house is taken by the library and behind that the ballcoop. The kitchesi are councered but they are in separace buildings above, which are the sexuals quarters.

looked at one vast room

He looked at one vast room after another.

"The man who built this house had a perfect sense of proportion," he observed.

"You notice that?" Olivia asked eagerly. "It was my father. He built the house for my mother when they were married. He thought then that they would move to America altogether and he sold his possessions in France and built this house for her and furnished, it with heirlooms from his family. Mother was an orphan and she

Indeed I do," he said re-

"She is the last of that family," Official said. "I, of course, and a Dessard. Now come upstairs."

The staircase was double,

The staircase was double, winding spirally from each side of the hall, soemingly unsupported, and he followed her up the right side and into a circular upper hall, from which

heavy doors gave into bed-

"There are eight bedrooms on this floor," she said, "and six on the floor above. My father wanted a big family and he loved to have guests. You cannot imagine what this house was when I was a child. We lived here the year round, and my father had his own road built to five railroad station. It would have to be repaired, but the roadbed is still good.

She was a competent and

the roadbed is still good."

She was a competent and clever girl, he could are, besides being handsome. She had a proud carriage in spite of a manner almost unsophisticated, but she was not in the least like the girls he knew in New York, the daughters of Fifth Avenue families, and the children of his mother's triends. She had perhaps been educated abroad, and yet he did not believe so. Perhaus she had simply

Perhaps she had simply grown up with her parents here. He could not remember her name among the debutantes of any recent years, but then he had been much away from

said throwing open a door. "I like it better than any place in

Ie looked about half shyly; had never looked into a

"Poor petite Mama," Olivia whispered. "She is always tired. Yes, we must sell this house. I see it, and I thank God you came today. It makes up my

They tiptoed out of the house They riptoed out of the house and he stood on the terrace overlooking the river. "Are you religious?" Olivia asked suddenly. "I don't know," he said

"I don't know, he sain homestly
"I also do not know," she sain! "Before my father died, I was not religious, but somehow his death has made me wish to be so, if I know how. That is, I feel that I would like to believe in God, I mean, really to be-

lieve "I know," David said. He turned to her and saw in her dark eyes an honest vearning. He had never met a girl like this, someone so naive and yet so adult.

"I wish we might be friends." He spoke these words with an eagerness not usual to him.

"I would like that also," she said frankly. "I have never had a friend. When Papa was alive we were always coming and

we were always coming and going, there was no time." They clasped hands suddenly and strongly. "I will come

reply. He walked away slowly repis. He wanked away slowly He felt weak, exhausted by fright. His quick imagination to valuable when he was mak-ing a plan, could be a curse when it came to sameone class when it came to someone com-to him, the only one close to him since Leila died. He had not imagined it possible for her to die, and since she had, the existence of his son seemed fraulle. Yet he must not pro-tect David, it would min him

tect David, it would rain him. He ought to have had a dozen children. It was impossible to substitute for one's own fesh and blood, but the sooner he got on with his project the better, it would take his mind off himself and his vulnerability.

orter at would care in a mine off himself and his vulnerability.

In the dining-room Enderly pulled out the heavy oak chair at the head of the table and rame for the soup to be brought in. He stood looking solemn and thinking that Mr. MacArd should not wait longer for his mical. He was not as young as he once was and the death of his wife had aged him too fast. The second man brought in the tray with the soup tureren and Enderly took up the silver halle and filled a plate and put in before his master. At the same moment David came into the room, his face red from quick scrubbing and his hart we!

"I didn't take time to change, Father," he said in apology.

"Doesn't matter for once,"

began to cat his soup, an excel-lent beef broth laced with a dry sherry very comforting The plate was empty before he

Well?" he inquired

David smiled at his father.

What have I been doing all day, I suppose? I think I've found the spot Of course, you

Barton said something about MacArd said in the same

MacArd said in the same graff voice.

David hastened on: "Yes—well, I have the spot he meant, it's very fine, but I found another nearer the river and it seems to me even better. There's already a road to the railroad station, only about two miles, I walked it and it wasn't bad. There's a house on the spot already, it's for sale, a mansion I ought to call it, twenty reoma, pullared porch, you know the sort of thing.
"Gome, come, catch, your

sort of thing. "Gone, catch your breath." MacArd commanded. Enderby took the soup plates away and the second man brought in a fish filler and steamed potations. Enderby put down fresh plates and served the second course.

the second course "Now," MacArd said, "go back and tell me exactly what

back and tell me exactly what you found.

David, between bites, told him, dwelling upon the magnificence of the house set upon a levelled hill above the sweeping curve of the Hudson He described the tooms, the plenteous hands about it, space enough to build a dozen dominturies and halls, the great oak trees and maplies, the view across the river for a hundred miles.

"And who did you say owns the house?" MacArd asked.

He had catten bin fish in silence and now Enderby took the plates away and the second man brought in roast beef and vegetables in covered silver dishes.

wegetables in covered silver dishes.

"A Mrs Dessard and her daughter, David said. "Mrs Dessard said she had met Mother at Mrs. Astor's house." "Dessard — Dessard." Mac Ard said, reflecting. "Where have I heard that name." But he could not femember.

"The family was originally French, though of course now they are American. David said. "Mr. Dessard failed in the panic, and then he died, and they have struggled along ever since. They have a small house in Paris, but Olivia."

"I should have said Miss Dessard," David said hartily.

MacArd ate for a while with out speaking and David devotes himself to his plate. He are slowly and fastidiously and his

newly and fastidously and his father are quickly, and dulked to be kept waiting. "I suppose." MacArd and at last, "I had better have Barton, go and see the place." "Perhaps I should have told Dr. Barton about it first," David and

"Nonsense," MacArd re forted, "He can come over to night I shall telephone him a come at once and discuss it."

A week later MarArd stood on the terrace of the Dessard bouse overfooking the river. He was pleased with his son's unagination. The place was beautiful, the house was sound. He liked having a great manuscout the heart of his memoral to Luia. New buildings could be grouped about it, but the centre would be here in these lefty rooms. He turned to Olivia. He turned to Olivi

Dessard
"I will buy the house," his said abraphy "If your mother cares to sell some of her hirze pieces of furnition. I will in clude those. My lawyers will visit her here or in the city, a you piezes. By the way the nature Dessard—it seems to be familiar to me and yet I canno place it. What was your falter hissiness?"

Olivia looked into the dessard.

Olivia looked into the deer Olivia looked into the deep set grey eyes under the thick grizzled red evebrows "However the owned kand in the West Mr MacArd, much land, and braised beef Bur he was ruiner because the railroad on which the depended for shipping his steers increased its rates may be could no longer ship."

he could no longer ship.

MacArd remembered unddenty A small railroad ending
in Chicago, served at its farthest reach an area in Wyomong
on the eastern side of the
Rockies, it was only one of the
small railroads which he had
almorthed into his owen great
central system, and he had done
in by lowering freight rares until
compenition crassed. He had
then bought the small railroad
cheaply.

then bought the small railroad cheaply.

Desiard was not directly connected with him, but that was how he had heard the name A Dessard had been one of several owners who had brought suit against his main company and they had log! He wondered if this gri, standing here so true in her white shutwait and black skirt, knew that sory. If she did, she gave no sign of it and he did no make a test of her memory.

A fate brought him here to Dessard's house. God's leading, if one wanted to call it that something more at least thus contentioner. He resolved to be generous to Dessard's widow and daughter, not because of obligations, for he had won the surf-honestly in the course, but merely because he liked to be generous when he could.

"I believe your mother suggested tex," he said abruptity.

"Yes, please, in the drawing-

gested tea," he said abruptis.

"Yes, please, in the drawingroom," Olivia said.

She led the way and he
found Mrs Dessard and Barton
already sea, ed and waiting for
him. The girl, he noticed left
them at once, and a few secondlater he and David walking
with her away from the terrace.

They were off together, then,
I'r pondered for a moment the
possible meaning in this and
then decided against its distraction. He had come here to mase
a bargain.

tion. He had come here to make a bargain "With your permission, Madam," he said to Mrs. Desard, "I will make an appoint ment for my lawyers to call up

vours.

"Very weil, Mr. MacArd."

Her slightly withered checks were very pink, but she gave him a cup of tes with a hand that did not cremble.

He had accepted Mrs. Desward's invitation to drink a cup of tea in the drawing-room, but he could not forget that while he and Barton sat with her

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### Beauty in brief: FINGERNAIL NOTIONS

 Did you know that an average fingernal grows only one eighth of an inch in four weeks? Obviously, if you split a fingernail it will take some time to grow another, so guard against it

By CAROLYN EARLE

TO encourage a set of "show" fingernalls, calcium-rich dict is important and pleuty of external offing is helpful. Beyond these and normal manicuring, attention

to detail is what counts.

• Keep nais to a suntable length and use an emery board for filing. It gives a smooth, even edge that does not snag or ravel and is often the means of keeping a small nail-break from getting bigger.

• Buff fingernails for a few minutes daily in one direc-

ly, with short pauses so that surfaces are not Buffing helps keep nails smooth.

heated. Buffing hetps seep nats smooth.

Soak fingernals often in warm oil and massage each fingertip briskly with the ball of the thumb until you leet the increased warmth of quickened circulation.

Protect thin, split nails with tiny patches applied with fixative and covered with polish. A couple of lacquer coatings provide an armor against further in-

girl's room before, and this was one strangely feminine for so strong a young girl. The color was rose, the canopied bed was draped in rosy curtains and rose and not were at the windows. The carpet was a bed of flowers.

"It is very pretty," he said. "I love—I toye—I love it,"

"I wish you could stay here." "But I can't," she rejoined, pressing her lips together.

She shut the cloor abruptly. It won't show you mother's room, she wouldn't like it because the lean't made her bed. She doesn't like me to make it! I make mine before I go outdoors. You see how near my room is? I am like that."

"Beautifully neat," he agreed with a glint of laughter.

with a gint of laughter.

She suspected the laughter and frowned quickly. "There is no need to show you the kitchens Everything is done well and you would not need to make changes, unless you had many people here."

"Such changes could be made later," he surred.

They went downstairs, and

Such changes could be made latter," be agreed.

They went downstairs, and Mrs. Dessard was still sitting in the chair. She had gone to sleep, however, her head leaning against the cushioned back.

back," he promised, and he left her standing there on the ter-race gazing after him. David reached home late and tired, "Where's my father?" he asked Enderby as the door

opened.
"In the library, sir," Enderby answered. Reproach was heavy in his voice. "He's fit to be

"I'll go to him first," David

So he went straight to the library and there found his father waiting in motionless anxiety. He knew very well that still terror. He had seen his father waiting like that when his mother died.

his mother died.

Man'Ard looked up grimly "Well," he grunted. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his forchead. "You're late."

"Terribly," David and. "I should have telephoned but three was a train waiting when I reached the station, the list, they said, until ten o'clock. I jumped on and thought to explain when I got here.

"You had better ger washed and come into the dining-room," MacArd said. "The dinner must be dried up."

"You shouldn't have waited.

You shouldn't have wanted.

this MacArd did not

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III Australian Women's Where's December 16, 1953





## SUN-DECK FASHIONS

Matched sun ensembles with new coverage. The
jackets, styled to come off easily for sunning,
cover strapless bras and scanty shorts.



LONG-SLEEVED mannish shirt-jacket covers a halter bra top and tiny, skintight pants. The material is grey-and-white-striped seersacker. The shirt theme in plain or printed fabric is popular for the beach.



WRAP-AROUND JACKET with a modest cut sporting roll-your-own sleeves, Under the jacket is a tiny matching bra and little-boy shorts.



TERRY CLOTH for a chic beach trio
—bulky middy-style jacket with a highbuttoned neckline and tein pockets,
worn over strapless bra and tailored
shorts.





#### BEAUTIFUL FINISH

Generations of fine crafts-manship lie behind the finished beauty of good durniture. Such careful craftsmanship demands the same loving care and protection. Just a touch of LIQUID VENEER cleans, beautifies and proveserveshighly finished surfaces. Use LIQUID VENEER for satisfaction. It is most economical and

veneral for satisfaction, it is most economical and gives a marvellous gloss you'll be proud of. For your car too . . . LIQUID VENEER is obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

## LIQUID VENEER

FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.

#### What's a girl

to DO?

date.

She certainly doesn't know that Mercollized Wax notirishes and cleanses the skin—that it goes deep, deep down, gently dissolving the imperceptible particles of dried skin that clog the pores and deglamourise the complexion.

the complexion. Overnight, Mercolized Wax would make her skin freek, clear and glowing with health. Overnight, this non-greasy, instant-sunishing cream would work for her schieving the miracle of a flawleasty lovely complexion. Mercolized Wax, and the world's most alluriation of the world's most alluriation with the world's most alluriation with the world's most alluriation.

#### FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

A LADY AT BENDIGO, VIC., WRITES:

My husband has had his nerves bad for four years. I have given him three small brottles of your tonic and he has found a new life,

TAKE 4 DROPS IN A TUMBLER OF WARM OR COLD WATER EYERY MORNING.

IN ALL STATES EXCENT N.S.W.

## FISHAPHOS

## DRESS SENSE & Betty-Keep

 Slim black for town . . . the party coat . . . the opensided tunic blouse . . . closely related resort separates . . . new

BLACK, with a cool elegant cut, takes first place in mid-season fashions for the city. The matched dress-jacket ensemble, sketched at right, illustrates this smart look.

During hot weather the dress minus its jacket is perfect fashion worn with a wide-brimmed white has, white gloves, and white sandals.

As the season changes the jacket can be buttoned over the dress, the large hat exchanged for a turban, and the white accessories for black. The result is a chic ensemble for the first days of autumn.

A paper pattern for the de-sign is obtainable in sizes 32in, to 38in, bust. See caption next to sketch for further details and how to order.

NEW in late-day fashions is the party coat, designed wear with a short-skirted to wear evening, dancing, cocktail, or dinner dress.

The coat is street-length, and strikes just the right note in fabric and general character. Length is approxi-mately 40in, from shoulder to

Material Suggestions: paidley print, a paper shan-tung, or a rough-surfaced white pique lined in black.

Silhouettes: "Wrapped" with a roll collar and sleeves with wide, turn-back cuffs, or a wide-skirted coat swirling a wide-skirted coat like a cape with an upstanding

NEW for sunning is the open-sided tunic-type jacopen-sided tunic-type pac-ket worn with a matching bra and short shorts. The jacket opens out flat for easy laun-dering, and can be whipped off easily to take the sun.

New with mid-calf tapered pants is a low - waisted straight-line jacket, and under the jacket a matching "bra."

Material, Color, and Trim White pique, turquese-blue braid. The braid is matched to the terry-cloth fining

IN casual and sportswear fashious a new shade had made its debut—eggplant. The color is best described as a deep, winy black and looks well combined with lighter, brighter shades.

Chic together are eguplant and turquoise, eggplant and lime, and eggplant and pink

Pink and cherry-red is an-other combination with a bright future. A new foil for gunmetal-grey is nasturtium, and plaid gingham is used to accent white pique.

LOS ANGELES swimsuit manufacturers recently showed "things to come" for the 1954 swimsuit story. One of the silhouettes heading for of the silhouettes heading for spunsorship was called 'Morning Glory. The line, enthusiastically received and applauded by buyers, is a narrow maillot, with ruffles placed low at the hipline to give a skirt look. The suit was shown in jacquard or flower-embroidered clasticised Jabrics in clear pastels. fabrics in clear pastels.

NEW YORK dress designer Sophie predicts black and white will hold again a strong white will hold again a strong place in autumn and winter collections. Recently, a pre-autumn collection included a chic black velvet dinner dress trimmed with chalk-white beads. The model had a "belling" above the ankle-length skirt and a low, curving neck-line traced with white beads embroidered to give the effect of cording. of cording.

PARIS: Separates are the choice for golf costumes of young and pretty Viscom-tesse Lally de St. Sauveur, French golf champion, who wears slacks or skirrs in black, navy, and grey. Vivid colors navy, and grey. Vivid colors are her choice for sweaters and

Example: A grey flamel skirt worn with a coarse-ribbed, long-sleeved sweater in bright yellow. The skirt slightly gored into a belled-out bending

### Example: Contrasting col-ored rick-rack braid outlines the side seams of tapered mid-calf pants. The pants are matched to a large-size towel (36in by 72in.), lined with terry cloth and trimmed with braid. To complete the outfit there is a matching waist-length self-tied jacket with \*As I read the stars By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Aries subjects like action, but any decision made on Decem-ber 16 is more likely to be wrong. December 20 offers far more attractive possibili-

TAURUS (April 21 - May 20): You might find a needle in a haystack on December 15, with the off chance in your favor. Agreements made on December 19 may conceal a hidden may nidden snag.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21) OE.MINI (May 21-June 21): You'll be on top of the world on December 17, with popu-larity high. Engagements, marriage, if you're eligible, are in the offling: otherwise a very active social life. December 19 is exhausting. is exhausting.

(June 22-July CANCER 22); Going at top speed on December 15? Everything clicks according to schedule, but minor health troubles may develop on December 18.

LEO (July 23-Angust 22): December 18 is likely to be a red-letter day. A love affair may blossom, a wonderful party may come along, or you may strike a bargain. Take it easy on December 20.

No. D.S. 66: Steeveless dress - jacket ensemble in sizes 32in. to 33in. bast. Requires 4½ds. 36in, nuterial. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep. Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE newest resort separates are often co-ordin-ated by material or a trim.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Avoid shopping or heavy work in the home on December 19. Wait until December 21, when results will be far more satisfactory.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): In the midst of a gay whirl on December 15 you may be accompanied by Dame Fortune. Don't allow affection to ride over your pocket-book on December 24.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): One of those pre-Christmas secrets may keep you hapuily busy on December 16. December 17 and 20 rate high with Scorpio natives.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Should someone do you a kindly turn on December 15 you'll have the chance to return the favor on December 19.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Never mind if December 16 appears to fence you in, frustrating your hopes. December 21 leads the way to a rainbow chapter.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Romantic Aquarians may find December 15 a challenge to their in-genuity, but December 17 brings success.

brings success.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A bit of opposition.

a foot firmly planted in your path on December 16! You'll be sitting on top of the world on December 17 and 20.

I The Australian Women's Weekly research of interesting of inte





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over the fragile china she had set out on the teatable. David was wandering away some-where with the girl. He listened to Mrs. Dessard's random talk and to Barton's ceremomous answers and watted.

"Will you show me the path to the river?" David asked. He was confused by his own pleas-ure in being alone with Olivia

It is easy to find," she said

"It is easy to find," she said carelessly, but she led the way while he followed.

She was used to the path, he could see, and she guided him down, sure of foot, touching his hand now and then when he offered it to support her over a rock. She was handsomer than he remembered, but still not beautiful, he decided, so much as unusual in her looks. The severity of her white shirtwaist and the black of her skirt and the black of her skirt and the black of her skirt and the short, waist-length tacket suited her black hair and white skir.

shire.

He longed inexplicably to know her better, and it was easy to talk with her for she was frank and not at all shy. He had known many girls casually, girls whom he had met at birthday parties when they were children and later at dances and Christmas cotillions and college proms, pretty, fluffy, metry girls of whom he was wary because he was the son of his father.

merry girls of whom he was wary because he was the son of his father. His mother had laughed at him often for his wariness, pre-tending distress less he never present her with the delightful daughter-in-law, the pretended she wanted. She made David's she wanted. She made Daviet's wife into a figure at once imaginary and real, and had done so since he was out of knicker-bockers. Perhaps had ahe been less mocking he would have found earlier someone who could attract him.

found earlier someone who could attract him.

He was not quite sure that Olivia did attract him so much as interest him. She was a grave sort of girl, unchangang, or so he imagined, who if she gave her word would stand by it, whether or not it made her happy to do so. But today she almost smiled at him a few times and once when he made a joke hie gave a quick laush, broken off as though it surprised her.

They sat down on a log and he talked about India and Darya, and she listened with so remote a look upon her face that he did not know whether she was interested.

"Curiously enough, it was India that gave my father the inspiration for all these plans," he said.

'How strange!" she said. "How strange!" she said.
"My grandfather Dessard was
once in India. He went there
to study Hinduism when he was
young. I remember he said that
India changed everybody who
act foot upon her soil."
David laughed. "It didn't
change my father—in merely
inspired him to want to change
India."

India."

At this moment he heard his father's voice and looking up he saw that tall and grizzled figure standing at the top of the cliff shouting for him.
"David! I am ready to

leave."
"Coming," he shouted up-ward. He turned to Olivia. "I must go, as you see. But may I come back alone? Then I shall stay as long as you will

let me."
"Do come back," Olivia said.
Her eyes were fixed upon his
face, eyes black, intense, veiled
with doubt and question.

David did not see Olivia again for many weeks, partly because of a strange cowardire when he remembered the last look she had given him, partly because he did not want to be present or near while his father took possession of the house. For MacArd moved with his usual resolution and speed once his attorneys had settled upon a price and he had paid it. He summoned architects to plan three new buildings and design

#### Continuing . . . . Come, My Beloved

necessary changes in the man-sion. For the present, the up-stairs was to be made into an apartment for the president of the seminary, Barton, he sup-posed, tince it was obvious that he wanted the job, and Barton would be obedient to his wishes.

He ordered the architects to He ordered the architects to please the minister and his wife, he ordered Barton himself to call together a suitable number of men to form a Board of Trustees of whom he himself would be chairman, and he directed that the seminary open in the autumn of the next year, with suitable installation services and an imposing catalogue. He designated men from his own offices to carry out his plans, distrusting Barton's practical ability. tical ability.

tical ability.

"You put your time in on getting the best men you can find for the faculty," he ordered. "I don't know anything about that. Pay them whatever is needed to take them away from their present jobs."

"Historical Theology," Dr. Barton murmured. "Hebrew and Greek, Systematic Theology. Classical Languages.

from their present jobs."
"Historical Theology," Dr.
Barton murmured. "Hebrew
and Greek, Systematic Theology, Classical Lannuages,
Church History, Exegetical."
"Yes, yes," MacArd broke
in, "that's your business. What I want is a certain kind of
man, you understand, a sound
pioneer type."
"We shall have to approach
the colleges and universities for
their best graduates." Dr. Barton said solemnly.
"Of course of course," MacArd agreed, his eyes restless
with impastience. "I am simply
telling you what I want If
there is any difficulty about
money we can arrange scholarships as their part in it."
"Or chairs of theology, for
that matter." Dr. Barton said.

ships as their part in it."
"Or chairs of theology, for that matter." Dr. Barton said, anxious to be practical.
MacArd nodded and drummed his fingers on his desk. The interview was taking place in his office, and he was anxious to be done with it, though determined to carry through his plans without delay.

delay.

He had an overwhelming anxiety which he could not explain to so simple-minded a man as Bar on, who had nothing to do with business. The production of gold this year was the lowest to be production of gold the year was the control of the lowest to be lowest. production of gold this year was evidently going to be the lowest in the history of the country. His figures had arrived from Washington only this morning and they showed an incredible lag in the production of the precious metal.

At this hour of the country's magnificent growth, when

At this hour of the country's magnificent growth, when everything else was expanding with glorious speed, wheat pouring out of the new lands in the west, oil wells spouting fountains of eternal wealth manufacturing soaring, the total number of miles of his railroads more than three times what they were a quarter of a century ago, even the population rising to a new height, only gold was short.

Gold simply could not be

gold was short.

Gold simply could not be mined at sufficient speed to meet the need for basic money. He had long toyed with the idea of a process whereby gold could be extracted from low-grade ore. Only by such a miracle could prosperity be saved, and he saw the miracle like a mirage upon a desert.

"Now Barton." MacArd said.

"Now, Barton," MacArd said firmly, "I shall have to ask you to get about your business so that I can get about mine. I have to make the money for you, you know." "Be assured that I take the task as a sacred duty," the minister replied.

His back was not turned be-

His back was not turned be-fore MacArd was roaring into his office telephone, banging a great outspread hand palm down upon his desk. "Get the lawyers here now!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953.

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Through the days of his father's absorption in a business he did not explain nor David try to understand, the year moved on. There were no parties and no dances, for MacArd had decreed a full year of mourning, and David was left idle, and yet he was not discontented. He had finished at college, he had not lived at home for eight years, and, while he still missed his mother, there was a pleasant sense of growing freedom in the vast house on Fifth Avenue.

A letter from Darya had reached him in the late autumn and he was moved to write back inviting the young Indian to come for a visit. He had broached the idea to his father today, who, absorbed and abstracted, nevertheless agreed.

"I suppose you are lonely," he said absurated.

"I suppose you are lonely," he said abruptly to David. The he said abruptly to David. The morning was grey with approaching November and the house looked sombre. Even he could see that a young man alone for the day, and day after day, might find it grim, in spite of luxury and warmth.

"I am not lonely." David said, with his usual good humor, "But I would like to know Darvu better."

"Well, have him come, by all means," MacArd said, and there fell into his abstraction again.

It would be a pity, Darya thought, folding David's ardent letter, to leave Poona now just when the weather was at its best and coolest. A few months hence, in February or March, the dry heat would be suffocatthe dry heat would be suffocating and then it would be pleasant to take ship at Bombay and
cross the Red Sea and the
Mediterranean, saunter through
Europe and Eagland and reach
America perhaps in June.

America pernajs in June.

He had never seen America, although he knew England well. His father was one of the Indians who admired England and who had brought up his children to be half English. Darya spoke English as well as he did his native Marathi, and he had finished at Cambridge with few honors. with first honors

with first honors.

So that his children could be thoroughly at ease in England his father had built an English house within the compound here at Poons and had employed an English tuter, a Clambridge man, to live there with his sons. During his wouth Darya had been compelled during the week to cat lamb chops, roast beef, and Yorkshire pudding, boiled cabbase and potatoes and sweet puddings for dessert. This, his father declared, would fit him for life at Cambridge.

Only on Sundays were he

Only on Sundays were he and his vounger brothers al-lowed to join the family in the big Indian house and eat the delicious spiced Indian foods.

delicious spired Indian foods.

The years in England had
passed easily and quickly, he
liked English life, although he
was often troubled because of
the difference between English
people in England and in India.

In England they were kindly
and they did not show airs of
superiority, yet once they came

#### Puzzle answers

SHOPPING DAY: Yesterday Muromy sent me down the street to dis same shepping. Me gave me 13/- I hought 's day, ergy at 5/-a dozen, two jars of Jam at 2/4 each, and fares were 5d. each way I also had a 5d. ice-ceam. Haw much slid I have left when I arrived home: ti daz. eggs

to India as rulers they changed and became arrogant and

proud.

Darya had been attracted to David MacArd in London, and David MacArd in London, and it was natural enough that there-should be equality between them, but he had hesitated long before the meeting in India. Yet in Poona David had still Yet in Poona David had still been charming and unaffected and different from any white man that Darya had ever known. He was curious now to see the young American in his own country, his own home

own country, his own home.

The singular attraction held and drew him westward, for what purpose he did not know. He was fond of his pretty Indian wife, but his marriage had been arranged by his parents and he did not expect to find companionship of mind and spirit with her. Nor was it easy to find anywhere, for he was repelled by the Anglicised young Indian men, and dismayed by the softness of those who had never crossed the "black waters" to England.

In his somewhat singular

In his somewhat singular loneliness he saw the young American as friend and brother.

American as friend and brother.

In May, for it was against his instinct to show haste in spite of his wish, he left India and many weeks latter his ship drew near to the dock in New York. It was his first visit, but he had heard of the city, labulous and new, rising high from its island base. He stood on the deck among the other passengers, ignoring their curious starms, and gazed at the buildings massed against the sky.

As the ship edged nearer to

As the ship edged nearer to the shore, he half wished that he had not come lest David might not be the modest and gentle young man he remem-bered.

bered.

But his fears were soon forgot. When he came down the
gangway, dressed in his best
London suit and topcoat and
carrying a gold-headed cane,
he heard David's voice.

he heard David's voice.
"Darya, how glad I am!"

It was the same David,
Darya's swift Indian instinct
assured him, and then he was
shaking hands, both hands, his
cane under his arm, and the
two young men were gazing at
each other with delight, not
seeing the glances that were
cast at them from other eyes.
"Come alone the automobile."

cast at them from other eyes.

"Come along, the automobile is waiting," David urged. He pulled Darya along by the arm,

"I say," Darya protested, "what about my lugage?"

"Oh, that will be attended to," David said. He was ruddy with exhilaration and good spirits, the day was one of soaring wind and bright sunshine and he was proud of the glittering city.

"Come along," he cried, "huncheon is ready at home and we shall be alone. Ah, I'm glad to ace you, Darya!"

Darya had never been so

to see you, Darya!"
Darya had never been so greeted before by a white man and he felt his heart glow with love and excitement. A wonderful country where white men could be like this, where he was urged to come to a white man's home as though he belonged to the family!

"I can't tell you how happy I am," he stammered. David laughed and then saw the eliminer of tears in Darya's dark eyes. "Why, dear fellow," he exclaimed, "what's the mat-ter?"

'Nothing," Darya said. thought perhaps you had changed."
"I change?" David de-manded "Why should I?"

"I don't know." Darya said. But he did know. He had seen too many white men change when they saw an Indian face.

"My friend," Darya said,

My triend, Darya said,
"you should marry."

He had been in the luxurious
American house for three weeks,
he had seen the city, he had

visited the shops and bought gifts for his mother, his young wife and the two children, his three sisters, his aunts and cousins, his father and uncles and nephews. He had gone with David to the theatres, had heard the new music and on Sundays he had even some to church

he had even gone to church with David and his father and

with David and his lather and had listened in some amazement to Dr. Barton, whom he pro-fessed not to understand. David smiled and then blushed faintly. "What makes you say that?"

blushed faintly. "What makes you say that?"

The two young men had come to a point of intimacy where anything could be said.

"This vast house," Darya said, waving a dark and graceful hand to signify endless empty rooms. "Your father, who has only you. There is a great deal to be said for many sons. I am glad I have two already."

"I keep seeing my mother."

"I keep seeing my mother tre," David said. "It would hard to find anyone to fill or place."

Darya looked horrified, "You on't want to fill your mother's

place, surely," he exclaimed.
"You want to find a wife."
"I would like to find a wife who is as much like my mother as possible." David said.
"Darya shook his head. "No, no a man's wife and his mother should be totally different person."

ferent persons."
David looked bewildered. "I should say that it was a tribute

should say that it was a fribute to one's mother."
"Not at all," Darya main-tained. "Any mother in India sould choose for her son a wife very different from herself, of equal caste and so on, but that's all."

all."
David did not answer. He
thought suddenly of Olivia, to
whom he had never returned.
He had felt a curious and per
haps unnecessary delicacy about
pursuing his friendship while

pursuing his friendship while his father was buying her home. Nevertheless, he had not for-gotten her, as he now realised. "A relationship between mother and son cannot be con-tinued between husband and wife." Darya was saying with authority. They were in David's

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#### PERFUMES WITH TOILET SOAP TO MATCH

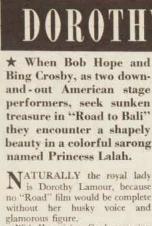
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SAVILLE, PERFUMER - PICCADILLY - LONDON - ENGLAND







is Dorothy Lamour, because no "Road" film would be complete without her husky voice and

With Hope jokes, Crosby crooning, song and dance ensembles, and mad gags, "Road to Bali" follows the for-

mula of the five previous "Road" films.

Road to Singapore," made in 1940, led the series. A year later "Road to Zanzibar" arrived. In 1942, when the flow of fan mail for the three stars reached mountainous proportions, Paramount teamed them once more for "Road to Morocco."

After World War II came "Road to Utopia," and in 1947 "Road to Rio." All five films were top money-makers.

All five films were top money-makers.

In the six years since the popular trio pursued adventure in films together; Hope and Crosby travelled separate paths in movies and Dorothy Lamour almost disappeared from pictures.

"Bali," the first film in the series to be made in technicolor, is Lamour's trist film since she played the role of the witecrocking, iron-jawed girl in DeMille's "Greatest Show on Earth."

Dorothy's descent from the ranks of top-money stars does not seem to worry her unduly.

It is no secret that she would like to

It is no secret that she would like to make one or two pictures each year



Now a freelance, she keeps in touch with show business with personal-appearance tours, radio and television broadcasts, and stage engagements.

At 39, dark-haired, blue-eyed Dorothy Lamour is primarily interested in her family and home She is the wife of William Ross Howard III, an advertising executive whom she married in 1945, and is the mother of two boys. The elder, John Ridgely, was bern in 1946, and Richard is three years old.

They live in a rambling, two-story mansion on Palm Drive, deep in the heart of Beverly Hills.

John Ridgely, called Ridge by the family, approves his mother's movie connections During the filming of "The Greatest Show on Earth" he went along with her on location in Florida and came back an autograph fon.

Somewhat dashed when, in response to his request for an autograph, Dorothy signed herself "Mother." Ridge held out for "Dottie Lamour" so that he could "show the kids at school."

"No, sir," came the firm reply. "To you I am NOT Dottie Lamour. To you I am Mother, even in a sarong."

It was her husky way with a long rather than her pin-up figure which won the untrained young singer a spot with Herbie Kay's band in the carly 1930's.

Under Kay's tutelage Dorothy became a topline performer. She even had a

Under Kay's tutelage Dorothy became a topline performer. She even had a small radio programme of her own. At the end of three years she married Herbie Kay. The marriage was dissolved in 1939. Kay died five years later.

In 1939. Kay died live years later.

Dorothy Lamour arrived in Hollywood in 1935. Paramount gave her a screen test and a contract.

Dorothy early acquired the title "Sarong Girl" and she appears to be stuck with it although she has worn that skimpy garment in only 12 of 50-odd films.





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De Witt's

ANTACID

POWDER & TABLETS

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1. REPORTING to the Officer Commanding in Malta (Jack Hawkins), seated at desk, Flight-Lieutenant Peter Ross (Alec Guinness), right, is assigned to photographic reconnaissance. His knowledge is invaluable to harassed island defenders.



2 INSPECTION of wrecked planes with Wing-Commander Bartlett (Anthony Steel), left, inspires Ross to various deeds of great daring.

3. ROMANCE develops between Ross and Maria. (Muriel Pavlow), a lovely and patriotic Maltese girl.

## The Heroic Siege

\* "Malta Story" (J. A. Rank) is a tribute to the gallantry of Malta's defence against the Axis during World War II.

Sarrifices made by the Maltese people and their devotion to the British cause won for Malta the George Cross, the only award of its kind during the war.

Outdoor scenes for the film were shot on island

Outdoor scenes for the film were shot on island locations, and Maltese extras were conscripted to re-enact scenes familiar to them in wartime.



4. REQUESTING her consent to marry, Ross is affected by the pleas of Maria's mother (Flora Robson) to wait until the war ends.



5. REPORT that enemy planes are massing for an airborne invasion of Malta is brought back by Ross from a dangerous reconnaissance flight. The British mobilise every available aircraft.



6. ANXIOUSLY awaiting news of a relief convoy with supplies, the O.C. and Vice-Admiral Payne (Reginald Tate) hear it has been badly bombed. Only one ship gets through to Malta.



7. BRIEFED by their O.C. after the arrival of Spitfire reinforcements, airmen learn they must keep a vital convoy from reaching Rommel in North Africa. Ross must locate the convoy and lead the planes to it.



8. LISTENING as Ross finds the convoy and directs Spitfires to it, Maria hears him attacked and shot down by the enemy. Maltese reinforcements turn tide of war.

## Galaxy of beauty in lavish musical extravaganza

Jane Russell is happy about her new technicolor musical, "The French Line," in which she plays a glittering role as "the richest gal in Texas," who gets a chance to enjoy the fleshpots of New York and Paris.

THE film's title derives lantic with the Texas heirfrom the fact that place aboard a luxury liner as it cleaves its way musically across the At-

ess, her co-stars Gilbert part of the action takes Roland and Arthur Hunnicutt, and an array of glamor girls aboard.

Jane has always wanted to



ANNE FORD, one of the SALLY TODD, one of magazine cover girls hired to America's leading models appear as a fashion model in took a cut in salary in order the technicolor musical "The to appear before movie french Line."

LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

Hughes, the millionaire movie producer who discovered and put her under contract 13 years ago, but until recently the idea had no appeal for

him.

The healthy box-office response to the first picture his star ever made for another studio – Fox's big musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" – changed all that.

The establishment of "Blondes" as Jane Russell's biggest money-spinner fired Hughes with the ambition to better its record for R.K.O., the studio which once dominated the musical field with

ated the musical held with Astaire-Rogers musicals. With producer Edmund Grainger at the helm and Lloyd Bacon directing, "The French Line" received the full

glamor treatment.

In keeping with the Hollywood formula, a sturt search was made for pretty show-girls to appear in fashion parade sequences.



STAR JANE RUSSELL sings and wears lavish gowns in the new technicolor musical, "The French Line," It is her first musical for producer Howard Hughes, who discovered Jane more than a decade ago.

"I want this picture to have more beautiful girls than any film we've ever made," Howard Hughes told Grainger.

After eight weeks of interewing models and cover rls, beauty-contest winners and bit players, as well as the cream of screen hopefuls from casting-office files, Grain chose 20 girls for the film.

People who see the picture will be able to look at some of America's most glamorous models.

for hir parts are all tops in the modelling field. Their names? Anne Ford, Barbara Drake, and Sally Todd.

Anne Ford, a striking brunette with a pin-up figure, was earning about £20 an hour as a photographer's model.

It probably didn't pay Anne to give up modelling for tem-porary film work, but, on the other hand, the chance that a pretty girl might turn into a movie strate. novie starlet overnight could not be ignored.

The same applied to Bar-bara Drake and Sally Todd. As models the girls earned a tidy income and worked only six months of the year.

Each owns an expensive wardrobe and drives a Cadil-

But when the chance came to break into movies, neither of them hesitated to accept it.

Another brunette, Katherine Cassidy, got into the picture on the recommendation of actor Vincent Price, who met her at a dinner party and phoned her name to the studio.

Jean Moorehead (Miss Hollywood of 1953) is also in the film with another contest winner, red-haired Mary Rod-man (Miss Champagne of

Joyce MacKenzie, Paula Corday, Barbara Darrow, and Barbara Dobbins had film backgrounds before they were chosen to appear in the pic-

In voluntary exile from movies after her marriage last year, Joyce MacKenzie was persuaded by Howard Hughes himself-for a nice salary, of course—to play Jane Rusself's impersonator in "The French Line"

Already known to filmgoers, lovely splatinum-blonde Paula Corday plays a feature role as a French interpreter.

The two Barbaras Darrow and Dobbins are studio star-lets who, after sitting round doing nothing but drawing their pay cheques for a year are making their first screen appearance.

The story of "The French Line" is secondary to music and glamor.

It tells the tale of the rich-est girl in Texas (Jane Rus-sell), who sails for Europe aboard the French luxury liner Liberte. Romance with a French singing star (Gilbert Roland) blossoms en route and winds up happily in Paris

All the time there is music in the air, provided by the film's ten songs. There is also a Hollywood-style fashion

Ow, During the shooting of this sequences and those During the shooting of fastion sequences and those in which the glamor girls feature, only people actually concerned in the film were permitted on the set. A notice reading "Closed set, positively no visitors" was shown to



BARBARA DRAKE, another real-life fashion model, poses prettily in Paris lingerie in the fashion parade sequence of the new R.K.O. musical.

### Talking of Films

CITY FILM GUIDE

HIS MAJESTY'S—\* "You Can't Beat the Irish," comedy, starring Jack Warner, Barbara Mullen. Phis "Honeymoon Deferred," comedy-draina, starring Kieron Moore, Sally Anne Howe.

MAJESTIC.—\*\*\* "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth, Terry Moore, Plus \* "The Two Dollar Bettor," gambling drama, starring John Littel, Marie Windsor. (Both re-releases.)

METRO—\*\* "Latin Lavers," technicolor romance, starring Lana Turner, Ricardo Montalban, John Lund. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—\*\*\* "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical.

REGENT...\*\*\* "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical, starring Ethel Merman, George Sanders, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen. (See review this page.) Plus featur-

ctts.

REX.—\* "Beautiful But Dangerous," comedy, starring Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum. Plus \* "No Time for Flowers," drama, starring Viveca Lindfors, Paul Christian. (Dec. 15, 16, 17; \* "Fort Defiance," technicolor Western, starring Dane Clark, Ben Johnson. Plus \* "Lady Possessed." drama, starring James Mason, June Havoc). All re-releases.

ST. JAMES.—\* "Thunderbirds," war drama, starring John Derek, John Barrymore, jun., Mona Freeman. Plus "I Killed That Man," crime drama, starring Ricardo Cortez, Joan Woodbury.

Killed that Man, crime drama, starring Ricaroo Cortex, Joan Woodbury.

TIVOLI.—\*\* "Springfield Rifle," technicolor adventure drama, starring Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter. (See review this page.) Plus "I Found Joe Barton," mystery, starring Charles Tingwell, Margo Lee.

WINTERCARDEN.—"Serpent of the Nile," technicolor historical drama, starring Rhonda Fleming, William Lundigan, Raymond Burr. Plus \* "The Glass Wall," drama, starring Vittorio Gassman, Gloria Grahame.

★★★ Call Me Madam

FOX'S big, brassy screen r version of the Broad-way musical hit "Call Me Madam" has just about everything you could wish for in musical entertain-

Together with the topical and funny dialogue, there are lavish sets and cos-

tumes and a first-class musical score by Irving Berlin. Above all, it has Ethel Mer-

Above all, it has gener Mer-man repeating her original Broadway role. You've never heard anything quite like her. A stockily built brunette of 40-odd, Miss Merman has a

voice which rips into ragtime and a personality that en-velops the entire audience.

As Mrs. Sally Adams, Washington "hostess with the most-est on the ball," and pioneer

OUR FILM GRADINGS

\*\* Excellent \* Above average \* Average

No stars-below average or not yet reviewed.

woman diplomat representing the United States in the mythi-cal Grand Duchy of Lichten-

burg, she is a riot.

"Gall me Madam," she booms at a diplomatic under-strapper who disapproves her back-slapping ways. "And when you call me Madam—smile."

The story is a take-off of American diplomacy and the career of Mrs. Perle Mesta, a former Minister to Luxem-

bourg and famous party-giver.
In key roles are Donald O'Connor, as a Press attache, and Vera-Ellen, slender to the point of emaciation, in the role of Princess Marina of Lichtenkers.

Lichtenburg.
Their dancing is delightful, but their romance runs into some sticky patches towards

George Sanders oozes Old-World charm as gallant General Cosmo Constantine, Madam's heart interest. He reveals a pleasant voice in his first screen singing role. In Brisbane—Regent.

\*\* Springfield Rifle

WITH Gary Cooper turning in his usual efficient performance, Warners' "Springfield Rifle" contains better than average interest.

The title is a bit misleading,

because the rifle plays a minor though decisive role in the somewhat jumbled story of espionage and horse rustling during the American Civil

Throughout the film, which is photographed in Warner-Color, there is enough action to hold attention, and the characterisations are believ-To find out who is behind To find out who is believed the rustling gang which steals army horses and sells them to enemy forces, gallant Major Gary Cooper is cashiered from the Union Army.

This gives him a chance to consider the constant of the co

join up with the renegade fac-tion and unmask its leader, as well as win recognition for the new rifle as an effective weapon

A minor sub-theme concerns Cooper's screen wife, Phyllis Thaxter, and their adolescent

David Brian, Paul Kelly, and Philip Carey give good

In Brisbane-Tivoli.

A YOUNG actress named Etchika Choureau has won the prize for the most promising newcomer on the French film scene, despite the fact that her first three pictures have not yet been shown to the public.

\*\*

ELEGANT Suzanne Flon

(the model in "Moulin Rouge") will star in John Huston's forthcoming film of Jean Anouilh's play, "L'Alou-ette." This controversial story ctte." This controversial story shows Joan of Arc not as a Christian martyr but as a woman who desided to be burned at the stake as a means of avoiding a dull and dreary

Gary Cooper offered London roles

Veteran actor is eager for bright English comedies

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

On his recent visit to London, Gary Cooper, the easy-going giant who has moseyed along right at the top in Hollywood's heirarchy of stars for 27 years, had two offers to make films in England.

GARY, who has now returned to America, where he is said to be reconciled with his estranged wife, Rocky, would like to work in England.

For a change he also wants

For a change he also wants

For a change he also wants to play sophisticated comedies. His pal Clark Gable, who was staying at the same London hotel, is the only top Hollywood star who can match Cooper's quarter-century of stardom.

Gary's friends call him "Coop." He is usually pictured as the shy, homespun, somewhat naive type whose bashfulness has done as much as anything else to bring him so high in the popularity poll. There's much more to him than that.

than that. Gary Cooper is a shrewd trouper who has used his head

far more than his charm to stay where he is.

stay where he is.

He said with a drawl, "I guess Clark and I stayed in films when others disappeared because we got ourselves the right stories. We played romantic parts, although we're no drawing-room figures. And we worked hard."

He still he him our half

He still has his own hair, which is more than many Hollywood stars a generation younger can say; it's still tawny, though flecked with grey. But his face is lined and and as tanned as a well-worn, well-polished shoe.

In spite of all the evidence

So when I think a him, and have got me some crisp folding money, I get away for some fishing or shooting, or just a big loaf round. I'd put loafing high on my list of favorite pastimes."

Gary has just had a lazy six months loating about Europe. But it hasn't been all country,

He has been seen at the fashion shows in Paris, sunning himself among the millionaires at Cannes, living the social life in Rome, occasionally, though not always, in the com-pany of his wife and family.

The reason for his London visit—apart from a cautious look at the scripts they offered him—was to make a personal appearance at the premiere of his latest film, "Return to Paradise."

Paradise."

His role in the film is a romantic part for him. He said, "I don't always like borses in my pictures. Women are good to look at, too."

The Continental papers have been backing up this assertion weightily of late by underlining the tales of his romantic friendship with the slight, densure French star Giselle Pascal.

French papers are not re-

French papers are not re-nowned for their reticence, and one declared: "Gary Cooper



ARRIVING FROM PARIS, Gary Cooper (left) is photo graphed with actor Rex Harrison and his wife, Lilli Palmer as they step off the plane at London Airport,

lives a life of coincidence. This lives a life of coincidence. This isn't unusual for an actor accustomed to action films, where the scriptwriters make free use of it. But when co-incidence invades his daily life, ah, then . .!

"Remember the rumors, the photographs, all those stories of the Gary Cooper-Giselle Pascal romantic idyll at the

or the Gary Cooper-Userie Pascal romantic idyll at the time of the Cannes Film Festival? He walked through the questions with a smile and was content to avoid answering them. She, charmingly, looked mysterious, wore the am-biguous air of one who means, 'well . . . perhaps' and 'you never know.'

"Then Gary's wife arrived with her daughter, and our hero returned meekly to family

life.
"Now wife and daughter in America. are back again in America.
Viila! What do we see? Why,
Gary and Giselle, romping
happily around Lausanne,
Switzerland..."

Confronted by rumors like these, Gary Cooper remains true to the tall, silent type he has made famous in his films. He regards silence as a virtue He regards since as a virtue and practices it diligently. He says that what's wrong with pictures is there's too much talking in them. But neither in films nor,

one might suspect, in life does he feel that he's too old at 52 for romantic parts.

"What has age got to do with it? I'll keep on playing romantic roles till I'm thrown

"Nope, I'm certainly not thinking of retiring. I pay 92 dollars tax in every 100 I carn. Twe got to go on earning I know I look like a picture of Old Joe Relaxo, the boy who doesn't worry, but three years ago I woke up to find I had ulcers. weight during a film. Worr, I guess, or that ulcer.

"I've been having me some fun tripping round Europe that summer, but now I must get back to work again," he said Like Gable, Cooper has proved that he possesses stay-

ng power.

He turned on his slow smile and said: "Maybe I've been on the screen for a quarter of a century because I've got heavy feet. Any guy with heavy feet takes a lot of shifting."

CHRISTINE ADRIAN, the girl from Queensland who made good in the West End play success. "Women of Twilight." and recently made her film debut with a strong role in the dramatic picture "Fine Flowers in the Valley."

From our London office Millaa Millaa in Queensland is a small,

Queensland girl now a British star

unpretentious Australian dairy town running to little more than a pub, a picture show, and a butter factory. Yet it can boast a talented export, a girl who forced her way into theatrical big-time.

SHE is Christine Adrian, vital blonde actress who climbed to a star debut on the West End stage and then into British films.

Christine made good in characteristically Australian way She left Millaa Millaa before the war armed with a few pounds she had scraped together, modest luggage, no occurrence whatever, and experience whatever, and superb faith in her guiding

Her climb was somewhat laborious at first. The astonishing thing is that she climbed at all, considering that she was farm raised, lost in the world's biggest city, and that her knowledge of the theatre was

She badgered her way into

jobs in revue and became a stage artist - a very pretty one. On the strength of that, she was chosen to tour in that successful, hardy perennial "Charley's Aunt," which has been the springboard for many

Christine Adrian proved that, besides looks and courage, that, besides fooks and courage, she had talent. And talent landed her in—of all places —the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Strat-ford-upon-Avon in the classic part of Titania, the fairy queen in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Then a horrible thing hap-pened to me," Christine said. "Suddenly, and quite astonish-ingly, I began to put on weight. I dieted—I starved— but nothing had any effect. I have obesity to thank for los-

ing me the fruits of that season at Stratford.
"Stardom was going to be my dish. There were offers from everywhere—until some-thing like a human pudding waddled into their offices."

"Injections cured me, but it was too late." By this time Christine had

fallen back into just an average theatrical career, with occasional bright spots, like her brief stardon in a couple of television plays written by Australian Henry James.

Australian Henry James.

There were bit parts in films, odd roles on radio, and anything on the stage from revue, to torrential weepies.

That is, until Rene Ray dropped out of the fabulously successful West End play "Women of Twilight," and Christine Adrian stepped into her place as a start. The part of a gangster's girl, she owns

Christine Adrian stepped into her place as a star. The part of a gangster's girl, she owns cheerfully, was tailor-made for her. And she was a hit. A main feature role in the Waverty Pictures film "Fine Flowers in the Valley" came next: The character she was called upon to play bristled with subtle difficulties, and she had her doubts.

But director Hugh Wedder-

burn was delighted with her. "Fine Flowers in the Valley

has some of the flavor of a Victorian melodrama (with deep undercurrents and a modern setting) and something of the brooding mystery of an Emily Bronte novel.

It may pave the way to a new star status in films for Christine Adrian.

Meanwhile, in between roles she is catching up on the dec-oration of her attractive flat in Swiss Cottage,

Her flat proves her ar-tistic flair and the innate o-telligence which has brought Christine Adrian so far.

A miniature sedan-chair, gilded, with exquisitely painted panel scenes and glass-shelved inside for china and ornaments. stands in one corner. Cherubt holding lamps aloft throw rich reflections into the blue of reflections into the blue of Bristol glass lining the walls

She lives with a family of She lives with a family or Siamese cats, and at the drop of a hat will lecture you ce their intelligence, their sense of humor, and their dynamic personalities. A folding serem is pasted with nothing but cut-out cat studies, unless you except an occasional tiger.

sitting-room in the late after

noon of a crowded day.

In these three weeks David
had come not to understanding had come not to understanding the young Indian but to the knowledge that here was the most complex person he had ever met, and one whom per-haps he could never fully understand.

understand.

He took a during step. "You advise me to marry, and yet you did not introduce me to your own wife."

Darya opened his immense dark eyes, handsome eyes with heavy curling lashes. "I do not see the connection!"

see the connection!"
"In the Western mind there is some relevance," David said,
"In the Eastern mind, none,"
Darya declared with dignity,
"My wile is shy, as most Indian women still are and the would women still are and the would have been in consternation had I brought her out of her rooms to meet you, and even more embarrassed had I taken you to her. It is not our custom, as

yet."

For the first time David was

For the first time David was aware of a barrier between them. "I'm sorry if I have offended you, Darya."
"Not at all," Darya rejoined.
After a little pause, he said, in a coaxing voice, "Tell me, David. According to your abominable Western customs, is there are worsen.

It was impossible to lie to Darya. He could detect the slightest deviation between thought and word David said. "Not quite in my desceninstances deviation between thought and word David said, "Not quite in my dreams, Darya, but hovering perhaps on the edge." And then he told Darva of Olivia, and why he had not gone back to see her. "Yet I suppose," he said, "that I have known all along that I would go back."

"So." Darya said, "why not now? Take me with you. I shall take advantage of your Western customs and judge her for myself and see whether she is worthy of you."

He ignored the memorial mansion pointedly, but David did not notice the omission. He would have liked to have laughed off Darya's suggestion.

did not notice the common would have liked to have laughed off Darya's suggestion, but the young Indian was not easily put aside, as he had learned by now. Darya had an amiable persistence, an affectionate stubbornness, which

#### Come, My Beloved Continuing . . . .

would not be denied. And then it might be a good thing. He would see Olivia through other eyes and he would know through his own whether her presence, hovering on the edge

of his dreams was something more than farcy.

"So be it," he replied. He had infused his voice with gainty to which Darya did not respond. Instead his face was grave while his eyes sparkled dangerously bright.

"What is your father's idea in regard to my country?" he demanded suddenly.

Their eyes met and David

Their eyes met and David drew upon his will not to turn his away first. He was aston-ished to see that Darya was

ished to see that Darya was angry.

"I shall ask my father to explain it to you," he said, still garing quietly into Darya's eyes.

"I fear I have been clumsy."
Darya rose. "It is time to dress, in any event. Therefore I will wait."
They roted for the time and

I will wair."

They parted for the time, and David waited until dinner was over and the coffee was served as usual in the library. Then he attacked his father with cour-

attacked its failer with coacage.

"Darya has asked to meet.
Miss Dessard, Father and I have promised to introduce him.
But first be wants to know about the memorial. I think if my father tells you, Darya, you will grasp it as he conceives it."

MacArd out down his cur.

grasp it as he conceives it."

MacArd put down his cup.
"The memorial to my dear wife is to be a school of applied Christianity. That is, it will train young men to be Christian in the hisheat and most practical sense. They will go into all the world and preach the gospel. Take your own country, as an example. I felt there the lack of a dynamic, an energy, a purpose Your people are slack, they are bistless, they sllow circumstances to overcome them. A real religion, a vital faith in the true God, will inspire them to better themselves."

Darva histened to this his

selves."

Darya listened to this, his eyes glittering again. "Is there more truth in your god than in ours?" he inquired with dangerous quiet.

from page 49

MacArd faced him with massive power in his look.
"Your temples are full of superstitious litter," he said bluntly. "Your people are confused by the legends of ancient history. A clean wind, a sweet-ing change, will give you fresh strength. I believe that our own prosperity proves the validity of our religion. God has been

"I grant you the right to believe in your own religion."
Darya said in the same intense quiet. "I have sometimes even thought that I, too, would like to be a Christian if I could be-

thought that I, too, would like too be a Christian if I could become one without giving up my own religion."

"That," MacArd anid decinively, "would be impossible. When a man becomes a Christian, he must formake all other gods, and believe only in the One."

"You remind me of a certain American millionaire whose name I will not speak, because you know it well, Mr. MacArd. He mays he does not believe in competition hat in co-operation. Therefore he proceeds to absorb into his own business the livelihood of other men, especially those in smaller corporations than his own. They cooperate by becoming his property—a trust, I believe it is strangely called."

strangely called."

MacArd was hurt. "I assure you I have no purpose except to benefit your people. I see my own country rich and prosperious, the people well fed and happy. I see your country poor and the people wretched. I am compelled to deduce reasons for this difference."

"Can it be because your people are free and mine are not?" Darva suggested, glints of light playing in his eyes.

"In apix of the benefits of empire." MacArd said, not comprehending, "your people continue in this poor state. Therefore they must be taught to help themselves. For this I say they need a new faith, an inspired and inspiring relajon, which I did not find, young man, al-

though I went into many temples." These last words he apoke very sternly indeed and David was alarmed.

Darya rose, a guest too cour-teous to quarrel with his elder and his host "I shall be inter-ested to see the memorial," he said, "And now will you excuse me, sir, if I say I have some letters to write? David has been giving me such a good time that I have not yet written to my brothers."

He bowed to MacArd, smiled David, and walked gracefully

at David, and walked gracefully from the room, shutting the door soundlessly after him.

David did not speak. Mac-Ard poured himself another cup of coffee. "A well-educated young man but still a beathen," he said dryly.

David did not reply to this. Instead he said, "I never heard you say the things you have just said, Father. I didn't know you could."

just said, Falher, I didn't know you could,"
"Nor I," his father replied. He drank his coffee and put down the cup and looked at his son with humorous eyes in which there was also something

which there was also something of apology.

"I don't know what got into me. I'm no theologiam. But I guest that young Indian sitting so strug and rich, while I know the condition his country is in just roused the American in me, and mixed up with that is my lather's old-lashioned religion. Maybe it was good, after all. I know it scared me enough to keep me out of a lot of tomfoolery when I was growing up. I never rould be sure he wasn't right about hellfire, and I didn't dare take the chance. I guess I dare take the chance, I guess I still don't dare."

He leaned forward on his elbows and his voice quieted. "Son, do you know what your mother really believed? There were so many things I never asked her. I always thought we'd have a lot of time together when we got old."

"I never asked her, either, Father," David replied. It was repulsive to see his father soft and actually quivering with in-explicable anxiety. Then, see-

To page 66





SWIFTLY AND SAFELY KILLS FLIES. MOSQUITOES AND ALL INSECT PESTS

... and IT DOES NOT STAIN

Mortein plus does not contain D.D.T. It is guaranteed to kill flies that are immune to

Mortein plus is the only double-strength insect spray, yet its insect-killing ingredients are guaranteed 100 times safer than those of commonplace D.D.T. sprays.

Mortein plus can be sprayed without hazard in sickrooms, around children's toys and in the presence of milk and other foods.

Mortein plus gives your home full protection against disease-carrying flies and other insect

## The only insect spray to which flies cannot become immune!





"Gracious me" said Mary's sister when she saw But our Cane-ite dealer solved the problem: In one week we covered the old walls with For the walls we used primed Cane-ite which the little weatherboard rooms of the cottage we "Half an inch of Cane-ite will insulate a room Cane-ite easy-to-handle sheets that fit all wall requires no base coat—final colour goes straight had bought. "You'll burn your wages in friewood better than an 8" brick wall. Cane-ite is the only spaces with next-to-no-carpentry. A carpenter on. For the ceiling we chose ivory Cane-ite—just to keep this gloomy place warm in Winter." building board that insulates as it decorates," helped just one day, with the ceiling.





What can you do with old weatherboard rooms?...



able weatherboard-lined room we walked into three weeks ago. Covering walls and ceiling with Cane-ite made the difference. Other points to notice. The cupboards for glassware and shelves for books which I made from Timbrock shorts. The recessed shelves (also made from Timbrock)

in to what was a useless little window, opening into a dark side passage. Any man who can use a saw can carry out these ideas with Timbrock which is natural wood made better stronger, splinterless, grainless, flexible, white ants won't attack it.

## John got his idea for using Cane-ite from his firm

John's firm is in an old building and he came home pop-eyed by the way Cane-ite walls and ceilings made the whole place look like new!" Remember, Cane-ite is also made into Acousti-Tiles for the ceiling - they actually reduce distracting noise by 65%. Cane-ite Acousti-Tiles are as quickly installed over existing ceilings and walls as they are in new construction. No interference with business.





Cover weatherboard-lined rooms with Cane-ite and you'll have better insulation than many a brand new modern home. Cane-ite-keeps the heat where you want it-inside in Winter, outside in Summer. You give year round insulation to your rooms that adds to the resale value of your home. And remember this, Cane-ite not only insulates as it decorates. but is sound-absorbing, too. It tones down disturbing street noises.

Cancite comes in money-saving, handy sizes: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet lengths, available in 3 and 4 feet widths. Cancite comes in three finishes: [1] Natural, [2] Primed, [3] Ivory. You can paint Cancite in ANY finish. Cane-ite is white-ant proofed.



#### We loved his floor tiles . . .

"John and I were ordering Cane-ite at our local Hardware atore. Mi eyes wouldn't leave the beautiful tile floor. I had to know all about it. With C.S.R. Floor Tiles I learned, you design your own style and colour scheme from 17 colours. Colours go clear through the tile, never wear out, Easily cleaned. When I found that C.S.R. Floor Tiles con less than other types of resilient floor coverings, that clinched it-I had to have them in my kitchen."



(1) Concord and Brunswick Plasters, (2) Low Density Cane-ite,
(3) Fibrock Asbestos Cement Sidings, (4) Fibrock Asbestos
Cement Flat Sheets and (5) Fibrock Corrugated Asbestos
Cement Roofing (6) Gyprock Plaster Wallboard . . . an sale
at Hardware Stores and Timber Merchants.

THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD. **Building Materials Division** SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, TOWNSVILLE, ADELAIDE, PERTH



LIFE IN LONDON, Mrs. Rex Rienits on the bulcony of her penthouse in Dolphin Court, Dolphin Square, Cotorful tubs are kept filled with flowering plants from Covent Garden.

## ondon Penthouse

Playwright Rex Rienits and Mrs. Rienits, formerly of Sydney, have a penthouse at Dolphin Court, in Dolphin Square, London, and 5000 immediate neighbors.

THE neighbors occupy 1200 flats which, with shops, restaurant, swim-ming pool, lawns, and gardens, make up Dolphin

Court.
It was wintertime when the Rienits' moved into the penthouse. They could not see the Thames, which flows close by, or even the jumble of huildings below them for the swirling tor.

ings below them for the swrting fog.

This decided them to make their home as colorful and as comfortable as possible.

Five had some of the walls repainted and others covered with pretty wallpapers. And while this was going on, Mrs.

Rienits searched a mong accond-hand shops for lovely old pieces of furniture, and combed the stores for auitable fabrics for the furnishings.

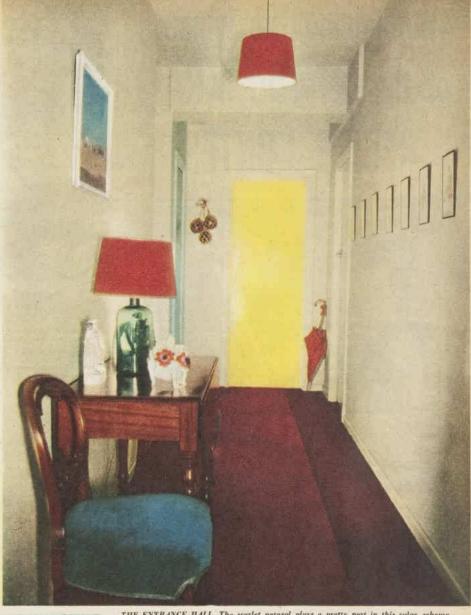
fabrics for the furnishings.

In addition to the decorative pieces which they took with them from their Cremorne home in Sydney, Mrs. Rienits has been collecting Victorian ruby glass, some of which can be seen in the alcove of the sitting-room, shown below.

Rev Rienits, who is well

Rex Rienita, who is well known in London as a redio and television playwright, novelist, and scriptwriter, has an attractive work-room overlooking an inner courtyard.

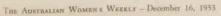
—Eve Gyr.



THE ENTRANCE HALL. The scarlet parasol plays a pretty part in this color scheme, along with grey and blue star-dotted walls, scarlet carpet, lampshade, and chair coverage of prints of old Sydney decorate one wall. Doors opening into Rex Rienits' study, the guest room, main bedroom, and dining-room are each painted a different color.



THE LONG SITTING-ROOM. Walls and ceiling are painted grey, alcoves (at both ends of room) are grey-blue, and drapes to the French doors opening on to the balcony are of line-green velvet. A deep, raspberry-toned carpet covers the floar. A yellow-and-white couch and a royal-blue chair are used as contrasts to a flowered linen chair.





DINING-ROOM features a Regency suite. Mrs. Rienits used wallpaper striped in yellow and white for the walls, and had the ceiling and door painted in clear yellow to simulate suashine and create a more spacious effect. The curtains and upholstered chait seats are in searlet linen with a white flower motif. Notice the smart little corner filment.

## Announcing the winners £5 prize for cake of the £1,450 KRAFT RECIPE CONTEST



Ir.H.G. Ozborne, Managing Director of Kraft Foods Ltd., Economist of "Warman's Day and Home", Anne Maxwe ands a cheque for £1,000 to Mrs. Garrest The 3 Cookery Expert of "Woman" and Charmism Maynar Mayns are also shown. Laft! Jean Bowring, Home Home Economist at the Australian Woman's Weakly

FIRST PRIZE £1,000

Awarded for the best main course dish featuring Kraft Cheddar, won by Mrs. S. G. Garrett, 421 Elgar Road, Box Hill, Victoria. Watch Kraft advertisements for Mrs. Garrett's recipe to appear in colour.

SECOND PRIZE \$200 won by Mrs. M. E. Gray, "Campo", Locke Street, New Farm, Brisbane, Q'land.

Plus 15 Consolation prizes of \$5 each to the following: Mrs. J. Mikelaitis, 239 lank 5t. South Melbourne, Vic., Mrs. Doris I. Day, 7, Bath St., Alboraford, Vic., Mrs. J. M. Watson, 9 Hannal St. Bos Hill South, Vic., Mrs. I. A. Bernolds, "Woodclock," Hower Creek Roadside, vis Mansfeld, Vic., Mrs. A. R. Van Rompsey, 13 Marborough St., Mant Albert, Vic., Mrs. Loyce Kraite, 121 Mickens St. Maurt Waverley, Vic., Mrs. Exemint, 186 Millaws Aus, 51 Albert, Vic., Mrs. M. S. Whitehead, "Burchill Durham Rd., Kläpth, Vic.; Mrs. E. Prit, Bellbline Rd., Kurmond, N.S.W., Miss E. Lawson, Landaborough, Qlid, Mrs. E. A. Gilsham, 20 Wyatt St., Mourn Gambler, S.A.; Mrs. F. Follard, 60 Marine Pde, Moornal Park, W.A., Mrs. Derch, Snt., 100 Princess St., Clearmont, W.A.; Mrs. Derch, Snt., 100 Princess St., Clearmont, W.A.; Mrs. Desch, Snt., 100 Princess St., Clearmont, W.A.; Mrs. Josephine Crimolick, Ross Brook Rd. Mergane River, W.A.

## SECTION 2.

FIRST PRIZE £150

type of recipe (excluding Section 1), won by Mrs. B. Bell, 14 Birdwood Street, Mentone, Victoria.

5 Consolation prizes of \$5 cach won by: Mrs. E. Robarts, 961 Burke Rd., Cemberwell, Vic., Mrs. L. McVeagh, 4 Cemberdge St., Epping, Sydney, N.S.W.; Mrs. W. Cockbill, 112 Anass Ave. Collary, N.S.W.; Mrs. N. M. Hyde, Damaroshey, Dalwalliou, W.A.

The management of Kraft takes this opportunity to congratulate the outright winners. They would also like to thank the many thousands of entrants, from all over Australia, for their interest in this competition. The originality and thought that has gone into the preparation of such splendid recipes made the Judges task an extremely diffi-



**KRAFT CHEDDAR** 

3. Slices easily - never crumbles

4. Stays fresh

5. Pasteurised for purity



CHOCOLATE is probably the most popular of all cuke flavors and the prizewinning chocolate rum cake (above) tops the popularity poll. The rum is optional. Try it with or without, according to taste.

A delicious chocolate layer cake topped with fluffy chocolate frosting wins this week's main prize of £5.

RECIPES for liver and bacon fritters and casseroled carrots win consolation prizes of £1 each.

Have you entered our popular recipe contest lately? Conditions are easy. Write your favorite recipe clearly in ink, attach your full name and address (including State) to each page, and send to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O.,

Sydney. Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

#### CHOCOLATE RUM CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, scant \(\frac{1}{2}\) cup castor sugar, \(1\) tablespoon boiling water, \(2\) eggs, \(1\) tablespoon rum, \(2\) cups plain flour, \(2\) teaspoons cream of tartar, I tea-spoon bicarbonate soda, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons drinking chocolate, good { cup milk.

chocolate, good { cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar with
boiling water until white and
fluffy. Add eggs one at a
time, beating well after each
addition, add rum. Fold in
sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Place mixture into 2 well-greased 7in.
sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

When cold, fill and top with
fluffy chocolate frosting.

Frosting: Two ources butter.

Frosting: Two ounces butter or substitute, 11 cups sifted icing sugar, 2oz. drinking chocolate, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 egg-white.

Cream butter, gradually add t cup icing sugar, drinking chocolate, and rum. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add re-maining icing sugar, fold into chocolate mixture. Spread between layers of cake and over top. Decorate with over top. Decorate with almonds and crystallised

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Johnston, 19 Arthur St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

### LIVER AND BACON FRITTERS

Half-pound calf's liver or lamb's fry, 4oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted but-ter or substitute, 2 egg-whites, good ½ cup warm water, 2 or 3 rashers bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped chives or shallot, salt, pepper to taste, 1 scant desserton mixed mustard, 1 eggyolk

Sift flour and salt, pour melted shortening into a well in centre. Mix to a smooth paste with warm water. Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch salt, fold in lightly. Allow bat-ter to stand I hour. Soak and skin liver, cook in salted water 10 minutes. Drain and mince, Fry chopped bacon and mix with minced liver, chives, salt, pepper, and mustard. Bind pepper, and mustard. Bind with egg-yolk. Form into small cakes. Coat with batter and

deep-fry in fuming fat until a light golden brown. Serve with mustard sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Hagarty, 10 Clare-mont Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

#### CASSEROLED CARROTS

One and a half pounds car-rots, foz. coarsely grated cheese, 4oz. soft breadcrumbs, a pint white sauce, salt and

pepper, Cook carrots 20 minutes in boiling salted water. Slice and line base of a greased over-ware dish. Sprinkle with cheese, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Alternate layers of carrots, cheese, and crumbs until all ingredients are used. Pour white sauce over, top with extra cheese, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until

thoroughly hot and bubbling and brown on top.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Mason, 43 Arthur St., Valley, Brisbane.

Mothercraft

#### Exercise for baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse.

EXERCISE is important if baby is to develop a strong body and have good posture.

A very young baby gets exercise by sucking, crying, and by moving the arms and

legs.

Never leave a baby tightly tucked up in bedclothes or tightly wrapped up when he is awake before feeds. Loosen the clothes and allow plenty of freedom for kicking.

As a child's muscles become stronger he can be propped up or put into a play-pen where he can roll, learn to crawl, and pull himself on to his fear.

his feet.

A leaflet describing the best way to help baby exercise can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, Please enclose a stamped and

Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 16, 1953

#### Miss Precious

TO keep the glossy appearance of black enamel on a stove, rub with a cloth moistened with liquid paraffin, then polish with a dry cloth.

PUT a few drops of spirit of camphor on a lump of sugar and set it on your bed-side table to keep mosquitoes

TO remove ink stains from fingers and nails, work them around in a piece of tomato, then wash with soap and water,

#### Minutes says:

IF grass seeds catch on silk or nylon stockings, wet seed and the part of the stocking around it. This toughens the threads and softens the hooks on the seed. With care the seeds can be pulled off without breaking the threads of the stockings. of the stockings.

WHEN the bristles of a straw broom have worn down, add a few more months' service to the broom by cutting away the two low-est rows of binding cord.

Page 58

National Library of Australia





## QUEST FOR MAXIMUM BRILLIANCE

After the diamond is rounded, the final step in the search for Nature's hidden diamond brilliance is polishing. In polishing, the pre-proportioned and rounded diamond is set in a holder called a "dop" and held against a revolving iron disc coated with a mixture of olive oil and diamond dust which polishes the facets of the diamond. Well-cut diamonds have 58 facets, placed with minute accuracy to produce

The stone must be set at a new angle for each facet. The cutter examines it hundreds of times under a magnifying glass to make certain that the facet is being formed in exactly the correct proportion. Perfection in diamond polishing is exemplified in "Multi-cut" diamonds. When you invest in a "Multi-cut" diamond remember cutting, colour, clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value.

"Multi-cut", the World's most beautiful diamonds direct from Amsterdam cutters.





## presented by two leading jewellers





Write for Proud's and Gaunt's exclusive Ring Books.

PROUDS KING AND PITT STS. SYDNEY . BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE . HUNTER STREET, NEWCASTLE CAUNTS BOURKE STREET MELBOURNE . BRIDGE STREET, BALLARAT . ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART

Page 60



colorfil centreplece for a Christmas table setting is shown above. Red satin ribbon is arranged like the spoke of a wheel on a white cloth. A tree, made of crepe pape wired to a piece of dossel sitch, is set in a send-filled bout. Santa Claus replicus dot the tree. Painted ice-cream constriumed with crepe paper and topped with a cardboard star stand in waxed paper cup-cake containers to simulate lampeas place decorations.

ANY handyman can make the inexpensive candle-holder color on page 23.

color on page 23.

A strip of light sheet metal and a piece of plywood board are the main materials.

The corrugated effect is obtained by lapping the metal strip over and under a 1½in diameter broom-handle.

Here are the materials and directions for making:

Materials: Strip of light sheet metal 12½in long and

sheet metal 12'n long and 13'in, wide, \$in. plywood board 104'in long and 24'in.

wide, 4 bifurcated rivets, chair nails.

chair nails.

Punch three [in, holes in the metal strip, 3in, in from each end and spaced 3in, upart Bore three [in, holes in the plywood 2in, in from each ead and spacing them 2in apart. Corrugate the metal strip as shown in the picture on page 23, using a household brombandle for the purpose. Drive a chair nail into each corrugate the purpose. a chair nail into each corne of the board on the undersid then fix the metal strip to the board with the rivets and will the holes in the metal ar-wood evenly matched.





FASCINATING A series of Vogart transfer designs for em-broidering on children's clothes and household linens can be had on application to our Needlework Department.

These American - styled embroidered transfer designs come on 24 in. x 28 in sheets each containing dozens of motifs suitable for quick, easy, and effective stitchery.

Vogart transfer pattern en-velope No. 143 is illustrated above. The price is 2/-, Paper

patterns for all the baby garments illustrated are also available. Price, 2/-, See page 63 for address.

Other 24in. x 28in. transfer sheets available for 2/>
No. 145. More than 40 intriguing farmyard motifs. No. 185. Dozens of lovely transfer motifs for the decoration embroidery of household lines, aprons, collars, scarves. No. 207: Sixteen unusual transfer designs, including some lovely flower motifs for guest-towels tray-cloths, and other hower linens. No. 199: Fifty appealing pet motifs for toddler clothes and nursery items.

## PLAY AFE!

Use the deodorant with

#### "Action Proof" Protection

Because only Odo-Ro-No has this new "Action-Proof" formula! Vastly superior to anything you've ever seen before:

Use Odo-Ro-No daily and be confident of complete 24-hour protection—no matter how active you are 1

People on-the-go use





#### SOUARE DANCER Jr.



Promenade, or do-si-do— it all comes easy to 4-year-old Max Powell, whose father. Mickey Powell, owns Melbourne's best known dancing school.

known dancing school.

"Max loves square dancing,"
says Mrs. Powell, "but I make sure he has plenty of Vegenite daily, to build up lost energy. Vegenite keeps him healthy and active. Another little "Vegenite".

For healthy nerves, firm holy tissues, good digestion and clear skin, you must have a fresh supply of Vitamin B, B2 and Niacin every day. Vegenite provides a rich supply of these Vitamins because it is a pure yeast extract. So put Vegenite on the table at every family meal time. Vegenite, made by Kraft, KV42



icura ANTIC OINTMENT



## TEN-SHILLING GARDEN

Now the year is nearing its end, gardeners should be considering which of the hardy annuals, biennials, and, possibly, perennials they will use to replace the lovely plants that have made such a bright display this season.

germinated in secd-boxes early in the New Year.

in the New Year.

Some flowers should be planted early because they have to make plenty of growth while the weather is still warm. They include stocks, foxgloves, calendulas, primulatore, tree lupina, Iccland poppies, pansies, violas, didiscus, Canterbury bells, cinerarias, phlox, wallflowers, and dianthus.

Bannink such as wallflowers.

Biennials such as wallflow belimas san as wantow-ers, foxgloves, verbascums, hollyhocks, dianthus, sweet williams, and sweet wivels-fields should be sown now, be-cause few of them will flower until the second year after

When selecting seed for the coming season, choose flowers that made the quickest dis-play for your money.

Chief among these are phlox drummondii, nemesia, leptosyne, snapdragons, bar-tonias, cornflowers, aweet sul-rans, cusmos, gaillardias, go-detias, lupina, linarias, gilia tricolor, and the annual chry-sentherouse.

Santhemums.

Don't bother now with half-hardy annuals. Most of them should be sown in spring for a summer display, although it is possible to get much fragrance during autumn from an immediate sowing of night-scened stocks, ageratum, and perunias. petunias.

For more or less per-manent floral displays, choose perennials, and make your choice from the following:—Auricula, polyanthus, English primroses, doronicum austria-cum, cordalis bracteata, and cheirauthus, all of

which flower in spring.
Summer-flowering perennials worth garden

IT may not have occurred to many gardeners that a whole gardenful of brilliant flowers can be obtained for an outlay of ten shillings, provided the seed is well chosen and is carefully germinated in seed-boxes early seems. It is gardens But Australia's carinfall and climatic vagaries rarity allow more than a transferling sweet flows of color.

And a day or so of gale force wind or raging heat soon peas), luptings, minulus, intense pentstenous, radbeckins, and a day or so of gale force wind or raging heat soon facts flowers.

In the circumstances, Australia's gardens and climatic vagaries rarity allow more than a transfer and color of the provided the seed is seed boxes. salvia splendens, scabious cau-casia, thalictrum aquilegifoli-um, myosotis, and violas.

Prices have risen in the past two years for most of these seeds and the old-time six-

#### GARDENING

penny packets now cost eightpenny packets now rost eight-pence or more, but quite a good display of color and frag-rance can be obtained from a duzen or so packets, even at present prices.

There are plenty of peren-nials that flower mostly in autumn, such as acconium fis-cheri, anemone japonica, anthemis tinctoria, aster amellus, begonias, bocconias, geums, helianthus, pentstemons, solid-ago, valeriana, and viola.

Seed sown now should pro-duce flowering plants by late summer and autumn of next

Most gardeners would like to imitate at the lowest pos-sible cost those great drifts of color seen in pictures of Eng-

FOR BEST RESULTS one your panny wed now. Roggli Giants, French Stained, Masterpiece, and Mammoth varieties are the best.

In the circumstances, Aus tralian gardeners should re-strict their planting to species and varieties they know will do best for them.

If they do they will have no need to express regret that they cannot transplant the Eng-lish herbaceous border beds into their drier, hotter, more arid country.

I wanted to make It I wanted to make a bright display for ten shillings, I would spend my money on the plants that years of ex-perience have shown to be the gayest, brightest, and most generously flowering of all.

Selecting annuals first, I would buy for January sowing would buy for January sowing one packet each of aerolinium (everlasting flowers), agera-tum, snapdragon, didiscus, cineraria, primula malacoides, dianthus, French marigold, gaillardia, nemesia, phlox drummondii, and leptosyae.

Or I would buy a dozen packets of the well-known biennials, but not many of them are suitable for all our varying climates.

Foxgloves, verbaseum broussa wallflowers, dian-thus, sweet williams and sweet wivelsfields, anthusa capensis, campanula dium (Canterbury be campanula pyramidalis, coreopsis, cynoglossum, crysimum, lunaria, annua (honesty), lychnis, papa-ver alpinum, silense com-pacta, and hollyhock and you have them nearly

Choosing a dozen per ennials is even more diffi-cult, but I would select delphiniums, perennial phlox, columbines, heu-chera, rudbeckia speciosa, incarvillea, and delavayi before my money ran out.

By R. G. Edwards.



Remington 60"

Packer up for the hoggest "thank you" kins you ever got at a the electric shame he been worting for! No matter have lough his beard or tonder his skin, the Remington '60 will give him the amouthest element, lasters shines he's ever had?

THE NEAREST THING TO NOT HAVING TO SHAVE AT

A PRODUCT CE Remington Rand IMPERIOR BY 11



## KILLS SMELLS STUFFY ROOMS

Here's how Air-wick works this magic. Place Air-wick bettle above smell and pull up the wick. As Air-wick evaporates it descends, for the vapor is heavier than air. The compounds in Air-wick meet the

smells as they rise and pair with them. Neutra-lising them. Killing them utterly. Only Air wick uses 125 smell destroy-ing, air freshening com-pounds as used in nature plus nature's miracle-working chlorophyll.

#### ONLY AIR-WICK CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL

Costs less than a penny a day to use. Sold at all chemists, grocers, general and hardware stores.

#### LITTLE DANNY DUCKLING

By Wilma Taal

Excellent colour-pictures and the story of Mother Dixie Duck and her enchanting family make this book a sure winner with the younger children.

Price 8/6 From all Booksellers.

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THE ADSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4381457



slit address orders to 66-D, G.P.O. Hobart, Zealand readers to 666 G.P.O. Auckland

## tashion

F2954.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make lace-trimmed acanties. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 1yd 36in. material, 3yds, 2in. lace edging, 2yds beading, 3½yds. ‡in. satin Special price, 2/-.

responsible to the control of the co

F2955.-Giamorous bare-shouldered ball gown featuring flower motif organdie trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 74yds 36in. material and 74yds. 36in. taffeta for lining and under-skirt, and approximately 54yds. of organdie trim (obtainable by the yard). Price, 3/6.

F2956.—Small girl's summer party dress. Sizes 18in., 20in, 23in., 27in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2yds 35in. material and 3½yds 2in. embroi-dered edging. Price, 2/6.

F2957.—Holiday separates, skirt, halter top, and braid-trimmed stole. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust for top and 26in. to 32in. waist for skirt. Requires: Halter top and belt, 1#yds. 36in. material; stole lyd. 36in. material and 3yds. in, fancy braid; skirt 34yds. 36; material. Price complete, 3/6.

F2958.—Smart button through coat-dress with contrasting bias binding trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Re-quires 54yds. 36in. material and byds. bias binding. Price, 3/6.

EEDLEWORK No. 575.—SUNDRESS AND MATCHING

JACKET
The dress and jacket are obtainable cut out ready to make. Included with the garments is an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is summer breeze printed in an unusual spot and sun-ray design. The color choice includes blue, black, and white; lemon, black, and white pastel green, black, and white; and mauve, black, and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 42/- 36in. and 38in. bust, 43/6. Postage and conductive 2/9 evers. registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 578.—BOLERO JACKET

The jacket is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is white British head-loth. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 16/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 18/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Nacdlework Notions over \$/11 sent by registered post.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - December 16, 1953

No. 576.—PEGBAG

The bag is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British headcloth in white, cream, blue, lemoo, pink, and green. Price, 4/9. Postage, 6d. extra. No. 577.—THREE TEA-TOWELS

Three long-wearing towels made in a linenfinish cotton with blue borders. The towels
are obtainable clearly transch ready to embroider.
Size 22in x 32in. Price, 5/11 each. Postage,
10d extra. Set of three, 20/3. Postage and
registration, 2/- extra.

NOTIONS

SAVE MUNEY with handy BON AMI CAKE



Get Bon Ami Cake to-day. See how this grit-free cleaner quickly gives a super-shine to your windows, mirrors, tiling, glass shelves and metal fixtures. It cleans clean—leaves



SINGLE GIRLS? Certainly!

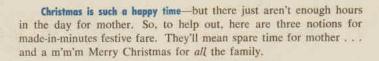
Medical evidence shows that any normal, fully grown girl can wear Meds, You, too, can learn how to be free, happy—how to be YOU—on those days. "Next time" try Meds and learn for yourself the wonderful secrets of internal amitary protection. Buy a packer now and be ready.



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## Merry Christmas Greeting... and Merry Christmas Eating

from Betty King, noted Home Economist of World Brands Pty. Ltd.









#### Mellah Chocolate Almond Delight



over your plum pudding.

sherry. Pour this sauce, hot or cold,

Make up Chocolate Mellah from simple directions on packet. Cool. Pile into your prettiest individual dishes. Top with snowy drifts of whipped cream, then crown with toasted almonds (or grated chocolate if you'd rather!).

### Make them Festive! Make them Fast!

COPHA CHRISTMAS TREE COOKIES

This Christmas cook with confidence and Copha, the pure white vegetable shortening. You'll make mouth-watering cakes and cookies-like these in our special Christmas recipe - little Christmas cookies to tempt you at tea . . . to tie on your tree as good to eat as they are to gaze on. They'll vanish from the plate like magicians' rabbits, so make plenty, mother, do!

#### Basic Recipe for Copha Christmas Cookies

5ift 7 ozs. (11 cups) self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon Place in basin 3 ozs. sugar, 1 egg, † teaspoon essence and

half sifted flour.

Melt 3 ozs. Copha over gentle heat. It should be warm (not hot). Test with fingertip. Pour Copha on to ingredients in basin and beat for two

Add remaining flour and mix to a dry dough.

Roll on to a floured board and cut into Xmas tree shapes, (Or use your own imagination and make Xmas bells, stars, etc.) See information below!

Bake on greased slides in a moderate oven, 10-12 mins. ice when cold, and decorate if desired.

PATTERN "CUT-OUTS." Draw or trace the outline of a Xmas Tree, Xmas Bell, Xmas Star, or other required shapes on cardboard, then cut out to form a pattern. These patterns may be placed on the rolled-out dough

and cut around with a pointed knife. Lift cookies carefully on to baking slides.

DECORATING YOUR COOKIES! Some cookies may be decorated before baking: e.g., brush Xmas Trees lightly with water and sprinkle generously with green sugar, then a few "hundreds and thousands" to add colour and gaiety.

Coloured Sugar may be prepared quite easily by adding a few drops of liquid colouring to the quantity required and mixing to tint evenly.





FOR CHRISTMAS POPPERS-IN... AND STAYERS-ON - LET THEM

#### Taste that Chicken! Taste Continental!

Oh those Christmas meals! Hungry holiday kiddies with mouths ever open like baby birds . . . poppers-in and stayers-on . . . midnight snacks . . . barbecues and beach picnics! Here's when you'll say "Hurray" for Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup! Real spring-chicken goodness in every sip . . . yet it takes only 7 minutes to make.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 16, 1953

## Dinner in Minutes

#### BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



You don't have to be a magician to perform dinner magic in minutes. Follow the suggestions below and see how easy it is.

N hour passes quickly at the end of a busy day when time for preparing the meal is limited.

If you plan your time well and make sure every second counts, you can produce a satisfying dinner for the family in a matter of minutes.

The question of cost is important any meal, whether the food is quickly prepared or not.

It takes more ingenuity and thought to produce a dinner of moderate cost that has a touch of lamor than to choose all the high-sciced items on the grocer's shelf.

The way a meal is served is im-portant, for food seems to taste better if it looks tempting. Attractive crying can also be a time-saver.

Arrangements which combine everal foods on one platter cut down dish-washing as well as presenting the meal to advantage.

The menu below, with suggestion for alternative main dishes, will help you make the most of your time during the busy Christmas

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

PHILADELPHIA CASSEROLE

One 12oz. tin luncheon meat, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 large tin spaghetti, 1 tablespoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, 14 cups breadcrumbs, 3 eggs, chopped parsley.

Put luncheon meat through mineer, add tomato juice, spaghetti, onion, salt and pepper, and bread-crumbs. If soft breadcrumbs are not crumbs, it soft breaccrumbs are not available, use savory biscuit crumbs (quickly made by crushing with a rolling-pin). Fill into greased caserole. With a tablespoon make three depressions in top. Cook 20 minutes depressions in top. Cook 20 minutes in moderate oven. Drop a whole egg into each depression in top. Bake 10 to 12 minutes longer until eggs are set. Garnish with parsley.

#### SWEET ALASKAN LOAF

One large block ice-cream, 5 or 6 sponge fingers (halves), chocolate sauce, blanched whole almonds.

Turn ice-cream block on to serv-ing dish, top with sponge fingers, trickle chocolate sauce over and decorate with chocolate acorns made by dipping whole blanched almonds half way into melted chocolate. Serve balance of chocolate sauce separ-

GARDEN SALAD

Wash and dry 1 tomato. Cut nearly, but not quite, through, into 8 sections, pulling slightly open. Fill centre with softened cottage cheese. Use as a floral centrepiece for the ralad bowl and around it arrange lettuce leaves, celery curls, slices of tomato, onion, cucumber, and radish. Serve mayonnaise separately.

TWO-DECKER HAMBURGERS

One lb. minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, 2/3rd cup tomato juice, 1 tablespoon chopped onion. ½ cup crushed cornflakes, pro-cessed cheese, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire

Combine minced steak, salt, pep per, tomato juice, onion, and corn-flakes. Shape into 10 or 12 flat pat-ties. Saute 8 to 10 minutes in good shortening, turning once. Join 2 shortening, turning once. Join 2 patties with a slice of cheese, Serve topped with mixed sauces.

PLANKED VEAL STEAK Four small fillets of veal, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon fresh bruised sage, 1 egg, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, frying fat.

MENU Philadelphia Casserole

Garden Salad Sweet Alaskan Loaf QUICKLY prepared dinner to satisfy the family when you've been busy all day with Christmas chores. Menu includes tasty Philadelphia Casserole, Garden Salad, and Sweet Alaskan Loaf.

Slice onion thinly and place in pan with veal and sage. Add a small quantity of hot water. Season with pepper and salt. Cover and cook very gently for 15 minutes. Remove veal (straining liquid for broth) and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat for about 5 minutes, until the outside is crisp and goldenbrown. Arrange on hot platter.

#### AMERICAN MEAT BALLS

One pound round or topside steak, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tea-spoon dried herbs, 1 tablespoon chop-ped paraley, 1 dessertspoon Wor-cestershire sauce, flour.

essetsure sauce, flour.

Mince steak finely, add breadcrimbs, finely chopped onion, salt,
pepper, herbs, paraley, and sauce,
Mix well, cook gently until mixture
changes color. Roll into balls, flouring thickly. Deep-fry until brown.

SPAGHETTI MINCE

One and a half pounds minced cooked meat (or tinned meat), 2 tablespoons flour, I cup tomato juice, I cup water, I teaspoon Worcester-shire souce, I finely chopped onion, I chopped cooking apple, 2 table-

spoons raisins, 1 cup cooked spag-hetti, 4 cup grated cheese, salt and

Combine meat, flour, tomato juice combine meat, nour, tomato juce-water, sauce, onion, apple, and raisins. Season, pour into greased casserole. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Remove lid, top with hot spaghetti, sprinkle with cheese. Re-

#### CASSEROLE OF LAMBS' BRAINS AND BACON

Four to 6 lambs brains, 4lb. bacon rashers, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 table-spoons flour, 2 cups hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon finely chopied parsley.

Soak brains in cold, salted water, for 15 minutes. Place in cold water, bring to boil, drain, and cover again. Simmer for 10 minutes, and again. Similer for 10 minutes, and cut each brain into four. Heat fail, brown flour in fat, stir in water, and bring to boil Place brains in cas-serole, pour in brown sauce, add sale. A squeeze of lemon or dash of sherry may be added. Remove rind from bacon, chop, and add to casserole. Add parsley. Cover, cook in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

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National Library of Australia

ng his shoose-orry for him.
Out of his pity he spoke.
But I know that she believed in the things Dr. Batton talks in the things Dr. Batton talks about in immertality. for

"You think so!" his father exclaimed, "Well, that relieves my mind. Fee been worrying about things, putting so much money into the memorial when maybe she..."

David did not reply and they at in silence, neither knowing what to say, for MacArd would what to say, for MarArd would not face the possibility that his son agreed with the Indian. When he did speak it was to say mildly, "I shall be glad if you will go up there and see how things are getting on. I am very much engaged now."

"I wish I could be more use."

"I wish I could be more useful to you, Father," David said when he paused.

"No one can help me," Mac-Ard replied "The country itself is on skids. Unless someone with common sense comes along we are headed for ruin. One of are headed for ruin. One of these days our creditors in Europe and even in Asia are going to get seared and maist on being paid in gold, and we haven't enough gold in the national treasury to meet our dobts, that is the plain truth of it. If only I could find some fellow, a chemist, who could work gold out of low-grade ore

David listened without under-David listened without understanding. He was ashumed to confess to his father that all his years of school had not prepared him to comprehend what he meant. He had been an exceptional Greek scholar, and he had taken high honors in English iterature and philosophy, but he had no notion of what the threat in his father's words could mean, even though it might reach disastrously into his own life, and he shrank from knowing.

his own the action of the was beautiful and grace-ful as it was touched with sad-ness, in be sure, since his mother died, but beauty must contain sadness. And Shelley and Keats and Browning had so taught to

and Browning had so taught him.

"If I can ever be of real use to you, Father," he said, "you have only to let me know." He hesitated a moment, "I suppose

Continuing . . . Come, My Beloved

I ought to go upstairs now."
"Goodnight." MacArd said shortly. He lifted his head and watched his son leave the room and then sat for a long time in lonely thought.

It was the first really hot day of summer, and the two young men got out of the dusty train gratefully enough, although the ride had been so short. Darya looked about him with lively anticipation.

"These wooded hills, these empty valleys," he exclaimed. "It's a wilderness, and only an hour away from a vast city! I say, you know, David, some day it may seem to the rest of the world that you Americans haven't any right to all this emptiness. Think how people are crowded together where I come from!"

are crowded executions of the come from!"

"We don't have such big families as you do," David said. He was distressed to find that his relationship with Davya was his relationship with Davya was his relationship with Davya was his programme. his relationship with Darya was changing subtly this morning. Darya was criticising everything he saw, plways gaily, to be sure, and surrounding his criticism with an embroidery of rapid flowing talk, simile and metaphor enriching every devatating word, but he felt that inwardly Darya was sitting as a judge upon him.

He was puzzled and irritated.

He was puzzled and irritated, the more because Darya never went beyond the actual bounds of courtesy as a guest. Yet he presumed upon their affection-ate relationship.

"Ah." Darya exclaimed, "the old Anglo-Saxon argument, the reason given by every viceroy for not making an empire a benefit to my people, for what is the use of feeding the people when they simply increase their numbers? Starvation is inevitable, and indeed desirable, so the rulers say. It keeps the people obedient."

"You cannot deny overpopulation," David said.
"The argument of vicious and Darya exclaimed, "the

"The argument of vicious and willing ignerance," Darya de-clared, "Have you ever observed a dying tree? When it knows that life is over, it blossoms in one frantic outburst of flower

and seed, producing far more than normal, because, my friend, the law of nature, as you would call it, or Karma, as we call it with the same fateful meaning, is that though the individual dies the species must not. Only when the species cannot reproduce does it die. Our strength is that we can still reproduce, and so we have not perished from the carth.

"You know I cannot arme

"You know I cannot argue against you, Darya." David complained. "You are much too quick for me."

"But you do not agree with not," Darya exclaimed, "There-fore you will never be con-vinced."

Not against my will," David

"But your reason, your reason," Darya cried with passiun, "is there no way of reaching your reason, you white man?"

THEY were still standing on the platform of the little railroad station, forgetting where they were. The country stationmaster passing by looked at them astonished, a white man and a Negro, he thought, getting mad at each thought, getting mad at each other. He had better break it

'Anything I can do for you

Anything I can do for you (cliss?"
David started. "Oh, no, thanks Come along, Darya. We are making a spectacle of ourselves."
They struck off up the river, mutually agreeing each in himself to give over their argument and enjoy the day. David was surprised to find how eagerly he wanted to see Olivia. He had thought of her a good deal in the night, seeing her dark handsome face clear against the curtains of his memory.
"This river makes me think

tains of his memory.

"This river makes me think of our Ganges," Darya said in his usual amiable voice. "My father goes every year and brings back jars of its sacred waters for us."

"Now, that I don't understand," David said. "Your father, yes, but you, Darya, no. Cambridge and the sacred

Ganges—it doezn't go together."

Darya stopped. "Look at
me." he demanded "Do you see
my forehead? There is an invisible line here." He drew his
forefinger down from his hair
to the bridge of his high and
handsome nose. "On this side,
the left side, the heart side, is
my religion. On the other side,
Gambridge, the modern world,
science."

You keep them separate?" "Separate and inviolate."

Separate and inviolate."
"I can't understand that—"
David began.
"Do not try to understand,"
Darya sand. "Simply accept.
Some long day hence the line
may fade away. But science is
far behind the intuitions of religion, and until it overtakes
faith the line remains immovsite."

able."
David did not reply There was indeed no reply possible, for as usual Darya had led him beyond himself. He realised that his own mind until now had been whofly uncreative, absorbing what he had been taught, receiving what he was given. He had no valid opinions of his own, he was far less thoughful then Dreas though the of his own, he was far less thoughtful than Darya, though they were so nearly the same age, and he was beginning to be made uncomfortable by his very

made uncomfortable by his very presence.

It was time the visit ended. In spite of pleasant companionship, Darya's presence was becoming a repreach and a burden. He was not ready yet to ponder the large matters of the world and the universe, and perhaps not even of love. He wanted to live each day as it was given him, and he might like to remain as he was, simple-minded and not subtle.

They walked along in silence, the sun was growing hot and breakfaxted late and heartily and Darya had declared that he would not eat again until they reached howse in he.

and Darya had declared that he would not eat again until they reached home in the even-ing. American food, he said, he found too beavy, and sometimes he fasted for a whole day. Now

he walked more quickly than David, swinging along lightly and steadily, seeming not to notice heat or dust, until the river curved and the house was before them on the hill. "There it is," David said.

They stopped and looked up at it. "A fine place," Darya observed. "So that is to be the cradle of the teachers who are to be sent to my people. Very American!"

David was suddenly angry. "I suppose the best that any people can give to another people is its own chosen men."

people is its own chosen men.

"Is it to be reciprocal?"
Darya demanded. "Would your people accept our men? If so, I offer myself. I will come here and preach our gospel. David, the gospel of the faith of our people. Will your father accept me, do you think?"

David turned on him. "Are

David turned on him. "Are you jesting?".
"Not at all," Darva said. "I am in bitter carnest. Would it not be good sense to engage a man of India to prepare your young teachers for their pupils? Would it not be well for them to know the country to which they are sent? Seriously, seriously! Would I be welcome?"
The dart pricked its target.

The dart pricked its target. Darya knew his man, David was just and he could not lie. But before either could speak again, they heard a girl's voice. "David MacArd! What a surprise!"

It was Olivia. She was com-ng up from the river, where he had been swimming. Her ing up from the river, where she had been swimming. Her skirted bathing suit was wet and her long hair, dripping with river water, hung down her back. Because she was alone she had not put on bathing stockings and she wore only sandals. The sun shone on her wet arms and neck, on her wet face and cyelashes, glistening and lovely.

The two young men forgot themselves and David spoke first, "Olivia, this is Darya, my friend from India. Darya, this is Miss Dessard."

"Olivia," Darya said. "You will allow me to use the name, since David is my brother."

Olivia put out her hand ham glad to see you. My grand father has told me about Indiamany times. He visited ther once. Come to the house."

They walked together, Olisibetween, until the path up th hill separated them, and thershe led the way, Darya follower, and David was last. It was east to see that Darya was impressed by the dark, self-possessed gift and that Olivia was enlivered by Darvas. by Darya.

At the top of the hill David At the top of the full Davic came forward and she was be tween them again, Darya an Olivia talking rapidly and constantly, and he had never hear ther talk fike this nor seen he so free, while with him she has been shy and almost silent. It is heart throughout and he was the same than the same and the sa

His heart throbbed and locrystallised with a shock. H wished that he had not brough Darya here to see her wakens like this, aware and cager an outgoing, laughing and talkin as though she had alway known the Indian He walker along, helpless, and she led th way into the house.

way into the house.

"Go into the drawing-roun please," she said in her clear imperious voice, though an azingly gay, "Mother will be down, and I must go and change. We don't have trevery day as we used to have there are wine and biscuits or the table; please help your selves."

She roun up the starre

She ran up the stairs lithely as a young tigress. Dary led the way into the living-row and poured the wine, as must at home as if this were house. He handed the goblet David and then the plate observed.

biscuits.

"My friend," he said in a low intense voice, "if you do ne marry this girl, you are a foot She is not only handsome, shis a free spirit and an intelligence. I envy you!"

David took the wine ass broke the biscuit in his hand Then he put up his shirld of defence against Darya and he magnetic charm. "I have ever intention of marrying her." he said, and was astonished at his own coolons as he made the own coolness as he made the spectacular decision.

To be continued

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Page 66





that last longer

BEAUTY-WISE AND NEUTRALISE



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Delicately perfumed and rich in lanelin, but not sticky or greasy. Gives you true "salon" groom-ing at home . . . your hair stays beautifully set and lustrous all day, 4-oz. bottle . . . 4/11.

#### Date With A Star

from page 10

run for it to get there before

prayers."

The lights were dimming as they reached the dining-hall, and they hastily found seats at they reached the dining-hall, and they hastily found seats at a back table. From a concealed apotlight, a gentle glow hovered on the face of the president of the college, a beautiful old face framed in white hair and underlined by a clerical collar. He said in his rich, tempered voice, "Let us pray!"

Cristina bowed her head. Green College? What teased at her mind? She stole a look at Tim's quiet profile, with his eyes closed, a softness in his boysish face. He was a darling lad. She closed her own eyes. The president was finishing. "—and whatever dark days lie before its leadest Thou us with a firm hand, to show us the way to eternal life. God's will be done." And all over the great room the breathed Amon went up like incense and candle smoke. Slowly the lights came on, not all of them. The president said, "We have with us tonight a guest who has a few words to say to our young men. He—but it is best he speak for himself. Laddies and gentleman, Colonel Carlos King."

Cristina stared incredulously, That tall, dark, smiling man up

Cristina stared incredulously. That tall, dark, smiling man up there, in the Air Force uni-form, was Carlos. She turned there, in the form, was Carlos. She turn to Tim, raising questioning eye-to Tim, raising questioning eye-brows, who looked a question in return. Cristina nodded,

in return. Cristina nodded, biting her lip. It was Carlos, all right. She began to listen to what he was He.

saying.

He was simply travelling around the country to interest college men in the Air Force. He was asking them to remember that preparedness was a necessary thing, a present help in time of trouble. He had been, he said, just such a collegian when the last war broke out.

legian when the last war broke out.

"I was a professor at heart," Carlos said. "I dreamed of the day when the war would end and I could return to the academic life. I did, retaining a reserve commission. But when I took my degree it seemed my duty was clear: I returned to the Air Force."

He said several other things, but Cristina didn't hear them. Carlos was a permanent Air Force officer! Where now his light scorn for military life? His amusement at the Air Force? Little sparks came in Cristina's eyes. Why, the big\_Tim\_whispercel. "No kidding? Is that your Carlos King?" He had a very mature elint in his eyes.

Cristina nodded and clutched his arm. "Get me out of here right after dinnor!"

Tim placked his chim thoughtfully. He said with thoughtfully.

Tim plucked his chin thoughtfully. He said, "It's going to be hard to do."

They watched Carlos sit down. And then the president stood up, beaming, waiting for the applause to end. When it did, dying away in a last spat-ter of palms, he said:

ter of pulms, he said:

"We have an unexpected honor tonight, ladies and gentlemen. One of our men, Mr. Timothy Hughes, has brought as his guest Miss Cristina Adams, the heilliant young musical-comedy star. Miss Adams, will you rise, please? Where are you, Miss Adams?"

Tim stood up. "Here, sit!"

The spotlight came on, wavered, fou nd Tim, and watched him give his hand to Cristina, pulling her up.

Cristina gave him one bale-

Cristina pulling her up.

Cristina gave him one baleful look, and then turned her
flower face into the light.

Nothing like red to catch a
man's eye. She felt the searlet
sweater blazing on her. She
smiled at them all.

She said, "I'm honored to be

a gurst here, sir." She bow and sat down. She could for Tim shaking with laught beside her as the applause are to clamor. She rose and bow again. That fiend, Tim! Sigave them her Row One smil and sat down.

The president said, "But, in dear Min Adams! You as Mr. Hughes must come here." A student waiter spraforward, beaming, to make heaty rearrangements.

forward, beaming, to make the common to make the common to make.

Cristina kicked Tim-hard on the ankle.

People were standing up as clapping as they circled in tim of the tables and went in to the head table.

Carlos said, "But Miss Adam is a long-time friend of mine Her father commanded the Army post next to our air base!"

She looked at the

She looked at the man had never expected to see aga and for an instant the ye went away and the old oak wo of the dining-room faded was a moonlit night in Tex. She gave Carlos her had formally. "This is an expected pleasure, colonel," axid politely.

"You used to call me Colony," by the course, of course."

Doctor Forbes, of course."

Doctor Forbes, the presides and something about a some world, and Cristina agreesmiling.

world, and Gristina agrismling.
"You'll sing for us later hope," he said. "Tonigh turning out to be quite occasion. We're all very graful to Mr. Hughes." He increated her chair.

Carlos said, as he seated a "You'll save me a dance home."

hope."
"Oh, allow me," "Oh, allow me," Timpulling a dance card from
breast pocket. "We're
old-fashioned here. No cut
for the first three or the
two dances. The cighth dis
sopen, colonel." Gravely
pencilled in Col. King, and
down.
A curious sense of unranossessed Cristins. Timnossessed Cristins.

A curious sense of unre-possessed Cristina Tim, a right, whispered, "That's you get for your good tonight, Cristina." He choked with laughter. He tered slightly into his to

juice.
Cristina looked to her Beyond Doctor Forbes she Carlos watching her, couldn't possibly mistake look in his eyes as if he never really seen her but with his teyes, perhaps, but with his beart.

Doctor Forbin.

Doctor Forbes was savil "You and Colonel King whave a great deal to talk also after all these years." Carlos laughed ruefully. "N

much time with the local that dance card."
"There's all day temorror the handsome old man a

the handsome old man as comfortably. Cristina thought, Mary Herold won't mind an exaguest — not with turkey am vegetables, too. She turned back to Tim. "Don't force you're my date, cham. Don't force away all my dances." Tim looked at her seroady "Look, Cristina, if you want the man, go get him. It we have atood up before."

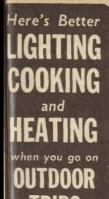
Cristina gave him her man lingering look for the beats of those kind friends who have—and would tell—his below Betts.

and would tell—his be Betts.
She said, "It works ways, idiot. Give me a mad rush tonight. And now: give me the eye!" Carlos, she thought, wait for the eighth damer,

wait for the eighth dance, he waited eight years for the lot in his eyes tonight.

She broke a stalk of eight in half. "Tell me, Tim," is aid, smiling at tomorrow, but do you like my new sweater?"

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## o/eman

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EVERYWHERE



BOURNE - SYDNEY

#### Mrs. Osborne's Visit Continuing . . . .

when the check came struck her as utterly outrageous, but he made no comment. If she'd known the dinner would be that much, she'd have tried to eat all of it.

They took another taxi, and while they were riding she said, "Roland, that's awfully rich food. I wish you could come home for a while."

home for a while.

"Nothing I'd like better," he said, "but I'm so tied down."

"A month at home would set you feeling all right again."

"I feel all right now."

"I know. "She wanted to being up that psychiatrist thing, but she was sure that Roland didn't want to talk about it.

"We're exactly on time," he said, looking pleased with himself, when the taxi stopped. He helped her out of the cab and led her through the crowd of people in the lobby.

When they were scated, Mrs.

When they were seated, Mrs. Oshorne said, "These are absolutely perfect seats." They were directly in the centre, and she had never been quite so close to the stage before.

to the stage before.

She started to read her programme, but the print blurred and again the slight dizziness came. All at once, she felt strange, as if she didn't belong there at all, even with Roland sitting there beside her. It was as if she were somehow intruding. But then the curtain went up, and the feeling dissipated as the play absorbed her.

sipated as the play absorbed her.

She and Roland went to the lobby during the first inter-mission, and she began to ask him some questions about the play. She had intended also to tell him she'd once ridden that streetcar, when she visited New Orleans with his father a long time back, but his attention was distracted, and she saw a tall, blond woman advancing to woman advancing to-

wards them.

The woman grasped both of Roland's hands and made sounds that seemed more like cooing than words. Mrs. Osborne was introduced to her and learned that she was Margaret Tremblay, who wrote a food column for one of the newspapers. She evidently knew Roland very well, and she was delighted, she said, to meet his mother.

"I thought you rold me you saw this," she said to Roland accusingly.

saw this," she said to Roland accusingly.
"Third time," he said. "It's my favourite play."
"For goodness' sake!" Miss Tremblay said. "You ought to know it by heart. How many for Mister Roberts!"
"Oh, lost track."
Miss Tremblay gave them an cuthusisatic farewell, and Roland made a little face behind

from page 5

her back as she walked away. "Can't stand her," he said. "Say, let me get you one of those orange drinks."

Mrs. Osborne was about to tell him she didn't want one, but he was already elbowing his way through a press of people to the stand where the drinks were sold.

She made herself sip it when he handed it to her, but the buzzer sounded before she had time to finish. She quickly took the half-empty cup back to the stand and rejoined Roland.

During the second intermission Roland met two more people he knew, and Mrs. Osborne tried to follow the conversation between them. It was difficult.

It dealt with a radio director who, it seemed likely, was going to lose his job soon. Apparently it was a good thing because neither Roland nor his two friends had much respect for him.

The ending of the play was aad, and Mrs. Osborne gathered that the young woman in it was going to be taken off to an asylum, so she felt almost ridiculeusly pleased to see the actress bowing when the curtain calls came.

lously pleased to see the actress bowing when the curtain calls came.

"How do you feel?" Roland asked as he led her up the aisle. "If you're not too tired, we can try a nightchb."

"Oh, no." Mrs. Otborne said. "That would be too much for one day. I'm just filled up to the brim.

His voice was suddenly contrict. "Gooh!" he said, "I forgot all about that plane trip. You've had a tough day."

"We'll just go back to my hotel," she said. "Fll feel fine after a night's sleep."

She had been hoping that when they got to the hotel he would stay for a while and talk, but he didn't take off his coat. "I'd better let you get some sleep," he said. "Fll call you first thing in the morning."

"It's been a wonderful evening," she said. "The never heen whisked around so in my life."

"Now, don't let it get you," he said. "You've got two more days of it." He counted off on his fingers the events he had planned. "Tve got tickets for some radio shows. There's a musical—a matine—and to-morrow night Tve arranged a little party. I want you to meet some of my friends."

She started to say that she'd already met some of his friends, but she held back, and she wanted to say it would be best of all if they could just spend

a few quiet hours talking, but she didn't, for it occurred to her that if Roland had wanted that, he would have arranged it. It stuck in her mind, somehow, that even though his flat was a very small one, he could have arranged for her to stay there.

arranged for her to stay there. "Good night, Mother," he said, kissing her on the cheek again. This time, she didn't press close to him. "Thank you for such an exciting evening, Roland," she said. "My! All the things I'll have to talk about back home! "That's what I want," he said. "I want you to really see the town this time." He smiled, and for that moment he looked boyish again. For that moment, he looked even less than his real age, which was twenty-nine.

"Roland." Mrs. Oshorne said "Roland," Mrs. Otherne said,
"I have a good idea. Why don't
I cook you a nice meal at your
flat tomorrow? I worry about
the way you eat. I could shop
and then fix something at your
place, and then we wouldn't
have to eat that rich restaurant
food. Wouldn't that be nice?"
"Suce that would be fine."

"Sure, that would be fine, Mother," he said, and all the boyishness seemed to have left his face. "I'd really like that, except I doubt if I'll have much time for dinner tomorrow."

"Now, that's nothing to worry about We can cat just as fast at a restaurant."

as fast at a restaurant."

"The thing is," he said, again with that fleeting look of being harassed, "I'll be tied up so, I had an idea it would be more pleasant for you to eat with one of your friends. I kind of had an idea you'd want to have dinner with Mrs. Thomas, you could even bring her to the party if you wanted to."
"Yea," she said, "I might do

party if you wanted to "
"Yea," she said. "I might do
that, Roland But if you should
find the time—"
"Tell you what," he said,
staoding with his hand on the
knob of the door, "I'll ring you
up in the morning, and we'll
decide about it then. All right?
"Fine," Mrs. Osborne said.
"Goodnight, son."
She didn't undress for a
while after the door had closed
behind him. She didn't even
know that she wanted to go
right to bed, the room somehow
looked so strange and empty to
her.

She just hoped he would find a way to have a home-cooked supper with ber, but she began to feel dreadfully sure he wouldn't, and suddenly the two whole days and two whole nights in New York seemed a long time, a long time to get through.

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### TWO KINDS.. Cob." Tresh off the Cob." WHOLE KERNEL The whole luscious kernels cut from the cob. Delicious as vegetable - ideal for CREAM STYLE Tender golden ker-nels in the natural cream of the corn. Ideal on toast and for savouries. Cosella SWEET CORN





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Page 69

#### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 8. An insect I see in this archaic clown
- is Bad buck in the moruing to a graduate with high card (4. 3). 11. Part of the day, but it's not the day [5]
- ie. Confused Ned's red.



- 18, Adulterated; let's hope not by the prelate who sur-rounds it (8).
- Pather turns to little Ronald for a
- An offer with mixed gin is permanent
- 24 Mule agitated before consumed rival (7) Nimble Chinese mile turns in length of life (5).

Solution will be published next week.



Wound with the back of cricket implements (4).

implements (4). One way of dealing with eggs in to take a short scientist to wander without any definite aim (8). Ceruity at trial (6). Bimail-minded but not entreme (4). Freeliminary outlines for metric weights (8). Workshop which would have suited a famous Australian filer (6).

Dinkum Aussie (6). It's not far and you could earn II (4).

13. Part of a sirioin mean in hosting (8).

5. Love poem with limite dodge before the Prench reversed (8).

16. You with a dislocated red our or may be a university lecturer (6).

7. His occupation is to cover racts, but he is never in time in the centre (6).

Australian Women's Wherly - December 16, 1953





ADDRESS



MANDRAKE: Master magician is surprised when

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, consents to play for a professional football team. A group of gamblers fear that Lothar's presence in the team will endanger bets they have laid on the opposing team. Threats and bribes will not keep him from playing, so they decide to kill him during the game. Suspicious when he sees the gamblers signal their gunman on a nearby roof, Mandrake hurries to the rescue. NOW READ ON:

















THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEKLY - December

MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. 257 Burwood Rd., Hawthorn, Victoria





Australian Women's Wherly - December 16, 1953





National Libraryhttp://www.au/nla.news-page4381469

## **GUY RENTON**

Ar half-past four on the twentyseventh of April, 1948, a Londoner in his early fittles rocfrom a deck chair on the belcony of the Wandsters Club, it
was a Saturday and he had
been sitting there since lunch, doosing
over a magazine. He would have preferred to linger, enjoying after a long
bleak winler, the warmth of the sun
upon his face, but be had an appointment in his fish at half-past five with
a young man who had rung him up
that morning in a tone suggesting upsenicy.

a young man who had rung him upthat morning in a tobe suggesting urgenery.

"I wonder what the boy wants," he
thought. He had heard it argued
that the world of 1946 was a completely different place from that of
1989; that a whole manner of living,
thinking, feeling had vanished in the
past six years. He doubted it.

Pashions changed but the essential
issues were recurrent. He did not
betieve that the particular problem
which awaited him—the perplexity
of a young man in his early twenties
returning to civilian life after five
years in knaki—would be very unlike
that which be had himself had to
face at the end of the first war.

He was tall and heavily built.
Though he had lost weight during
the war, he was still corpulent. His
thick, rather long grey har gave him
as benign and venerable look, but
the network of broken blood vessels
about the nose produced a qualifying
and contradictory impression of modified self-indulgence.

His dark plinstripe suit, like that
of mest Loudoners in '46, was shabby
his the was faded and the corners of
his collar frayed; but the cut and
quality of the material made him look
well dressed. He had an air of being
someons.

He turned to the right, into water-

well dressed. He fixe at air of being someone.

He turned to the right, into Water-hoo Place, on his way toward the Mall. The almond trees in Carlton Gardens were in flower. The statue above the Athenseum glinted in the sun. A joing red stream of buses circled into Lower Rezent Street. How unchanged it lioked.

Not the second sillerath for Guy.

How unchanged it looked.

No, it was not difficult for Guy Benton walking home through London on this warm spring alternoon to believe that only the surface of things had aftered since he was young. The millings round the parks were sone; the houses were shably and unpainted; every street and square and crescent bore somewhere along its length, like a mouth out of which is tooth was missing, the gap of homb damage.

tooth was missing, the gap of bomb damage.

But there was the same sitr of animation along the streets; the same sense of being in a capital; the same sense of varied, integrated life London was London still; a city that for nine centures had known neither siege has continues that known neither siege has continued and known neither siege has continued the known neither siege has continued the known neither siege has continued the known of the same sitred was a pistoon commander and later as a pistoon commander and later as a company commander from the Normality out of its own necessary, out of its own experience, out of its own declaring the under the sound sense in the later as a pistoon commander and later as a company commander from the Normand season of the sound sense in the later as a pistoon commander and later as a pistoon commander and later as a company commander from the Normand season of the sound sense in the later as a pistoon commander and later as a pistoon commander from the Normand adapting to under the way of living, that are the same piston commander from the Normand and the same piston commander from the Normand a

as you turn south from Knights-bridge. It was a two-room flat, with a bathroom and a patitry, on the first floor of a three-storied late Georgian house that had been con-verted with three others into service flats.

He had lived there since the spring of 25. As he fitted his key into the lock, he wondered how many other Londoners of that day were living within the saure walls still. Not so many, he supposed.

And he was lucky, in that immediately opposite through a great rent in Rutinnd Street he could see the Park; a sear running across his face from chin to temple was his private sourethr of that raid. His cul-de-sac of alleyways had had its share of bombs. But his own flat, apart from broken windows, had been undecuded. Its interior had changed little in

bomos. But his own has, apart from broken windows, had been untouched. Its interior had changed little in twenty years. On the sitting-room floor there was the same black pile carpet, with the cream and white circular modernistic rues. The same Chippendale mirror bings over his mantelpiece. His library was a key to his bases and temperament. In the early twentiles as a Rugby footballer, he had been 'capped' for England; today as the chairman of Duke and Renton, he was an influential figure in the wine trade. There were the obvious books that you would expect from an athlete and a wine merchant. A row of yellow Wisden's, Saintsbury's Cellar Hook; Constable's Wine Lovers library; Andre Simon's Dictionary of Wine; several cricket autobiographies and an active of tours.

ONLY the pictures indicated a change of taste. He had started with a group of Medici reproductions, and a Nevinson landscape of the Somme, which he had bought to remind him of the war, but which he had gradually come to value hot for its auther, but as a piece of painting.

From a later Nevinson exhibition he returned with a picture of the Emhantiment painted from a window in the Savoy, showing Cleopatra's Needle through a sorren of rath, against a displed sky. It was the start of a collection. One by one a series of London canvases replaced the Medici reproductions.

But apart from them it might well

reproductions.

But apart from them it might well have seemed that time had stood still here for its owner during the twenty-one years in which a small boy who had once played with its china ornaments upon the floor had grown into a tall young man in uniform who during the two years since Guy had seen him last, had led his men first as a platforn commander and later as a company commander from the Normandy beachiead to the Ethine, and had now come to consult he uncile on an adult problem.

It was a problem, as the young

an officer four years and a captain eighteen mouths, he would on his release from khaki he in precisely the same position from the world's point of view that he would have been six years earlier, an undergraduate of cighteen going up to Cambridge. "You are not" she had concluded, "in a marrying position."

For two hours they had sigued it over diner on the previous evening. "If you keep to Cambridge as of course you should, you will be dependent for two years on an allowance from your father. It'll be, at least, four years before you're got yourself established in any settled work. The last thing you want is to be saddled with obligations."

Sitting there, little you want is to be saddled with obligations.

Sitting there, little you want is to be saddled with obligations.

Sitting there, little grow as a corner table, unconscious of the giances turned to them; she leaning forward, taking, taking; he smilling.

"It's all very well for you to talk like that," he said. "But if we don't get married soon something pretty dramatic will be happening."

"I'm not denying that."

Her cyes had winkled as they laughed together, a gay and bubbling laugh that more than one person in that crowded room recognized enviously and hostagically as the passport to an enchanted country.

"What are you suggesting then?"

"Haven't you heard of companionate marriage?" she had asked.

"Twen't you heard of companionate marriage?" she had asked.

"Twen't you heard of companionate marriage? she asked.

"There's no such thing."

"Perhaps, officially. But why shouldn't two yours people make a personal and private treaty with one another. After all you see these next four years are going to be desperately important to you! I refuse to be a hib-drance. But I want to be with you, you know that the could have a lovely time, seeing each other when we can not undertaking responsibilities, not taking the world into our confidence, hot tying ourselves, keeping it all gay and free. It could be such heaven." There's a good deal, lan't there, in what sh

Wemain's Weekly—December 18, 1838

to marry semence, and though you haven't married, you've led the kind of life you've wanted. If you hadn't, you'd be embittered and disappointed. What rd like to know is this; what you, out of the experience of your own life, feel."

A smile played over the lips of the older man. Out of the experience of his life; cut of the lives he had observed; his assters, his brother's, and his riends; out of all that this room had seen over the last twenty pears.

He rose to his feel; he walked over to the window, remembering all the hours he had stood here, waiting for a grey-green Chervolet.

"Can't you put yourself back?" the

a grey-green Cherrolet.

"Can't you put yourself back?" the boy was saying. "Can't you remember how you felt? Why it has all turned out the way it has, whether you regret or don't? Whether you'd have it the same way if you had it to live again?" "Can't you put yourself back?" He closed his eves and behind their darkening lids. he saw across twenty and one years, the ornate gill drawing-room of the imperiale, at Murren, and against its wall in a straight high-backed chair, a young fair-haired woman reading a red-backed movel.

last their three rounds of whickies, then going upstairs to read. It was writer he was in training, due to play footal the day after his return. He ddin't he did after his return. He ddin't he did after his return how it had been the might. That was how it had been the might. That was how it had been the for two weeks but not unight. Wo, for two weeks but not unight. Wo are the first him as they left the table. The long was they left the table. The long was they left the table. The long was set in a start of it.

The minute hand of the hall clock was pointing to eleven. The band were taking their places. He looked into the main source and his heart pounded. Side was sitting in the same high-backed only, reading the same red-backed only, red and sale had been that after substantial backed only in the same high same red-backed only, red and same red-backed only, red and red backed only in the same red-backed only, red and same red backed only in the same red backed only, red and red backed only in the same red backed only in the same high s

competitions: runs were arranged for different standards: runs that you couldn't join till you had passed their standard.

counts join the you had passed their standard.

"And you're taking your second-class eats now?"
He nodded, he was a third of the way through.

"And is that good, to pass your second classs"
"So-ao, I've not been at it long I'm meaning to take it up reriously when I give up football."
"I saw some people wearing 'K's. Gold and silver 'K's. Does that mean anything?"

"Yes, that's the Kandahar Club, very grand."
"I see."
There was still an amused twinkle

"Yes, that's his kandahar Oldo, very grand."
"I see."

There was still an amused twinkle in her eye, as though she found the whole thing slightly childish; a twinkle that made him feel that he was three years younger instead of being three or four years older than she.

"And your name's Renton?" she was going on.

"Yes, Guy Renton." He said it on the pitch of voice, a proud yet selfconecious difficience that is almost invariably adopted by people in the public eye, who have come to expect that the amountmement of their identity will be received with a surprised inquisitive display of interest.

No such display of interest came into her face. He was rather pleased Now, in his last year of football, he preferred to meet people on the basis of what in himself he was; of the self that he was going to be, from now on, for the remainder of his life. He was glad that his nume rang no bell; that whatever effect he might be making on her was independent of his reputation.

"And you?" he asked "I don't know your name either."

"Burton Mrs. Roger Burton."

"I seem to have heard that somewhere."

banked chair, a young dari-hard have been deep than a straight mgs.

Murren: the Imperiale February.

Murren: the Superiale Super

U.S.A.; one s. Board of Trade. Member of Coal Commission 1912; Member of Economic Delegation to Washington 1917; Financial Advisor at the Peace Conference 1919. Publications: Adam Smith: His Place In History, 1904; The Economic Implications of Lloyd George's Rudget, 1912; Prance and the Gold Standard, 1921; Recreations: Skating, Court Tennis Address: 50 Albinn Street, W.I. Clubk: Heform, Beef-steak, Prince's, Ye Setic of Odde Volumes.

Almon Screen, Princes, Ye Setile of Odde Volumes!

He remembered now where he had seen his name; underneath a next ambussadorial head-and-shoulders photograph in the left-hand top corner of articles on International Finance.

Born 1881, More than twice her age, the remembered the way she danced. How could an economis of forty-fost match that quality? Thoughtfully be closed the book, Her husband was not arriving until the Priday; the day he was fiying back to London. An imacinary scene, an imaginary conversation rose before his eyes, about his ears. Saturday attennoon, the changing-room at the Old Deer Park, Jimmy Grant with inquiry in his eyes. "Good time, old boy?" Himself nodding his head knowingly. "I'll tell you afterwards."

Always after the match, the team

room at the Old Deer Park. Jimmy Grant with incuiry in his eves. "Good time, old boy?" Himself nodding his head knowingly, "I'll tell you afterwards."

Always after the match, the team would collect in Dohem's Oyster Bar; Jimmy and he would corner themselves away from the group of foatbollers who would be halling their victory or explaining away their defeat in pints of lukewarm beer. He would lean sideways confidentially, "Perfect setting. She'd come there four days ahead of her husband. He was arriving the afternoon of the day I was to leave. I'd never have to meet him that's to say. Of course I can't tell you who he was, but he's oilte a big abot in his own line. Rich? I'd imagine so, Judging from her iewellery. Older than she, oh yes, a good deal older; more than twice her are. She'd been married four years, but she couldn't have been mofe than twenty-three, if that: half Austrian, half American. Being half American explains her independence. I imagine she was beginning berself four days alone in that playground atmosphere, well. I suppose she thought ahe'd endow the sond luck or the scool sense, be the fellow who sot there first." He smiled wryly to himself as he magined the conversation. If wasn't like that. She wasn't like that, which a quarter of himself he wished she was the four days alone in that playground atmosphere, well. I suppose she thought abe'd endow here of the sond luck or the scool sense, be the fellow who sot there first." He smiled wryly to himself as he magined the conversation. If wasn't like that. She wasn't like that, which a quarter of himself he wished she was the fourth upon the list.

He was flut she wasn't like that had conversation of himself as he should along he lead the following morthing as he should had accuracy. There were six candidates, the wasn't like that she candidates had one flut a dozen flash had been placed for both speed and accuracy. There were six candidates, he was fourth upon the list.

He heard the santer's voice, "Next please. G. S. Renton."

He crouthed,

his right foot, driving his right stick into the snow, leaning outwards away from the alope, so as to keep upright. A cloud of snow blew outwards, in his eyes, half blinding him; he was almost stationary; but he was on his skis, with the flag behind him, the slope below him, the stretch of the five flags in front; a mounting exhibitation in his head.

As he came to the foot of the slope there was a little spatter of clapping from the dozen or as spectators. He had not overshot his mark. "Quite good time," the slarter told him. "Two munutes seven seconds."

"Very impressive," said a contraitor voice, deep-toned and transtitantic with a foreign pitch. It surprised as much as delighted him. "I didn't expect you here."

"I've been skaling. I heard someone say the second-class tents were on. I thought I'd come across and see. I couldn't do that trick work. We never went in for that kind of thing."

"Oh yes, at home, but ti's different there. We have more snow, great stretches of it. We go on long expeditions."

"We might go on long curselves."

stretches of it. We go on long expeditions.

"We might so on one ourselves."

"That would be ful.."

"Tomorrow I've another test. A run.
What about Thuraday?"

"Thursday would be fine."

He hesitated. He looked at his watch. It was ten to tweive. Ordinarily be did not go back to the hotel till limch-time.

"What about our going back to the hotel will about our going back to the hotel and having a cocktail before lumch?" he asked.

"Why not?"

THE next day broke grey and rain-swept; for a few hours at any rate ski-mg would be impossible. We'll have to put off your test until this afternoon," said Hansom.

until this afternoon, said Hansom.

It was nine o'clock and there was a listless almiespiere about the jounge with its scattered, disconsolate groups brooding behind their newspapers. Murren existed for the winter sports. There was nothing else to do. Guy walked into the half, it was chill and damp, outside not a single pair of skis was stuck into the snow. The path leading up to the village was a quarmire. He turned away. Four hours till hunch, He wished he was back in London, As he re-croased the half, a contraino voice halled him from the stairs. "Don't look so like a funeral."

She was wearing a long black

She was wearing a long black mackintosh and a sou'wester hat. "I'm going shopping," she informed

"I'm going shopping," are informed him.
"I'd like to join you."
"Why don't you? I'm going to buy my son a cuckoe clock."
Seeing her huddled up into her mackintosh, it was more than ever difficult to think of her as a mother. She looked like a schoolgirl.
"How old's your boy?"
"Three. The right age for a cuckoo clock."

"Times. The right age for a cuckoo clock."

Half the shops that were not pathsseries, were devoted to the alle of 
clocks. They spent a little time deciding which one to patronise.

"I don't like turning a shop inside 
out and then not buying anything," 
she explained.

She certainly turned the shop inside 
out. It was a full half-hour before 
she made her choice. As the shopkeeper did up the purcel, in turned 
aside to examine a cabinst of watches.

He moved along the counter, glato-ing at a tray of pocket watches. One caught his attention, "Can I look at that?" he said It was gold and very thin with an old-fashtoned face. It was wound with a key. It had initials on the back, "It belongs to a touriet who wants a wrist-watch that he can't afford," the saleswoman told him, "I'm trying to sell it for lim."

Guy turned it over in his hand; old and smooth and the gold butter pale made in London, dated 1830. He took it across to Renee. "Inst' it curious that at a time when the standard of taste in England was at its lowest, they should have made anything as handsome as this watch."

She shrugged "Emigre workmanship most likely. Europe was in a ferment then. It's the year my grandparents left vienna."

Bighteen hundred and eighty. The year in which his own grandfather had decided that it was time to stop living above his bushess in Soho and had taken a house in Highgate; 1830, the start in England of an imparalleled period of financial prosperity and architectural bad taste. How calm and assured and stable the world had seemed to the average Loudoner at the very time when innumerable Austrians, Germans. Swedes, Italians, Foles were deciding that there was no future for them in the, countries of their birth and were crossing the Atlantic to build a new world that could discoun Europe. He turned the watch over in his hand.

"It's very handsome."

"Why don't you buy if then?"

He walked back to the counter. How much does he want for it?" he saked.

"The one he wants to buy costs three hundred franca." In Swiss francs, over twenty pounds; oh well, he thought, I want is.

Renee came across to him.

"I'm taking your advice," he said. "How wice of you!"

"I'd tike to have a souvenir of this trip."

It was said lightly, or rather it was not lightly felt. She looked at him, as though she were asking herself a question. She did not look away or drop her eyes but he had the feeling suddenly that she was not looking at him any longer. She half closed her eyes opened and she smiled.

"I not your a spleased with your purchase as I am with mine," she said. It had been raining as they walked up from the hotel. It was rathing hurder now. They paused in the shoot doorway. He did not want to go back to the hotel right away.

"There's a bookshop over there has manded a little dusple with your purchase as I am with mine," she said. "I hop

tained classical reprints and modern

novels.

One small shelf was devoted to editions de luxe. There was a Mademoiselle de Maupin, illustrated with aquatints. He took it down to show her, to find that, with a Cosmopolitan uncked under her arm, she was now turning the pages of the Saturday Eyening Post.

'I must get into this too. There's a story by Scott Fitzgerald."

Her interest in the Post was so com-

a story by Scott Fitzerald."

Her interest in the Post was so complete that he restored Mademoiselle re Maupin to the shelf. Renee eventually left the shop with a stack of four magazines under her arm. "I don't mind now if it rains all afternoon," she said.

They walked back in silence. He was piqued, and impatient with himself for feeling pique.

As they came back into the half of the hotel, they encountered Hansom.

"Torrible weather," he called out. "I'm sirad we'll have to postpone your test until tomorrow."

Tumorrow-the day he had planned.

Tomorrow—the day he had planned to go out with Renee. On the next day, the Priday, he would be going home. And now she was on her way upstains with a pile of magaines. Perhaps when she came down this evening he might miss her; all text day he'd be out on this confounded test.

test.
She'd be alone for all those hours, to be taken almost certainly under someone's wing. In forty-eight hours, time when his aeroplane droned weatwards over northern France, he might well find himself looking back to this moment as their good-bye.
"I'm sorry," he called after Han-

"Tim sorry," he called after Han-som, "but I can't manage it tomor-row. I'm going on a whole-day picnic with Mrs Burton."
"But surely." Hansom checked; paused, hurried back; a puzzled ex-pression on his face. "Aren't you go-ing back on Friday?"
"Yes."

pression on his face. "Aren't you going back on Friday?"
"Yes."
"Then what are you going to do
about your tests?"
"Leave them till nort year."
"I's madness You can't even be
put up for the Handahar till you've
passed your seconds. This might prove
fatal I don't mind teiling you that
we'll have to do some rather special
lobhying to get you in. You aren't
really up to the standard yet. But
because of your football, and because
you're obviously keen.

He paused, not exactly breathlessly,
but as though he had exhausted his
supply of avuncular good nature.
Guy smiled.
"I'm really yeey sorry, but I can't
possibly manage to take my tests tomorrow."
The good humor left Hansom's face.

incirroy."
The good humor left Hansom's face.
"You can't mean that, you can't be so absurd. I'm sure Mrs. Buiton wouldn't hold you to an engagement of that kind, when anything so important was concerned."

of that kind, when anything so important was concerted."

He underlined the "that" turning appealingly to Renee. She made no answer. She made no sign, She watched and instead. Hansom turned back to Guy.

"Surely you must see." "He checked. "Of course I can't force "Surely you must see." "He checked. "Of course I can't force minute. There's plenty of time before tomorrow to change your mind." The straid I shaut change my mind. I'm straid I shaut change my mind. I'm sorr, but I am on a holiday you know."

The look of irritation on Hausom's face changed to one of stupefied, increditious amazement.

"You're the last person I should have expected to take up that attitude," he said, and walked away.

Rence made no comment. She made none of the remarks that might have been expected from a woman at such a moment. She did not say, "You shouldn't really have done that," or "I shant't be offended you know if you think better of it later." She gave him the credit of knowing his own mind, of laving done the thing he wanted.

"Couldn't you stay on another day?" she saked.

"Tim playing football on the Saturday."

day."
"Is that very important?"
"Not very. But I'm captain of the

side" see."
She looked at him thoughtfully: "It's too early to start drinking yet," she said, "left's go into the lounge and have a cup of chocolate."
They found an empty table. "Tell me about yourself," she said. He told her about Duke and Renton, about what he'd done in the war and about his football. She listened attentively, watching him as he talked. "Are you married?" she asked. "No, I'm not married."

Late that afternoon the rain stopped, the mist cleared, and it began to freeze. He was woken on the following morthing by sunlight on his face. The sky was blue. The snow was glearning on the Eiger. A good day for an expedition.

They set off directly after breakfast. She was wearing the conventional Murraru uniform, loase dark blue waterproof jacket, begy dark blue trousers, tight-fitting at the anche with short bright socked very boylan as she stood straight and thit upon her skis. They were going to the conventional mist be anched to the straight and thit upon her skis. They were going to the convention of the con

considered to the second of the second of the struck out with the case and assurance, with the commy of effort of one who has spent half her life on skis. The athlete in tim watched her with an almost impersonal appreciation. Her body was her slave. She had complete control of it, complete knowledge of its capabilities.

They climbed in silence, kiz-zagging heir way up the long steep slope with the sun warming their cheeks and the seen air cooling them. He was very conscious of her at his side. They were as much at one, as much in time as when they had been dancing.

With a sigh at the long climb's end,

as much at one, as much in tune as when they had been diancing.

With a sigh at the long climb's end, she undid her sits, stuck their ends in the snow, pulled off her cap, shook out her bart, took off her sunglasses and rubbed her eyes. There was a small log cabin where a guide and his write provided coffee.

They had brought ham rolls and hard-boiled eggs, checolate and Gruyers cheese. They pulled a couple of desk chalirs into the sum. They were very tired. They were not ready yet for talk. They munched their food and sipped their coffee, enjoying their exhaustion and the prospect of racing back in a few minutes over the slopes that it had taken them so long to climb; looking out over the long stretch of show.

"It reminds me of home," she said.

stretch of snow.

"It reminds me of home," she said.
"It's nothing like it, but it reminds me of it."

She stretched her arms lazily above her head.
"We used to go out, half a dozen of us, for three or four days on end. Nothing would be arranged. It didn't need to be. There was so much more show. We'd skay at a ranch. We'd be out on our skis all day. We'd get back absolutely dead. Thered be a great log fire waiting, we'd sit round it, just lolling there, each of us with a coca-cola; too tired to go up and

bathe, wishing we could miss dinner and get right to bed.

He looked at her as she lolled in her deck chair. How different from her buckground was his. Her mother had been born in Austria. On her father's side she was Pennsylvania Dutch. Two different civilisations were mixed in her; two strains that had only this in common, that neither-strain had been able to adapt itself to Europe.

Lolling back there in her dark hine suit, with her skis beside her, with her fair short hair and her flushed cheeks, she looked a typical example of healthy Anglo-Saxon womanhood, yet she was more alien to him in blood and tradition than a Castillian gipsy. There were depths and barriers and reservations in her that he could only guess at. She spelt mystery, adventure, the unknown.

She turned away from her long reverie and looked back at him, realising that he had been staring at her. "I'm surprised," she said, "that you've never married." He strugged. "I'm hearly thirty suppose it's time I did."

"I didn't mean that. Marriage isn't like graduation. But it's strange that you should have got to thirty without ever wanting to."

"How do you know I haven't?"

"If you have, why haven't you't You could have afforded to."

He hestated. What had he to tell her? Remarkably little when the sum was told. There had been that girl at Folkestone, met in the spring of 1916, when he was recovering from a wound. He had been leave to fall half in love.

He'd have fallen the whole way in love, if he'd had the chunce, if he'd had he chunce, if he'd had

before that leave, she had married someone else.

At the moment he had thought to imself broken-hearted. But a year later he had realised that he had been unhappy less because he had lost her than because his plans for a leave had been upset. He could scarcely present that episode in terms of a grand passion.

of a grand passion.

"Perhaps you've got yourself involved with someone that you can't marry?"

He shook his head. He had not led a life of copy-book decorum. There had seen heavy evenings after Rugger dinners ending up at BretWs. One of those evenings had led to a Le Touquet week-end, to a series of Le Touquet week-ends. But it had not been serious. He had had no real adventures.

quet week-ends. But it had hot been serious. He had had no real adventures.

"Are you really going to tell me that you've got to the age of thirty without having fallen seriously in love?" she saked.

He hestanded it seemed an ignormal to the serious contention and one that he would not be serious contentions and one that he wouldn't lie to Renee.

"It sounds very unromantic, but that does happen to be the way it is. First there was the war, then there was Oxford; then all that football. I've had to work very hard. I've kept in training through the winter. I've been pretty busy all the time. And well . I don't seem to have met anyone I could feel that way about."

Ehe laughed. "There's no need for

way about."

She laughed. "There's no need for you to make excuses. I've always heard that Englishmen developed

Inte; sometimes it can be confusing ... But when it's somebody like you..." She paused, and her face grew thoughtful. "It's rather a relief to find somebody like that," she said.

to find somebody like that, she said.

There was an abstracted expression on her face. That clause "sometimes it can be confusing" had spring, he suspected, out of some deep and not to welcome experience. Out of what experience, he wondered, out of what type of experience? She rose to her feet and stretched out her arms.

feet and stretched out her arms.

"Tim getting cold. Time we were getting back." she said.

Down the smooth stretch of snow that was sig-aaged with the pattern of their mounting skis they race in a series of straight fast runs into the valley. In a quarter of an hout they descended a slope that earlier in the day thoy had taken chroe hours to climb. Her cheeks wete flushed, and her eyes were sparkling, just as they had been three nights earlier when they had walteed.

"There's a Fancy Dress dance to-

"There's a Fancy Dress datice to-night," he said,
"I know," she said, "But would you mind awfully if I didn't wear a cos-

mind awaisly is discussed tune?

"I never feel comfortable, somehow, dressed up as a Spanish dancer or a Columbine."

"Of course not" he replied hastily, "As a matter of fact, I hate it my-aelf. But I do think it would be a good idea if we sat at the same table."

fides if we sat at the same asset.
"I'd like that thank you."
When he saw her coming down the starr to loin him that night, however, he thought her more beautiful than all the other women in their elaborate costumes.

elaborate costumes.

Her black frock of some clinging material was out simply and she had pinned a huse flower to one shoulder. She wore long elegant gloves and above one elbow a delicately designed armite in silver flustree.

She wore long earthurs, which

some clow a demately designed armiet in silver filagree.

She were long earrings which swayed gracefully at each quick movement of her lead.

"Much more charming than fancy dress," he told her gravely.

"This so glad you like it," she said without a trace of coquetry. "It's new. I had it made for this holiday. Actually, I shoudh't have worn it until my husband arrived but this is a special occasion."

"You do feel it is special?" he asked. "Oh yes and I feel so gay."

She shipped an arm through his, "I know you're dying to take me to the bar so let's go and have a drink at once."

Her arm was again through his

bar to lel's go and have a drink at once."

For arm was again through his as they came hack half an hour later. On her table a gold-folled bottle was cooling in a steaming bucket. "You think of everything," an said. It was half-past eleven. The gold evening was at its height. The leader of the band, a paper cap set rakishly across his eye, his back turned to the orchestra, appeared to be conducting the tempo of the dancers rather than his musicians. His arms beat to the expectated frightm.

"Wherever you so, whatever you do, I want you to know I love you."

As they danced Renee hummed the words.
"I can't begin to tell you what these three days have meant to me," that first sight of you across the lounge."

She shook her head. Her fineer.

the lounge.

She shook he head. Her fingers tapped admonitorily against his shoulder; with her eyes half closed, with her lips framing the words, she seemed absorbed in a ranne-like surrender to the music, utterly indifferent to her pariner, But her hand tightened on his shoulder.

She draw close to him; so close that they seemed one person, mentally and physically at one. Her head was against his cheek, the scent of tuberose was in her hair. His heart pounded with a taut expectancy. She couldn't, surely she couldn't dance with him like this and not mean anything.

As the music stopped, she sighed. I'm tired it's late, I think I'll go."
With the blood singing along his country to the couldn't, and the life of the country of the late of

She smiled friendlily, teasingly too t seemed. Down the corridor came the sound of voices. She held out her nand.

hand.
"This is goodbye then, I suppose"
She paused, or seemed to pause
before that "I suppose." In her greygreen eyes there was a look that made
or seemed to make of that pause, a
shallmen.

challenge. "Henoe . " he began, then checked.

For a moment her fluyers, her long aim inners with the long pointed nails were folded over this. For a moment, then her door had closed.

BACK in his room, he stared irresolute at his half-packed suitcase. That pause that look, the way she had danced, what had they meant anything?

He had only known her for three days. She was married. She had a child. Her husband was joining her tomorrow. She had talked of him

He had only known her for three days. She was married. She had a child. Her husband was joining her tomorrow. She had a talked of him with pride.

Even if she was not in love with him, why should she with a whole world to pick from fall at sight for somebody like himself? She'd given up three days to him; yes, but only bacause she'd been alone, because she'd been bored, because she had needed someone to be squired by.

She was an American too, that made a difference. He'd been told how often, how easily an Englishman could misunderstand one. All these petting parties: a national pastine that meant nothing.

"Don't be a fool," he told himself. When you saw her on that first evening across the louinge, it was like something hitting you below the heart, when she slocks at you in that tesaing way of hers, when she speaks in that contraits under the could not find one. It had been like until hit had been like that for her, had read meanings into a smile, a fancied pause.

Impalient, irresolute, he paced his room. Did't immirer what she had meant to him shat mattered. Never in his ife had to tell her all that these three days had meant. He could not sind here been suyone like her. He had to tell her that. He might hever so her again, He had to tell her all that these three days had meant. He could not say goodbye like that, a casual parting in a corridor.

He listened at his door. There was no sound of voices.

The tast, a variety of the control of the control of the came the wail of the saxophone, loudening in the final foxtrois. He hurred past the row of doors.

His pervousness, his indecision were forgotten. His fingers did not tremble as they turned the handle. He was fired and austained by the need to express in words, which the mood

would find for him, all that these three days had meant.
She was seated at her dressingtable. He could see her reflection in the mirror. She did not start. No look of surprise crossed her face. She turned in her chair and faced him.
"So you have come," she said, then smiled.

"So you have come," she said, then smiled.
Later, hours later, she said.
"Darling it's getting late." He nodded The room was darkening. The moon had sunk. The jagged outline of the Eiger was black against the sky.
"Darling, you must go, truly." Her voice was affectionate but distant. He stared at her, fearing that the spell would break. In a desperate need to be reassured he began to set her questions, abrupt jerky questions. When would she be seeing her again? When would she be back in London? How would he find her? Was she in the book? When would be the best time to ring her? Sine smiled.
"Three weeks. After ten, before eleven."
"And I shall see you—you promise

eleven."
"And I shall see you—you promise

"Silly, what do you think?"

Guy lived in Highgate with his parents in the house which his grand-rather had bought in the same year that Renee's grandparents had left Viedna. Early Georgian, threastoried in duil red brick, No. 17 The Grove, opened on the short chestnut avenue that led into Hampstead Lang, but most of its main windows faced the Heath.

Waking there in the morning, with the air fresh, to the sound of birds, to the sight out of the window of green fields and trees, it was easy to believe yourself in the country.

Guy was the second oldeat, in a family of five. Lucy his settior by two years, had married during the war flex Irwin, a regular Army officer several years older than herself. She was now the mother of two small sons; Margery, his junior by mine years worked in the secretariat of a city office; Franklin, three years younger, a public school boy was in his fourth year at Fernhurst; finally there was 'nb baby'. Barbara, a thirteen year old, who went as a weekly boarder to a school in Kensington. It was a family that before the war had been automatically split by the

boarder to a school in Kensington. It was a family that before the war had been automatically split by the nine-year gap between Guy and Margery into the nursery hudde and the other two. Now with Lucy maried and living in the country, Marsery and Guy had begun to find thomselves a team while Franklin accepted the admiration of his younger pater.

themselves a team while Franklin accepted the admiration of his younger nater.

Their father, tall, grey-haired, veneralie, a composed and uncontentious man, was in his late sixtles; their mother, smallish, grey-haired and sileat, was not yet fifty. It was a happy family that had few troubles, few misunderstandings.

Guy arrived back from Murren shortly after hair-past seven. As he closed the door behind him, Margery hurried from the drawing-room, a finger pressed against her lips.

"the hot in there, not yet."

"Why not?"

"Trouble. The clan has gathered. You need briefing.

"What up?"

"Franklin, ha's got the sack."

"No, no, he's still at school. But they word have him back next term, "Not really the sack then. The embroidered bag."

"That's it."

"What foe?"

"Nothing specific. He should be a prefect but the chief says he won't make him one."
"How's Father taking it?"
"Philosophically, trying to be de-tached."

"Philosophically, trying to be deached."
"Is he upset?"
"Is he upset?"
"Not really; not inside himself. It's
nulsance. It makes a problem for
im. He says it's letting down the
amily. But he's only saying that
secause be thinks he should."
"What about Mother?"
"You know Mother. Franklin's
her ewe lamb."
"Who else is there?"
"Lincy and Rex."
"With Rex doing all the talking?"
"You bet he is."
"Being very British about it all?"
"Very. This country needs a Musolint."

"Being very British about it all?"

"Very. 'This country needs a Muspolint."

"Wity was Rex dragged in?"

"Mother's idea. That row of medals,
she's still impressed by them."

"All that seems quite a while ago."

"You wouldn't think it was to hear
him talk."

"Poor Lucy. Are they dining here?"

"Of ourse."

To better hurry then. Dinner's a
parade to Rex."

He bounded up the stairs. Pranklin
with the embroidered bag.

Probably it was not too surprising.
Pranklin was strikingly good looking,
tall, light-haired, fresh complexioned,
with an easy, effortless power of
making friends, quick-witted and rebellious, with a lack of ambition
that had made Guy wonder how he
had managed to be so good at games.

A natural ball-game player, with

had managed to be so good at games.

A natural ball-game player, with an eye and with a sense of timing, almost self-taught, Franklin only bothered to exert immed when circumstances were against him. He enjoyed a losing game but lost interest when a game was saved or a corner turned; the kind that very easily ran into trouble.

With two minutes to spare Guy joined them in the dining-room. There was no discussion at dinner since a parlournald was in attendance throughout the meal. Rex as usual had a dampening effect, the had met and courted Lucy as a dashing young colonel with two gold wound stripes and a row of medals. He had been Guy's colonel: that was low he and Lucy had come to meet.

It had been a romantic marriage.

would stripes and a row of meetashow he and Lucy had come to meet.
It had been a romantle marriage,
out that was nine years \$20. The
vests had taken toll of him. Like
many another regular, he had resigned
after the war rather than revert to
junior rank; his father sided and he
believed he would have plettly to
zeep him occupied, running an estate in Devonshire.
He had not realised how difficult
it would be to run even pursimentatously an estate that had yielded a
comfortable income through the ninetenth century. He had reged and
cursed and protested, but could see
ho way of making his estate support
the kind of life to which he considered
himself entitled.
In his indignation he had permaded the Conservative Association
to select him as their candidate at
the next election. He had volced
the grievances of the landed gentry
with great force and eloquence, his
had been soundly beaten at the polis
by a Liberal from the manufacturing
section of the constitution.
For the next election he Conservative Association had chosen a
different candidate. They had sugcested as tactfully as possible that
her's appeal to the electorate had
teen somewhat limited.
The following spring he let his
bouse and rented a bullgalow on the

wentworth Estate and took up golf seriously. "There's nothing else that people like myself can be serious about," he said. "That's what's wrong with the country. It doesn't find proper employment for those who have, or should have—shall we say—a real state in its prosperity." The effect of all this on Lucy was depressing. She had been lively company in her teens, slim and pretty and vivacious; but she had lost and never recovered her figure after the birth of her first child. Her face wore a perpetual worried frown. One did not think of her as being under thirty. One associated her with cooks and cushions, nursery complaints and a husband's rheumalism.

Rex discussed politics through din-

thirty. One associated her with cooks and custions, nursery complaints and a husband's rheumalism.

Rex discussed politics through dinner. It was not a cosy meal and there was an uncomfortable pause when the table had been cleared, the port and desert set upon the table and the parlourmidd left them to their privacy. It was now up to himself, cuty felt, to put up a defence for Franklin; the best defence surely was a practical discussion of the immediate future.

"The only problem for us, so it seems to me, is to decide what's to happen to him during the next year or so. He's only seventeen and a half isn't that young to go up to Cxford?" He had his solution ready, but Rex interrupted.

"I know what my father'd have done in a case like this. Given me fifty pounds and packed me off to the Colonies. That's what I'd do with Franklin. Do him all the good in the world. Live in a hard school. Discipline, That's what these youngsters need. Conscription. Salvation of the country. What I always say.

Before Rex could pursue his argument along the course that was obviously set out, an interruption came. A telephone call, for Mr. Guy.

It was from Jimmy Grant. He wanted to make sure that City was book. He'd got a reserve waiting in case of a delay.

The conversation lasted for some while. As he hung the receiver back a light under the drawing-rocom door told him that Rex and his father had been left over their port. He could hear Rex's voice booming in steady, uninterrupted expostulation.

He turned towards the drawing-room Silence; that meant the wireless; Lucy and Margery with earphones clamped over their heads, his mother with her knittling. He was tired, physically and mentally. Better the drawing-room. He did not feel up to Rex. He took up a footstool, set it at his mother's feet and took her hand.

"Darling, you've scarcely said a word about it all."

"Hex had so much to say."

"That's a kind way of putting it."

"Is it? I don't think it is. He means so well, he had such a fine war record, he makes Lucy happy. I'm stree he'll be a good father to his two sons; provided of course they grow up the way he wants, but I'm afraid he doesn't understand a boy like Frank-lin."

"Why did you bring him into it?"

Why did you bring him into it?"
Well, darling, he'd been a colonel:
was used to dealling with young cerrs; bit no, it wasn't a good idea, see that now."

omeers our no. It was at a good case, I see that now, "How do you feel yourself?"
"How do you feel yourself?"
"I'm worving about how Frank-in's feeling."
"How do to tell. He's always so sheerful about everything. But I

think he's felt himself neglected. The life here so centred around you, his father never took the same interest in him. There was so much talk about you; first during the war, and then your football; he wasn't fealous, don't think that; You were quifa a hero to him. But he must have won-dered where he came in. Then there was Rex, that regular-soldler point-of-lylew. I'm afraid after this trouble, you know what these psychoanalysts are saying, he might develop a feeling of inferiority."

Guy nodded. He could see her point. "It might be a good idea if I went down and saw him?"

"Oh darling, if you only could. He could talk so much more openly to you than to his father."

From the passage outside came the sound of voices, or rather of Rex's voice. "I should be firm, very firm."

It was high time, Guy decided, to change the subject.

"I thought, Father, if you've no objection, that I'd run down to Fernhuns one day in the middle of next week, and have a chast with Frankin. The week how how he feels himself were in the dark. And now I hossis he had the county of the same the sound that we have he had have a chast with Frankin. The week now how he feels himself were in the dark. And now I hossis on belling you about myself at Murren.

Till, we know how he feels almeelf we're in the dark. And now I maist on teeling you about myself at Murren."

The talk broke up into a series of isolated duologues that soon began to lose their animation; perhaps because of the argument that had presente the series of the argument that had present to talk of what a long way heek it was to Wentworth and to remind fex that Gay had to play football the next day.

It was a cold night, and the self-starter would not work. From the warmth of the drawing-roun, the others listened in allence to the ratile of the cranking handle, and Rex's voice raised in audible expostulation, probably about the inefficiency of the British workman. At last the engine began to purr.

His father sighed. "My mother used to say that a woman's better off unhappily married than not married stall. If wonder if that's true today." He rose. "I'm tired. I must go to bed, No, don't set up." As he walked to the door, he paused beside Guy's chair and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"You're a great, great comfort to me, my boy. He's going to be a lucky young man who has you for a father. Goodnight, Margery."

By half-past ten Margery and Guy were left alone. For the last quarter of an hour he had been conscious of her eyeing him inquisitively. "You're looking different. Something's happened to you," she said." It has now, haant it?"

He besitated, He had not been able to talk about Renee to Jimmy Grant with whom for the last five years he felt he could talk to this kid-sister of his with whom until only recently he had never done anything but joke. "Come on, tell me all about her, please! How old is she?"

"In the early twenties."

he had never done anything but joke.

"Come on, tell me all about her,
please! How old is she?"

"In the early twenties"

"What's she like? Is she pretty?

But of course you'd think she was,
Is she tall, is she blonde? How does
she feel? In the same way you do?"

"I think she does, I hope she does,"
"Oh, darling, but how lovely for
you, Have you proposed?"
"No."

you. Have you're shocker on the last way you're shocker on the last way you're shocker on the lust

"On!"
"Don't say you're shocked."
"Of course not. It's just that
Oh, I don't know. But one hope
for the people that one loves that
when they fall in love it'll be with

somebody that's free to marry. Is she English?"
"American married to an English-

"American married to an Englishman."
"What do you plan to do?"
"I haven't begun to think about
that yet.

"Oh, but you must. If you let yoursell drift, you may drift anywhere.
You must plan things now." It was
said sharply, as though ahe were
speaking out of her own experience.
He looked at her, thoughtfully. One
imagined that nothing ever happened
to one's own sister. One forgot in the
case of one's own sister that this was
1925, the heyday of the Bright Young
People.

125, the heyday of the Bright Young People.

Margery was on the brink of twenty, dark eyed, dark haired, of medium height, with a neat trim figure: a girl whoth men found attractive. Two or three nights a week she was dining out. She went away quite often for week-ends He knew the houses that she was visiting but not the other guests. He could no longer think of her as his kid sister.

More and more during this hast year had he become conscious of her as an equal, as an ally. Tonight he sell closer to her than he had ever done. Yet oddly enough he did not feel that she had grown up to him, but that he had grown up to him, but that he had grown up to her that it was through what had happened to him during this last week that he was meeting her on equal terms.

"Tata's a mees," she said reflectively.

pened to him during this last week that he was meeting her on equal terms.

"Lite's a mess," she said reflectively, as though said she were reflecting on her experience rather than on his. "You heard what Father said just now about his mother having said that it was better for a woman to be unhappily married than not married at all, but that he wasn't sure if that were true today. He realises that things are different.

"People say things are easier. I don't think they are. It's always easiet to play a game when the rules are attict, when you know what you may do and what you mayn't. Our mothers, or anyhow our grandmother's did. We don't, in our grandmother's did, We don't, in our grandmother's did, We don't. There's the loophole of divorce. You think of the second marriages that seem to be working out all right with no one thinking the worse of anyone. You hesitate, and drift and then..."

She paused then laughed. "Oh, well, it doesn't do to yet dramatic, Lafe may be a mess, but it's a lot of fun Darling, I do wish you all the luck that's going." To his surprise, with a sudden impulsive gesture, she threw her arms around his neck.

Her kiss unon his cheek was very found. He felt that it was a wishing

Her kiss upon his cheek was very foud. He felt that it was a wishing of good luck to herself as much as to him.

of good luck to herself as much as Next day the Harlequins beat the Park by their usual cricket score, thirty-five to three, After the game Guy went back to Jimmy's fail. It was the first time that he had been there.

It was a minute two-room service fast on the third floor of a house in Buckinsham Street. Adelphi. It was ascreeably furnished, with a comfortable Chesterfield and a deep armchalr and an elegant cocktail cabinet with glass doors.

It made Guy realise that if he was going to conduct a private relationship with Renee in London, it was essential that he should have a flat. And a flat must be accessible. Since

And a flat must be accessible. Since his office was in Soho Square and Renee lived in Albion Street, Chelsea was out of range.

On Monday morning he visited an estate agent's. He wanted a small bachelor flat, he told them: a service flat, 'quiet, uniurnished, in a resi-dential district: not further north than Baker Street, nor further south or west than Knightsbridge.

than Baker Street, nor further south or west than Knightebridge.

He left their office laden with orders to view. One was a little further than he had wanted in Rutland Street, within two minutes' walk of the Brompton Road Tube Station, but it was strongly recommended. Four houses were being put under a single management with the house-keeper living in the basement.

Because it was the furthest away, he went there first, walking from Knightsbridge Station, through Montpeller Square with all its Galiworthian memories of Irene Forsyte. There was something that was very London about this quiet backwater between the turmoil of Harrod's Depository and the Knightsbridge Barracks.

There was a village atmosphere about the Cheval Place with its small two-storied cottages and Howell's grocery where you could buy everything. He liked the feel of this small world, whose existence you would not suspect as you drove along Brompten Road or Piccadilly. A good home for a man who had been born in London, through whose veins ran teeps and warm a love of London; an appropriate place too as the setting for a private life.

that he had walked through Rutland Street. It was a short alley of small three-storied early Victorian houses, stucco-fronted with balconies in front of their first-story windows and short fights of steps running up to their front doors.

ront doors.

Very definitely this was the kind of thing he wanted. The conversion was obviously recent. The stucco was new, the front doors and windows freshly painted. He rang at the second house and the bell was answered by a neat, trim mald, "The an order to view," he said. "The gar order to view," he said. "The gar order to view," he said. "The gar order to view," he said. "The stainess had a new rod-trown carpet. On the walls were glit-framed colored reproductions of French eighteenth-century dogravings. There was a general six of competence and counter. A large fat woman in the later.

A large fat woman in the later forties came busiling from the basement. She was out of breath; her forehead damp, and her sparse hair dishevelled.

forehead damp, and her sparse hair dishevelled.

"I'm sorry, sir, to be caught this way, but I've only just done me dinner. Stevenson and I don't get down to it till after three. We don't like to start till all the tonanis' meals is cleared. Who was it you came from? Did they tell you what the arrangements was? Fifteen shillings a week for service. Then you give the maid what you like. Haif-acrown's plenty—then if she does anything extra, you gives her what you likes. There's a fixed charge for meals; one-and-six breakfast, three shillings lunch, four shillings dinner, but when you 'ave company, that's different all grist to the mill, I say, and I likes young people to enjoy themselves."

She maintained the flow of talk

themselves."

She maintained the flow of talk hreathlessly as she led him up the stairs. The first floor flat to which he had an order was composed of an L-shaped drawing-room; it was high

with moulded ceilings divided with connecting doors. There were tall French windows at each end

French windows at each end.

He stood on the narrow balcony.

It had no view but he would not need a view; he would not be here much in daytime; houses with views were far too often on a bus route.

need a view; he would not be here much in daytime; houses with views were far too often on a bus route. He took stock of the fiat. It looked small, as houses do before they have been furnished. But when he stepped it out, he realised that it would suit his purpose. Standing there looking round him, trying to visualize it furnished, he was conscious of impending destiny. How much might happen, how much of the drama of his life be staged here.

"Thank you very much," he told Mrs. Stevenson. "I'll let you know." But his mind was made up already. He knew very well that he was not going to use any of those other orders. He turned east into the Brompton Road. The rain had coased, but it was cold and windy. It was March at its very worst, the pavements greasy, the buses splashing mud out of the gutters. But his heart was jubilant with a sense of spring, of life opening and budding. A sudden impulse seized him to array himself to match his mood; new clothes for a new life.

In his office he were the usual city man's uniform of striped trousers and short black coat. His lounge suits were for the most part brown.

"Twe the very thing for you," his tallor said, draping over his arm a dark red-brown closh that on an or-chosen. Guy shock his head. He wanted something unlike himself. He ran his eye along the bales: blues and greys and browns and checks, till his attention was caught and head a greys and browns and checks, till his attention was caught and head a greys and browns and checks, till his attention was caught and head over had himself, but to the doorway In the daylight, the green. I'll show you it in the light." He took it to the doorway In the daylight, the green tinge was definite.

It was not only unlike any suit he had ever had himself, but it was unlike any suit that he had seed, Yet in

definite.

It was not only unlike any suit he had ever had himself, but it was unlike any suit that he had seeb, Yet in no sense could it have been described as 'loud.'

"I'm not sure that it's quite your style." the tailor said.

"That's precisely what I'm looking r. Something that isn't my usual

for Something that lan't my usual style."
Well, of course, sir, you could get away with th."
Gity smiled. He knew what the man was thinking. That a man who had played for England could wear anything and not be misunderstood.
"Til have it," he said, "and single-breasted. And could you give me a cutting so that I can get some hosiery to match. Oh, and one other thing. It's most important that it should be ready in a fortnight."
Was he counting his chickens before

Was he counting his chickens before they were hatched? Ordering new clothes, contracting for a flat. What a fooi hed feel if Renee treated him as a casual acquantance, and he was left with an unusual suit and a flat he did not need.

did not need.

On the Thursday Guy went down to Fernhurst. It was a three-hour train journey and Guy arrived late in the afternoon. It was not a half holiday, and the whole school was in form. It was a grey chill day, but the rain had reased and the wind had dropped.

He strolled through the main gate ast the sixth-form green towards the oint below Big School where you past the sixth-form green towards a point below Big School where y could see the square Abbey tower

allhouette above the School House

sillocette above the School House studies.

The Abbey had been built in the twelfth century: the studies a century later, to serve as the Abbot's quarters. It must have looked much the same when Edward VI endowed the school in 1850.

Guy let his eye travel round the courts to the succession of lighted windows in the classrooms. The Abboy clock struck three times Quarter of an hour more to tea. He thought of all the boys behind all those windows whose hearts had quickened at the sound, but as his father's had, just as his had done, just as his son's would do.

The boys behind all those windows whose hearts and guickeed at the sound had us in father's had, just as his had done, just as his son's would the history had been and had to he had done, just as his son's would the careful had been and had been would not come again till he had a son here.

Would Rense and he ever stand here, walting for that son? His mind and for the had been and had been would not come again till he had a son here.

Would Rense and he ever stand here, walting for that son? His mind and for the had been and had been and a son been been had been and had been and had been been and had been been and here would not come again till he had a son here.

Would Rense and he ever stand here, walting for that son? His mind and for her had been and had been and here and here would not come again till he had as on here.

Would Rense and he ever stand here, walting for that son? His mind and for her had been and here and here and here and here and here were flooded with raised out. The abbeer chimed the hour. The empty courts were flooded with raised out. The had been and a surrying feet He stood and and surrying feet He stood and and surrying feet He stood and and surrying feet He stood and surrying feet He stood

broidered bag. He was curious to know how the news had been received at No. 17. "Tell me everything that everybody said: I bet Rex was pomposa. How that man bores me How did Pather take it?"

that man bores me, row the same take it?

Plussed Rather disturbed at having something that hed thought was settled interfered with.

"He would He'd like to treat me like a pipe of port that you buy, lay down, and leave to mature until it's it to drink. You provide your son with a nurse, enter him for your school and college, and twenty years later there's the finished product, a credit to the family. A pity if didn't work out that way.

"What about Barbara? I suppose she hasn't heard. What reason are you going to give her for my leaving school at Easter?"
"We buven't got around to that one

"We buven't got around to that one yet."
"Think a good one out. I've an idea that I'm a kind of hero to her."
"Think a good one out. I've an idea that I'm a kind of hero to her."
There was a slight anciety in his woice. Guy remembered what his mother had said about Franklin feeling himself neglected. Barbara was the one before whom he could cut a dash. He was indifferent about Margery 'I suppose she's more or less neutral, isn't she?"
"Entirely."
Franklin's expression clouded: Guy had an impression that he had not particularly reliabed, though he had invited, the use of the 'entirely. Franklin liked people to be either violently for or violently against him. Guy suspected that he was rather enjoying the whole business; the being in the centre of the stage.

His mother he had left till last, "Is she very disturbed?" he asked.
Guy nodded. 'Naturally; but on your account. She's wondering what you yourself feel about it all What do you, by the way?"

It was the first direct question Guy had put to him. For the moment Franklin seamed surprused. He hedged, "What is there for me to feel? I was setting rather worred with some."

"You mean that you're quite gled to leave,"
"Wouldn't you be in my position?"
"Certainly hot."

"Wouldn't you be in my position?"
"Certainly not."

The remembered his own disappointment in Angust 1914, at beins robbed of his last year at school; the year that would have seen him captain of the House, the year for which his four previous years had been the prelude.

He would have hated it if he'd been unable to join the army, if he'd had to stay at school with all his friends in kinait, but he'd have pated to have had to lose that year for any reason but a war.

"You'd have had a pretty good time you know. You'd have get into the Eleven next term; you might have been captain the year after."

Franklin shrusged. "That kind of thing never out much fee with me. What does it matter in five years' time whether you were captain of the school or not? Though I suppose it is a bit of a black mark against you if you are actually expelled."

"Whit was the trouble by the way?"
"There wam't any. They felt that I was more than they could cope with. What's being plaumed for me. by the way? Pather's not going to refuse to send me up to Caford, is he, as a punishment."

"I heard no talk of thut."

"Them why don't I so up to Oxford a year earlier? I've taken my School Cert."

"In that case the only point to be discussed is what I'm do with my-self this summer. I'd like to apend four months in Europe hashing up my French and Spanish. They'll be useful to me waen I join the firm.

It was the obvious solution, the one that had occurred to Guy.

"Win to try and argue it that way when you set back."

"I'll do my best."

"I'll do my best."

"I'll do my best."

"I'll the a bury and argue it that way when a loctured a brief homily on buryundy in general and the pate."

1915 in particular, Guy could not help feeling that the management of the occasion had been taken entirely into him the head of the consistent of the consistent had been taken entirely into him had been the embassy of a republic him had been the headmaster; a new man aince his day, and a very different one.

"No. I've nothing specific against the box But I don't see him as a prefect. He's nover identified himself either with the house or school. It's not as though he were unintelligent or poor at games. He might have got as scholarship, he'd certainly have got his cricite colors.

"He could have been as successful here as you were and of course there's no reason why he shouldn't in the end prove a great credit to the school. He leaves, of course, under no kind of cloud. I'd put it this way. Some bow grow up quicker than the rest, and your brother at seventeen is ready for a university."

It was Guy felt, reasonably cheerful news that he was bringing home.

To his relief he found there was no dinner guest. Margery was out, he had his parents to himself.

"There's nothing to worty about," he assumed his mother.

"I never thought there was, how's Franklin taking, it's "Giad—when he was on the brink of the Elevent"

"I know, Father, but I think they grow up quicker than we did."

In setum fact he found his brother's attitude as thoomprehenshle as his father did, but be did not want his mother to subject that he and his father did, but be did not want his mother to subject that he had his father did, but be did not want his mother to subject that he had his father did, but be did not want his mother to subject that he and his father did, but be did not want his mother to subject that he and his father did, but be did not want his mother to subject that he and his father did, but be did not want his mother to subject that he and his father did, but he was genuinely looking forward to sue

In Prance and Spain?" his mother echoed.
"He thought it would be a good chance of brushing up his languages. He'll need them when he comes into the firm."
"Very sensible of him too." his father said. "In the long run we may cume to look on this as a blessing in disguise."
"Was this your idea?" his mother asked.
Guy hesitated. Was it, or was it Franklin's? They had been in such been so obvious, that he could not remember which had first brought it up.

been 30 povious, that he could howermember which had first brought it up.

"It think the idea was his."

She nodded her head, quickly.
"As I thought. The kind of idea that would appeal to him life's always trying to run away from his responsibilities, always trying to do things to run away trying to do things the cashes way. It would be train for him to go away at a time like this. Anything might happen to him."

"My dear Mary, he's seventeem. At that age a great many young men were commanding platoous in Flanders!"

"I davenay they were, And if Frank-in had been of military age. Im sure he would have done very well. He does not lick course. But he is unstable.

"I think it would be quite fatal to have him go abruad on his own at a time like this. He may proceed

but it's been a shock to him; there may be a delayed reaction: he may feel he has to do something to justify his own opinion of himself. He might do something very silly No, he must stay here through the summer: he can take Berlitt courses in modern languages and he can take a series of lectures at Lundon University. We can give a party or two for him, find him some mitable new friends; we must keep him under our eyes What's even more important we must not let him feel he's in disgrace. He's very sensitive, very ready to take offence."

She spicke with a firmness, a resolution that could not be deried. And indied she was making thorough sense. Her mother's finding might well be train, it might be better for Franklin to stay in London. There was something always a little, if not suspect, at least questionable about the Englishman who went shroad; the auspirion that he'd gone away to get over something or to wait till a thing blew over. They'd do their best to see that Franklin had a happy summer; he'd put him up for the Humpstead Cricket Club, "Don't worry, Mother, we'll give him a prodigal's homecoming," Guy assured her.

The evening broke up early. His father begin to feel drowsy by ten of clock; his micher followed him upstairs. Guy sus before the fire, brood in the stay of the s

o'clock; his mother followed him upstairs: Guy sat before the fire, broodting.

Friday again. The eve of another
match. Two more Fridays would have
to pass before he could ring up Rence.
From outside came the sound of a car
drawing up hefore the house. He looked
at his watch. Not eleven yet. Early for
Mergery to be coming back.

He half rose, on the point of going
out into the hall to open the door for
her; then changed his mind. Perhaps
she wanted to be above to say good
night to whoever had brought her back.

He waited, but there came no sound
of a ker furning in the lock.

He picked up the eventing paper, and
began a second attempt upon the crossword. He had filled in a missing line,
a second and then a third, before he
heard simultaneously the click of a
key and the buzz of a self-starter.

He looked up at the clock, Pive past
eleven. The good night had taken
eleven minutes.

She came into the room swinging
the last but with her shock hair

eleven minutes.

She came into the room swinging her hat, but with her short hair amouthly plastered back into her single She looked tired and depressed and very young. She started at the sight of him. "What, you up still?"

"It's very early."

"Is it? Yes, I suppose it is."

Her voice was as tired as her appear-

gnce.
"I want your help," he said.
"In what?"
"I've taken a flat I want you to help me furnish it."

"So you've followed my advice and
"So you've followed my advice and
"So you've followed my advice and
"They laughed bogether. It was good to have
a sister with whom you could talk in
shorthand..."

shorthand.

In three weeks' time, she said: before eleven, after ten, His fingers felt went as they lifted the receiver. Suppose she had changed ber mind. He longed for the sound of her voice, yet dreaded it. Suppose it were casual and ofthand.

offhand.

It wasn't it was slow and sleepy a "Yes, who is it?" drawled like that murning whisper of three weeks ago: a tone that in a second lost its drowniness. "Why, darling, and on my first morning too." She might have been in the room beside him. "You've only just got back," he said, "you can't have got your diary filled yet. I can't think of one good reason

why you shouldn't lunch with me."
She sould not either.
"Very well then, the Ritz Grill at
one But I may be late I may be very
late" He could not believe that it was
three weeks since he had heard that
voice. An interrupted conversation had
been resumed.

three weeks since he had heard that voice. An interrupted conversation had been resumed.

His nervest were taut all the same, as he waited two and a half hours later in the green and white painted iounge. On the course of the next ninety minutes would depend quite possibly the outcome of his entire life.

Was Reniee happy in her marriage, or at least resigned to it? Would she be, if he was finishent, ready to break it up; had she scribbles about divorce? Question after perpiexing question.

Though even as he renearsed those questions there was, he knew, as far as he was himself concerned only one valid answer. He wanted Renee wanted her on any terms.

He had to convince her of the truth of that make her believe that he was sincere, that those four days had not heen 'just an episode.'

So he argued with himself, as he sat there walling. Then she came into the room.

She was wearing a small tight-fitting hat with the hrim lifted off her foreness. The the that, I can see your eyes," the said. why I put it on."

"In her answer was the inference that she had taken his tastes and person under her special guardianship; that there was no need for him to worry; that she would plan things in accordance with his preference. He had once again that feeling of being managed.

It was cold in the street outside and

accordance with his preference. He had once again that feeling of being managed.

It was cold in the street outside and she had come down the stairs huddled mits a chinchilla coat. She slipped it from her shoulders. Beneath it a grey slit blouse was fastened at the collur by a flat aquamarine brooch; a loose hracelet dangled at her wrist, a bright gay thing.

"I like that too," he said.

"Caledonian market. Haif a crown. I like things to be very expensive or very cheap, just as I like food to be very simple or very rich. I can see, she added, as she picked up the menu, that this is going to be one of my rich days."

She ran her eye down the list of dishes with the thoughful and unhurried care of one who knew exactly what she wanted.

"Twe exciting news: Twe taken a flat," he said.

He had intended to keep that news until the end, but he had to lay all his curds upon the table. He described its furnishing: a black pile carpet with modernistic rugs, a sky-blue wall, white bookshelves elhow high, a divanmaking a study of the bedroom, the connecting doors removed and curtains in their place.

She asked him questions; practical questions about meals and practical questions about meals and heat and

connecting doors removed and curtains in their place.

She asked bim questions; practical questions about meals and heat and service.

"It sounds exactly what you want." "Could I persuade you to have tea with me?"

"I'm sure you could." Then after a second's pause, "Have you ever read Notre Coeur, Maupassant's Notre Coeur,"

He shook his head, He'd read a good deal of Maupussant, but no, not that. "Then I'll bring it you round as a house-warming present. I couldn't bear to have you think of me as someone who only reads magazines!"

She smiled as she added that. He flushed, She had known then that he had been plqued when she had buried

Supplement to The Australia Women's Weekly - December it it leas herself in Cosmopolitism. It was exciting if alarming to be with someone who could read oue's thoughts.

How soon, the saked him, would his fint be ready?

"They're at work there now. They said by the middle of next week, but knowing what decorators are, I'm giving them another fortnight."

"Another fortnight—that's early April Have you got your diarry."

He took it out. "What about the seventh?"

"Fine And in the meantime you must dine with us. You've not met Roger yet."

"But."

"You'll like him. I've talked about you a lot. I told him that we were lunching. Be certain to the him down to a fixed date, he said."

"Surely though."

She smiled, in actual age she was his junior. In experience she made him feel a child.
"A husband must know one's friends so many amusing things are impossible if a friendship inn't accepted and approved. When will you come? On Theedday? That'll be delightful. Eight octook. Black the I've loved my junch.

Thesday? That'll be delightful. Bight o'clock. Black the I've loved my lunch. He left the office early on that Tuesday. It might be a difficult occasion. He did not know the kind of people he would be meeting. He did not intend to be dismissed as a rugger tought in the Whe Trade. He wanted to make a good limpression in front of Renee. He spent an hour in his club library cheming up in Who's Who on Roger's contemporaries to Cambridge-Maynard Keynes. Shane Lestic, Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster. As the door was opened a wave of scented heat surged outwards. Jos sticks, he told himself.

His eyes as he followed the butler up the stairs made a quick inventory of the setting. The narrow hall was decrated with Beardsiey prints. The window at the turn of the stairs was curtained with Beardsiey prints. The window at the turn of the stairs was curtained with green, close cut to the walnescoting. The walls were sliver-papered The ceiling was a cerulean blue. It was not like Renee, this, at all Against a background of Chinese lacquer, a short figure in a tight-fitting double-breasted dinner Jacket welcomed him.

"This is such a pleasure. I have more than once watched you from the touchline. I was trilled when Renee told me of your meeting.

Guy could not have been more surprised. He had seen a number of press

Guy could not have been more sur-prised. He had seen a number of pres-photographs of Roger Burton, a hea-and shoulders in the corner of an in-terview, a dark neat head with a shor-

and shoulders in the corner of an interview, a dark nest head with a short liack moustache.

He had imagined without quite knowing why, that Burton would be small dapper and ambassadorial, with possibly a somewhat bandbox air. He was utterly unprepared for the precise high-pitched voice, stressed syllables. From his manner of speech Guyex-pected his hosts handshake to be flabby. It wasn't, it was firm.

At dinner from his seat on Reneel left—it was a party of ten covers at a narrow table—he shudded with curroutly the frescoes on the wall a trailing tropical landscape, a succession of bays and beaches, of bending palms and dusky flaures before attaints "His retriakov."

But he died six or seven years ago. "And I didn't marry until twentrone. I know, This was Roger's house I didn't after anything, except my or room and study. I'll take you to see them atterwards."

Which was her way of saying: "The is Roger's house, and Roger's life, and

Women's Weekly - December 10, 1851
Roger's friends and I'm a loyal wife
to him. But all the same I have my
own personal and private life. No
one can take that from me.

She was an attentive and an easy
hosters. It was a five-course dinner,
but the courses were served in quick
succession, as though they were going
to a theatre afterwards. By nine
of lock the women had left the room;
as Roger came down to the other end
of the table to take Rener's pince, duy
was consistous round the table of a
general atmosphere of expansion;
At last
Guy bracod himself. Now, he

At last, Guy braced himself, Now he bloought. He hurned to Roger.
"I was reading Oscar Browning's Memairs the other day," he said. "I wendered how much it was due to him that there should have been quite such a very brilliant collection of young men at King's at the beginning of the century."

Roger looked surprised, but gratined.

Reger looked surprised, but gratified.

"How very flattering that you should ask me that; that you should be interested in my crusted period. Fancy your reading the O.B.'s memoirs. Yes, we all owed a lot to him."

He chuckled reminiscently. He told sortes about O.B., all of them to the sold man's creek.

"He couldn't have been nicer," Guy told Renee afterwards.

"It souldn't have been nicer," Guy told Renee afterwards.

"It should you'd like him; he's very intelligent; very considerate. He'll he a good father. You must come here come here often; yes, you must come here very often. And before you go I insist on showing you the nursery. "Foger," she called out, "Guy wants to see the nursery yes won't, will you, let anyone go before I come down?"

The nursery was at the top of the house, she paused on the second landing, pointing to two doors,

"Roger's suite." It was as though she had said, "We lead separate lives."

house. She paused on the second landing, pointing to two doors.

"Roger's suite." It was as though she had said, "We lead separate lives."

I shall weep, "she said, "if you don't like the nuysery."

He could not have helped liking it. It was large and light and air, It had a pale blue ceiling, spattered with alver stare, Chinia curtains over the windows matched it. The wallpaper was a serial fairy thie, Mother Goose, Little Red Riding Hood, Jack and the Beanstaik, Paus in Boota.

She pointed to a door.
"He's in there. I wash I could show you bim askeep, But Nannie's there. Here's a photo of him."

It was in profile: a full length picture of a staken month's old boy, in intekerbockers and a jersey, standing levide a table holding out a ball. It looked like a photograph of any other child. He didn't quite know what to say."

He's more like Roger, lant he?" he

child. He didn't quite know what to say.

"He's more like Roger, isn't he?" he said at length.

She nodded.

"That's what Roger thinks, it makes him very happy. He's so proud of Eric Erio's his whole life now. I was so giad he was a boy. It was the one thing that Roger wanted.

The words were ordinary enough; words that any mother might have used. Yet it seemed to him that they had a second meaning, as though the cite to my real self."

"I'd like you to see my room," she gatt.

"I'd like you to see it, and."
It was on the ground floor, a small room, severe and cool; pale cream papered walls a secretaire, a small Queen Anne bookcase, some calf-bound books, a pland gray fitted carpet, stiff-backed gilt armehara, a low footstool,

woven in petit-point; there were only three pictures, gilt-framed colored prints of New England "Hilages." "It's not quite wint I'd think of as your room," he said. "Would you think of the rest of the house as mine?" "I should't."
"That's why this room's the way it is."

"That's why this room's the way it is."

She looked at him with steady even "There are so many things I'd like to know, that I'd like to ask you about yourself," he said.

She stepped over to the wall, She took one of the pictures down and nanded it to him. It showed a broad avenue, lised with either and maples.

White-painted colonial houses, with green-painted window frames and shutters, stood back from the roadway. At the end of the avenue was a house larger than the rest, and to the right of it a church with a pointed spire. "I was born near there," she said. "That's the church I went to sa a efficient of the church with a pointed spire. "I was born near there," she said. "That's the church I went to sa a viril You haven't been to America. You wouldn't know what New Empland skands for, But maybe that picture will give yon an idea; dignity and sands for, But maybe that picture will give yon an idea; dignity and sands for, But maybe that picture will give yon an idea; dignity and renditudes and prediction, but they're fine straight people there. They pay their dobts, they keep their bursains, even their bad bargains, I keep those pictures to remind me."

oad bargains, I seep shose pictures to remind me."

She hung the picture back. She took from the desk a silver-framed photograph of a middle-aged woman in late-victorian evening dress.

"My grandmother. My father's mother. She was half French. That's why I'm called Benee I spent a great deal of my childhood in her house. She was very mondaine. She believed in family pride, in the family as the unit of the State. That's out of fashion now. "Keep the family united and you'll have a country that face the chemics, she'd say the believed in retinence; that's unfashionable as would say. "Look them in your heart and throw away the key."

RENEE looked at him closely. It was as near, he felt, to a contession as she would ever come. Had he read the clues correctly; the Beardsley prints, the Tetriakov trescoes, the chinese looquer, the idding gait, the sense of liberation with which the men extiled to their talk; the irrestible longing for a son that came so often in middle age to that type of man?

How easy it must have been for a man like Roger, worldly, charming, saured, successful, with his host capacity to put hexperience at its case, the entiamie the affections of a girl in her late teens, an American girl with no pre-knowledge of the type, if he had read the clues correctly, how bitser the revelation must have been.

"And on the seventh that's Tuesday is the was saying. "I'll come to tea with you."

Her voice was firm and her eyes were resolute with the integrity and pride of her New England atoestors; women who had made their bargains and had stood by then; firm and resolute too with the modaine wisdom of a grandmather who had known and had accepted the necessity for compromise.

He was conscious for the first time fully of the nature and magnitude of

promise.

He was conscious for the first time fully of the nature and magnitude of the gift that she was bringing him. This was not just an episode. And in that consciousness, he became conscious too of the responsibilities and obligations that that gift sutailed.

Loyalty must be matched with loyalty. Faith must keep faith. He felt proud and humble simultaneously. "I can't think what you see in me," he said.

She smiled She raised her hand. She patted his cheek, foundly.
"If you can go on wondering that," she said, "you'll make me very happy,"

Prankin came back on the first of April. 'All Fool's Day, so suitable,' he said.

Barbara's school had broken up the day before. In her fifteenth year brown-haired brown-eyed with a barge mouth and while very even tech, she had with her long slim legs a clumay colish look. She was a lively grid and laughed a lot.

She was thrilled with the news that Frankin would be at home that summer. It would make all the difference to her weekends. Frankin was not only her favorite but her hero.

She gave him not only a favorite's but a hero's welcome on his return. She flung heresif into his arms, then stood back, inclining him up and down.

"You must be terribly dever, being allowed to leave school so young." she said.

They all did their best to make Frankin's honecoming happy. His favorite dishes were ordered and chammagne served. "By the way," Gny remarked, "I've pin you down for the Hampstend Cricket, Club."

"Fine Have they got a tennis court?"

"Ye, but what's bast to do with the you got to take some exercise rule rule who day to tricket.

"I liked it well enough; being out in the sun, and the special feel of it; white financis and green grass and trees. Then when you time the way the ball went when you got it in the drive, oh yes, I enjoyed all that, and at school their wasn't anything else to do in summer. In London there'll be quite a lot."

He paused and cluckfed: "I really believe that I only made myself fairly good at cricket to get one back at those stuffy schoolmasters. They thought, set like level my choolmasters. They help went and the word and the said and in the sun, and the special feel of it; white financis and create the generation of the fairly good at cricket to get one back at those stuffy schoolmasters. The sunden study were when you got it in the drive, of yes, I enjoyed all that, and at school their wasn't sunding the way at could not summon up the appropriate mouth, as a those stuffy schoolmasters. They help went to get one back at those stuffy schoolmasters. They help went to get one back at t

his move? He could not believe his father would be shocked, but his father would be shocked, but his father had been brought up in an age that considered that certain subjects were better left undiscussed.

Sixteen hours later, on an afternoon of mingied rain and sunshine, Guy stood at the window of his flat, looking down the street into which any minute now a grey-green chevrolet would turn. Margery had wanted a formal house-warming with champages esattered about his furniture.

Later, he had said; in a week or two, when Twe got used to being here my-self, She had started to protest, then checked and smiled. 'It see, darling, but of course, how dense of me.'
Only another ten minutes now, he told himself.

She was dead on time; she was wearing a tight-fifting mauve felt hat the brim pierced by a damond arrow, as she came up the stairs, she pulled it off, shaking loose her hair so that it fell in a corn-colored wave across her forehead.

She paused in the doorway, looking slowly round her, tasking it all in, detail hy detail. He stood benide her, the blood pounding allong his vehins. He let his hand rest along her shoulder, but she moved away. 'No, darling, not yet, please, not till Tve seen it all. You know how a kitten is in a new home. You have to put butter on its feet."

name you have to put butter on its feet."

She moved along the shelves, picking up a paper-weight: taking out a book: glancing at it, looking at each pleture. "So these are your things," she said.

She handed him his copy of Notre Coeur, "I think you'll see why I've given it you," she said. He tried to make conversation, but the sentences trailed off; yet he felt no nervousness; he was sure of himself, as he was of her. She was here; that was all that mattered.
"You haven't offered me a cigar-

of her, She was here; that was all that mattered.

"You haven't offered me a cigaretter" she said. She smiled as he held the match for her; she raised her hand, laid it sgainst his cheek, then moved away.

"I must see everything," she said. She stood in the centre of the room, turning slawly round, taking it all in again, in a final inventory.

He moved beside her; put his hands under her elbows: "Surely sli that butter's gone by now," he said.

Nineteen-twenty-five, the year in which Guy met Renee, was one of which the English historian would record that nothing is particular had happened anywhere.

The General Striks of 1926, the most samp of the first war and the Abdication, was only menorable to Guy for the part that Prankin played in it.

For himself it was an undramatic cylosde. A menteer of the Harlequin

tion, was only memorable to Guy for the part that Franklin played in it.

For himself it was an undrametic crisade. A member of the Harlequin Squad. Guy was given the parroling of the nower station during the safe hours between midnight and 4 am and north expansion of the surface of the court morning of the strike he decided to go to his club for lunch. He wanted to hear some informed cress, the felt himself completely in the dark. The wireless was government controlled. The only two papers available were extremist—the British Worker, the mouthpiece of the strike, and the British Gasette, which the government issued from the offices of the reactionary Morning Post.

The Times was still appearing in a cut-tailed form but it was unobtainable in Timebouse. That morning the Worker leaderette had asserted. The Gavernment-owned Fress claim that hormal life is continuing to function: and perhaps it is in the West End

of London, in that small, self-centred and ultimately unimportant little world that lies between Oxford Street and the Blver, between Stones and the Haymarket, between Regent Street and Kensington. But what about the docks, the heart of London that now lie idie?

what about the industrial dties of the north that now lie paralysed? No smoke is rising from Sheffield's chim-ney stacks; let those who today will be eating their caviare in the Ritz and Berkeley remember how at harvest the rabbits cluster in the centre of the cornfield, imagining themselves im-mune, though every minute the blades of the circling thresher are approach-ing.

To Guy, patrolling his power station in Limehouse, there was an ominous ring about that passage. It might be trie. His sphere of duly ended at mid-day. The Tube only ran to Aldgate. Aldgate was two miles away. But he would be in time if he walked fast, for a late lunch. He set off at a brisk pace up the Commercial Road.

He had only been walking a few minutes when a motor-bicycle that was moving at a great pace in the opposite direction drew up at his side. Take a litt? asked a familiar voice. He turned, and there was Pranklin begoggled, dusty, in cordurery trousers, and a college biazer.

"What on earth are you doing here?" "Delivering newspapers."

"The Gasette?"

"Good heavens, no; you don't think I'd be on the side of those stuffed shirts. The Worker, naturally, If you're going up West, jump up behind; provided you don't mind sitting on my nefarious news-sheet."

Guy perched himself on the back, and the muchine roarde up the de-

Guy perched himself on the back, and the muchine roated up the descreted thoroughfare.

"What do the Oxford authorities think of this excursion?" he inquired if haven't told them; half the university's in town."

"Won't they mind your working for the strikers?"

the strikers?"

"Heaveus, no. Oxford's changed since your day. We're all very left."

They were at Aldgate Station within three minutes.

"Thank you very much. I can manage from now on."

"I can take you to where you're going, unless you're ashamed of being seen in Pall Mall on a machine like this."

"What about those papers; lan't someone waiting for them?"

"They can wait a little longer. It's not aften I get a chance of doing a good turn for my big brother."

In retrospect It was to seem very

good turn for my big brother."

In reirospect it was to seem very typical, both that Franklin should have taken sides against the stuffed shirts and that he should have been so casual in the performance of his duties.

Franklin was Guy's high spot during the General Strike: during the next few years he was to provide several more.

In the following October shortly after he had gone up to Oxford the chief accountant came into Guy's office in a manner that was at the same time truculent and apprehensive.

"Yes Mr. Pilleher?" he asked "What

ruculent and apprehensive
"Yes Mr. Pilcher?" he asked "What
is it?"
Pilcher was a white-haired man in
the late sixtles, on the verge of retirement. He was conscious that his mind
did not work as quickly as it had,
distrustful of new ideas he was ready
to welcome any slips made by the new
regime. As much a stickler for detail
as any Treasury official, he was always

Wansa's Weekly - December 18, 1983 difficult when you wanied a point stretched.

He handed Guy a sheet of paper. It bore the arms and inscription of New College Oxford Signed by Frank-lin, it was a request for two cases of vintage Cliquott a case of Duke and Renton's proprietary whisky, two cases of their rin, two cases of dark sizery, two tawny port, and three dozen of a good, sound Burgundy.

Guy raised his eyebrows. The young man's doing himself preity well. What's the rough cost of this?

"So much It looks as though he were laying down a cellar."

"His account stands at the moment to our credit to the extent of more than twice that amount."

"What's There was only one thing to be said, and he said it, promptis. We can't possibly fill this second order, till something has been done about the first.

"It hought you'd say that, Mr. Guy, but I didn't like to make such a de-

be said, and he said it, promptly. We can't poceshing has been done about the first.

"I thought you'd say that, Mr. Guy, but I didn't like to make such a decision on my own authority."

"Quite, Mr. Pilcher, quite. Don't you think the best idea would be for me to drop him a little note about it?"

"I'd appreciate that, Mr. Guy. I'd appreciate that very much."

Guy's letter was conciliatory.

Dear Franklin, it ran, 'Our accounting staff is a little worted at the way your account has run into the red. Do you really need such a big new order? Or couldn't you send in something on account, ESO, says I'm sorry to bether you about this. I know how it is at Oxford Everyone runs up bills and spends the first years after he comes down paying them off in relayswhich is something that someone like Pilcher who was trained in a hard school, finds hard to understand. It would be best really if you could run up your bills with hosiers and tailors, and keep things balanced here. That's what I do myself. He wrote three drutts before he was sittlified. He did not want to be the heavy brother.

Next morning while he was still came through from Oxford. "I'm sorry to trouble you so early; but this matter you referred to in your letter isn't as straightforward as you imagine. I'd better come up and see you. When can you give me lumch?"

What about Thursday."

"Pine Where'll we meet?"

"The R.A.C. at one."

"The R.A.C. at one."

"The where'll we meets."

"The where'll we meets."

"The pountual."

As alwaya after a period of not seeing him for a little while, Guy was struck with his extreme good looks; he looked so well, so healthy with his fresh complexion and light hair, moved too with such an easy elegance.

"I'd better do him well, Guy thought. We'll go into the resbauran."

They got a table in the window, looking across the Mail It was a warm bright day, and the yellowing leaves show in the said and with such an easy elegance.

"I'd better do him well, Guy thought. We'll go into the resbauran'.

As eishteen months before at Pernhu

Wessen's Weckly—Berember 10, 1963

"How's it all come about?" he asked. Franklin shrugged. It was very slowle. They had formed a club. They were short of capital so he had offered to stock the cellar; he could get wine, he had espained, on credit, and thanks to his trade discount, supply it cheaper than the Oxford merchants. Duke and Renton would got the sume price as the trade sives them, Half of the discount would go to the club, and half would go to me. Everyone would be pleased.

The plan was so simple in appearance that Guy had to think flast before he saw the snag to it.

"Surely you realise that's illegal; you're arting as a wine merchant without a licence."

"That's a mere technicality."

"Oh no it isn't. We supply wine at trade terms to the family and a few shareholders on the understanding that they'll be drinking it themselves. We don't expect them to make a profit on it."

"As long as Duke and Renton make their profit I don't see they've any cause to grumble."

"Maybe they haven't. Anyhow what went wrong?"

"Nothing, as far as I know. Everyone was delighted with the wines. Everyone was so pleased that another club to which I've just been elected made me their vintuer and asked me to get the aams wine that we had in ours. Which is why, you see, it's so important that that order should be met at once. My new club will be out of wine unless it is."

"But surely these clubs don't bank on being given wine, Don't the members pay for it?"

"But surely these clubs don't bank on being given wine, Don't the members agan their balls: they don't set their bills umpad."

Franklin flushed. For the first time he was a little disconcerted. This was the crucial point and they had book have well and the have rather shulled is had that had much experience in these thanks. I ought.

the crucial point and they both knew to the control of the control

dred and they part and they are some outstanding bills and not all the wine was sold."
"Round about a hundred would you

"About that."

"About that."

There was a pause. "Does that sound a great deal?" Franklin asked. Guy shook his head.

He was thinking fast If he resisted the temptation to play the heavy brother, he might make a friend for life of Franklin; or at least might make himself for life the friend that Franklin needed.

Franklin had been so much a mother's son, had hever had a father in the way that he himself had. Everything depended upon the next two minutes. It was life, time anywow that he took coulton.

"I don't think a hundred's a great deal, I know what Oxford is. I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll take eare, as

the Americans say, of last summer's account We'll regard it as a loan. When you get a chance to pay me back. I won't say no but there's no burry. Then we can start this new term, and this new club on a clean sheet.

When you get a chance to pay me back. I won't say not but there's no hurry. Then we can start this new cure has the say the property of the say but we shall expect a substantial payment an account at Ornstanta. Now let's enjoy this pate It's quite good."

On the way back from hunch, he called in at his bankers and asked to see his ledger. When this new cheque had been me's, he would be dangerously near the red. He'd have to lie low for a little; wait for invitations, mested of listing them.

That evening he dined at No. 17, called a certaing the danger out she was looking itred burning the candle at both ends, he would be danger out say the say of the say the sa

right, does it?"

GUY laughed. "If you'd seen him today, you'd have been spared that worry. He leads a much healthier life than I do, now that I've stopped playing football. Golf over weekends lan't a fair equivalent. I'm putting on weight. I'll have to diet."

"Will you dear? Perhaps you should!"

"What about a cocktail?"

"What about a cocktail?"

"Anayery was back again. She had changed out of her dark tallor-made coat and skirt into a tubular sheath of maive-grey marcogin. Her tiredness had vanished with her city clothes; her lips were vividly red against the soft creamed whiteness of her cheeks.

She said down, stretched out her legs towards the fire, resting her feet upon a stool, her ankles crossed. The short low-wainted skirt barely reached her kness. Her legs were long and litthe. A lot of men must like her. What was she making of it all? The dornhandle turned again; his father, very venerable in a velvet smoking coat, and a high stiff colar, How white hair "Darling," his mother and, "Frank-lin's been up today. Guy lunched with him. He said he was looking very well."

It was a cosy family evening; of a kind that they had not had for quite a while. It was rare for them to be just the four together.

awhile. It was more for them to be just the four fogether.

That evening a play was being broadcast. The White Chateau. His parents the control of the contr

generation was in the war. Do you remember telling me the other day inat half of your contemporaries are dead of the contemporaries are someone in the generation that was too did to fight, a widower or someone who's tired of his wife."

"Why someone common?"

"There are more of them There's a biguer choice. The deficiency is more spread over. It's in our class the upper-middle and middle-middle classes that you find shrivelled spinsters. Bostdes the men I seem to meet, the unmarried ones—and I don't want to get mixed up with a married manant nearly all the attractive men are married—the unmarried care to self-conscious. I couldn't let myself go with them."

He laughed.

"That reminds me of something Murren said the other day." They still called Renee that. He had never told Margery who she was.

"Tell me what Murren said."

"This Englishmen and Englishwomen had lived on the same island so long, breathing the same air, that they'd lost their sense of strangeness for one another; that they'd become like brothers and saters; that strangeness was an essential ingredient in love; she said that we're only half-alive with one another."

"Isn't that rather what I was saying, that one needs strangeness, to move out of one's class or are group?"

"Or out of one's class or are gro

That's how I managed to slip away. I'm dummy, I must rush back now." "I'm seeing you tomorrow, aren't

"In seeing you controw, after "In The seeing you can be a seeing you can be a seeing that so on very late?"
"Till midnight, Then they'll go on to one or other of their cluba."
"That means we could dine out?"
"That means we could dine out?"
"That about you say,"
"What's on the menu?"
"Anything you say,"
"Tarling, I'll be generous; just cariare, and something from Fortman's you can put in an oven No, that's a nuisance, we would have to watch it. Let's have grouse instead; cold grouse and caviare; now, precious, I must rush."

A warm glow was about his heart

I must rush."

A warm glow was about his heart as he undressed Tomorrow he'd be seeing her again; after a whole week's interval. He drew a long slow breath into his lungs. How lucky he was; how lovely she made life for him.

Six weeks later Pleher was in Guy's room again, his features presenting the same grarded mixture of nervoumess and aggression.

"It thought you'd like to see this, Mr. Guy."

room again, his features presenting the ame grarded mixture of nervoutness and aggression.

"I thought you'd like to see this, Mr. Gny."

The letter was addressed from New College. Centhemen, I enclose on account a their part of the control of the college of the college of account a their part of the college of the core is a soon as possible. There followed on the control as possible. There followed on the part of the college of the core is a law of while a market of the college of the core is a soon as feet from the core of the college of of the colle

GUY RENTON

He was back at the flat by half-past one. A fire was burning and the room was warm. Beside a plate of chicken sandwiches a botale of meselle was cooling. But he was no more composed than he had been air hours earlier when the telephone had rung. A call at his bank had convinced him that he was in no position to defray his brothers's extravagance. Then Rex had rung. When could Guy lumch with him? The last thing he wanted was to have lunch with Rex. He never felt at ease with him these days, at one time Rex had been his hero.

Chy knew Rex wouldn't have called unless he had wanted something. And he would find it difficult to refuse. But there was no avoiding the invitation; he chose the following Manday. Then his father had wanted to discuss a point that had arigen in connection with the increased dirles upon points. A ticklish point; it could soarcely have been a fool to traits on Renee's seeing him hed be in no mood for her. She'd be warrying about her packing, about lists minute purchases for Paria. He'd been a fool to insist upon her coming.

She stood in the centre of the room pulled off her hat, tossed it on to the table, shook out her hair; she lifted the cover from the sandwiches, took one up, bit a mouthful; "This is very good," then turned and looked at him. "Paris is horribly for away," sie anid.

"Three days can be a long, long time," he answered.

Three days can be a long, long ne," he answered.

THERE were times when it took two hours, sometimes half an evening, before they could find their ways back to one another, before they fell close enough for him even to take her hand. There were others when their picked up the thresde of their last meeting as though they had not been south five mindes. He stepped "lide her, pilling his hands on her sides, above her waist drawing her towards him. She colled her arms about his neek, lifting bersel upon her towards him. She colled her arms about his neek, lifting bersel upon her towards him. She colled her arms about his neek, lifting bersel upon her towards him. She colled her arms about his neek, lifting bersel upon her towards him. She colled her arms about his neek, lifting bersel upon her towards him some wind her, as he kissed her.

"Well, what's this problem that you had for me?" she said.

"It's solved tiself."

"Oh, was it to do with us?"

He shoot his head. "Nothing at all, now I feel that anyone with the fabulous good fortune to have in his life anything as mirnetibous as yourself owes it to the world, to life in general, to be that much more generous."

"That's about the micst thing you've ever said to me," she said. She paused. "All the same," she added, 'I think you'd better tell me what it was."

She listened, thoughtfully. The issue seemed very simple now it was lold in a few words. She nodied as he hished. "What do you plan to do?"

"Set the twenty-five pounds deposit against his existing debt; settle the halance myself; then write an official letter to the clubs as from the firm, explaining that we must deal with them as a club, not as an individual, That'll save Franklin's face."

"That sounds very sensible I'd rather like to see your brother one day."

"You shouldn't you have a small party bere and ask mer, I's something Twe been thinking about for quite a while. I'd like to see your brother one day."

"You'd hour as all, your tamily, Lacy and Rex and Margery and Barbara. I'd know to much nore shout you if I could, I could share more with you.

to me. You must ask Roger too; that's the good thing about all this, we haven't sot to be secretive."

"Ha's never suspected anything?"

"Why should he? The kind of woman that he thinks I am could never do anything to arouse suspicion. He's never seen the woman that I am with you."

"Might he become jealous?"

"By nature he's extremely jeslous, but I don't think he'd be like that with me. She paused, reverting to her plan. The more I know about what you're doing when I'm not with you. that's the difference between us after all: you know what I'm doing every minute of the day, I don't know what you do."

"You can't surely imagine that anyone who's got you would be bothering about other women?"

She shook her head. The got that much vanity. It's simply that ... well, if we were married I'd want to know about your business, about your games, about your family. I'd want to be a part of everything you did.

"Darling, that's what marriage Is. And we can't get married. I want to get as hear to It as I can. After all," she paused, "It's been eighteen month. This lint's mere affair. Il's something that's for keepa."

That afternoon he sent off three letters, one to Franklin in his own handwriting, the others identical and dictated to the club secretaries. The dictated letters read: 'We were very plad to receive your order for wine and spirit, and the goods have been dispatched. We have oppend an account in your name and we will present our account each month. Please note that our terms are cash. It is preferable for us to deal with an organisation rather than an individual, and we hope this arrangement will be satisfactory to you."

To Franklin he wrote: I'm enclosing a copy of the letters that I have written to the tow clubs of which you are the vinture. I think you will see our point, We want to establish a connection with us, a new vintuer won't disturb an existing arrangement. It would probably be simplest to start this new basis on a clean sheet. We've set your cheque of £15 against the balance in our favor, have c

her the mother of three children Oh and is that Franklin? How good-look-

"He's much better looking now. You must meet at Christmas. He's clever too; Guy says that if he'd bothered over games, he'd have been better far than he was You said so, didn't you?"
"I said so,"

Rex lunched Guy at 'The Rag' He was in a reminiscent mood "You don't know how I've been spending the last half-hour No. of course you don't Fighting old fights again. Just ran into 'Smoky' Townsend, my Brigade Major on the Somme. You weren't there, were you on July the first No. I thought not. Heavens that was a day.

Thought not. Heavens that was a discontinuous with the continuous and co

He chattered away in a breaty friendly manner, just as he had in France when they had gone round the guns.

"You know," said Guy, "I often feel nostaign for the comradeship of war. In spite of everything, we didn't have too bad a time: apart from the actual fishting; and that was after all only two weeks in three months. There was snother thing too about it there, every-hody was your friend, anxious to help in any way he could; you were all in the same show together.

"It's different now with everybody's hand against everybody else, with everyone being told he's being exploited by the other man. In one way we were all happier then."

Hen's face lit up, "I'm glad you should say that I wanted to bring up that very point. I've been seeing some of my old tol lately one or two of my sentiar officers, some of my contemporaries, and a few younger men who declied that the Army wasn't offering much in peace-time. We aren't happy shout the country, ul this unemployment, and this discontent, there's a good deal of Boishevism; we've got to move with the time. We aren't happy shout the country ul this unemployment, and this discontent, there's a good deal of Boishevism; we've got to move with the time. We aren't happy shout the country the heart happy we've on that, I'm sure," "Of course."

"Then in that case you'd agree we must be on our guard."

"What exactly is your plan?" Guy saked.

"Exactly? Well, I don't want to be on precise My idea, our idea is to

must be on our guard."
"What exactly is your plan?" Guyasked.
"Exactly? Well, I don't want to be
too precise. My idea, our idea is to
form the equivalent of a training
cadre; you know what I mean by that,
when a regiment is ordered overseas,
you leave behind a skeleton organisation of senior officers, subalterin, and
N.C.Os round which the recruits can
form themselves.
"That's what we need now, politically. When the trouble comes, or
nother if the trouble comes, we want
a framework of men capable of runing the country, round which scattered
elements can group themselves."
"An ullitary coup d'elat, you mean?"
"Not allogelher; though there would
have to be a military ough and of course it's in the military sense that

I can help. But we want more than that We shall need to take over the organisation of every aspect of the national life, the Treasury, the factories, the whole administration so that the public as a whole work know that anything has happened. "The great thing is to be prepared That's how the Boisheviks got control in Russia. They were prepared when no other faction was That's why the Communist didn't get control of Raily Mussolini was prepared for them."

"I've heard about a British Union of Pascists. Are you anything to do with that?"

Rex shook his head. "We're in touch

Pascias. Are you saysing to do with that?" Rex shook his head. "We're in touch and if the situation developed in a certain way we might make use of them We should need, certainly, a striking force: but the idea of a private army is most un-English. The English don't like uniform. The Italians and the Germans do. We must keep behind the scenes, with no publicity, a wide intelligence service, and a well-trained staff. Readiness, that's the point."
"Who is financing it?"

staff. Readiness, that's the point,"
"Who is financing it?"
"There isn't any trouble on the score.
A number of big industrialiats have the sense to see which side their bread is buttered. They don't want to have their assets nationalised. They repard as as an insurance policy Actually with Income Tax at the height it is, it doesn't cost them much They enter their subscriptions under the heading of publicity. It makes sense, doean't it?"
"I suppose it does."

"I suppose it does."
"I'm glad that you feel that. I'd hoped you would. You could be very useful to us."

The flud that you seel that. To hoped you would. You could be very useful to us."

Guy hedged. 'I'm not sure that I'm the right man for that."

"Aren't you? I should have thought you were the very man. I'll tell you how were the very man. I'll tell you how we worked the thing. We got together. I won't tell you how many we are or who we are but you'd be surprised if you could see the names: and each of us was asked to enro! the four men whom he had come to trust most during the war."

"That sounds like a Communist cell."

Rex fished. "Not at all And anyhow one can always learn something from one's chemies. Each of us was to enro! four more But only if they could find exactly the right men."

"What do you mean by the right men."

"What do you mean by the right men."

"The kind of man who puts his country first: who experienced during the war the feeling you were speaking of, the pride of service, and the relief of knowing that he and the men be respected most were working for a lord of the ward. I was a particularly insistent that we was particularly insistent that we way to be a supported to me way you. You're the very man our movement to be national; democratic in the true sense of the word. And my dear fellow, the very first person who occurred to me way you. You're the very man our movement needs."

Guy flushed, he felt awkward and embarrassed, wondering how he could decline without offence. For this wann't his kind of thing; he liked things straightforward, showe-board. "I'm arisid—" he started. But Eex interrupted."

"I know what you are going to say. You had enough soldlering in France to last you for a lifetime. You needn't worry upon that score now: intelligence, that's where you come in You've so many contacts, with a firm like yours' agencies in every city linked with prewers, you could find out what people in the pubs were saying; arrange to have our men put fin key

positions, where they could influence opinion That's what I said at the last conference; the pub is the poor man's tub, set the right men running the pubs and the fight's half wan. See what I'm driving at?"

Guy saw too well. If he'd had my doubts earlier in the conversation, this would have settled it. This was the sind of thing that had been threatised, if Germany had won the war. The sorry, he said, 'but I'm the kind of person—well, when there's a war, I get into it as soon as possible, but when there's no war, I like to go on living my own life; I'm the same politically. I vote Conservative when there's an election, but I accept whatever government's in power. I wouldn't be happy in any organisation that would—well, this sounds rather a shally thing to say, but one that might try to overturn a government by any but constitutional means.

"Twen if that government by any but constitutional means."

That's what our class said in Russia; and it's just because our class cidn't say that in Italy, that Italy's safe now."

"I see your point, my dear fellow."

"I see your point, my dear fellow."

"I see your point, my dear fellow."

"And it's just because a man like you does feel that way, that I's so essential for our movement to be constituted. The day will come when you'll have need of us. I hope it wort, but I'm draft it will. You will be grateful to us their, and it's just because a man like you does feel that way, that I's so cosmital for our movement to be constituted. The day will come when you'll have need of us. I hope it wort, but I'm draft it will. You will be grateful to us their, and it's just because a man like you does feel that way, that I's so cosmital for our movement to be constituted. The day will come when you'll have need of us. I hope it wort, but I'm draft it will. You will be grateful to us their, and it's just because to a man like you does feel that way that I's so cosmital for our movement to be constituted. The day will come when you'll have need of us. I hope it wort, but I'm draft it

Early in the new year Guy fulfilled his aff right?"

Early in the new year Guy fulfilled his promise to Renes and invited her and Roses to a small cocktail party to meet Franklin. Margery and Barbara. Rex and Lincy happened to be in town. As Barbara insisted upon bringing Pamiela Duke, Guy to keep the numbers invited Jimmy Grant.

It was a successful party. Barbara gave Pamela a personally-conducted our of the flat, showing her the books, the pictures, the ornaments along the bookshelves; Rex was in an uncontentious mood. Pranklin made an obviously favorable impression upon Roger; Margery paired off with Jimmy. He had a long quiet talk with Renee.

In early days be had felf any of meeting her in public, he had found it aimost impossible to talk with her. That period was over now. They had several mutual friends, had indeed made a point of cultivating acquaintances that they could share. They were constantly meeting her in the house of these acquaintances. Their friend-and, approved by Roger, was an established fact quite offen a hontess would gay in reply to Renee's "We'd have loved to come but Roger has to attend a conference in Campridge," "Well, that alout that nice friend of yours, that they are not strend a conference in Campridge," "Well, that alout that nice friend of yours, that alout that he beside her at his party.

He felt no Nurseau has to eat beside her at his party.

"I'm so glad to have seen your family" she was saying now. "I'm going to make it so much easier for you to talk about them. I've alwaya felt a little worried, knowing so little

about your home. I felt myself abut

about your home. I felt myself abut out."

"Shut out, you, out of my life!"

"Shut out, you, out of my life!"

"Shut out, you, out of my life!"

"If you'd given me the aligntest hint."

"I didn't want to hurry things. I lenew the right time would come of its own accord. I'm taking a long view, a very long view of us."

"Yes, it was a successful party. Roger was impressed by Pranklib. "One of the most intelligent young men I've met in a long time, such matural charm. I prophessy a very brilliant career for him. I hope when he comes down that you'll bring him round to see us. Jammy asked Margery to dinner. Guy wak left with the two girls and Pranklib.
"Charming," was Franklin's comment upon Roger. "Wants to come to Oxford and meet the younger generation."

and meet the younger generation."

It was over two weeks before he again saw Margery.
"How's your walk-out' with Jimmy Grant?" he saked.
"It isn't."
"We had a pleasant enough evening But it's always the same with me and that kind of Englishman. We'd too much in common. The first time a man takes you cut he doesn't quite know what's in his mind. But no man vere asked a girl out inhels he was a bit attracted.

"If it's a foreigner who takes you cut he finds by the time you've reached the coffee that he's run out of small take and starts being gallant, but with an Englishman you've discovered so many mutual friends that you've comparing notes about Arthur this and Susan that and raily having such a good time doing it that the man forgets his ulterior motives; you don't get anywhere and he doesn't ring you up again."

"The English de manage sometimes you know to fall in love with one another. The race lan't dying out."

I know I'm exagerating, but actually that's what did happen with Jimmy Grant; there was a kind of flicker when we met, but we finished to go the particularly chattley about Betty Top better arrange another meet.

I'd better arrange another meet-

"To occur assessed."

Don't bother. I'm not uncherished."

It was said with a quick near-travilence. For a moment her mouth hardened. Then she smiled again. "I thought Murren charming by the way."

That made him start. "How did you guess?"

guess?"
"Darling, I'm not quits blind."
"Is it so obvious?"
"Only to me and because I know
you. There was just that difference
about you. It wasn't exactly that you
was a kind of sevenity about you. The
way if ought to be. I am so happy
for your sake."

That May, chaperoned by Margery, Barbara and Pameia went up to Oxford for Eights Week. They returned with impressive accounts of Pranklin's charm and hospitality, they planned to go up next year. Their plans did not mature. Franklin falled to pass 'history previous'; and the sollege authornies discontinued his residence.

There are times' the dean wrote, 'when it is coinsidered to be in the interests of the college to allow one of its members a second chance. This is not one of them.'

Franklin rescrived the news not only with equanimity but relief. 'The been stiting in chaserooms long enough. It's time I began an adult life. At my age,' he reminded Gius, 'you were a captain in the line in France, independent, your even was to master.

"From the firm's point of view," Franklin was continuing, "I feel that I'll be far more use to them having led the kind of life live led at Oxford than if I'd, spent two years with a sported oat." of life did you lead?" "What kind of life did you lead?" "A social one. I broadened myself. Met the most amusing people up there. Several of them will be rich one day. They are as likely as not to bring by their accounts. For all we know I may have started the firm off on an entirely new branch."

have started the firm off on an entirely new branch."

"I don't suppose you can expect our parents to see it in that light."

"Can't I. Why not? Anyhow Mother's delighted that I've come down. She thinks modern Oxford's a sink of vice. She's glad to have me under her eye. And as for Father, he's never really cared for me, you know; as long as I don't cause a crashing scaudal he won't worry."

Worry."

Pranklin took the whole matter so lightly that it was impossible for anybody else to take it seriously; he had so much self-confidence. It was impossible to believe that things would not turn out well for him in the end.

THAT autumn Pranklin entered the firm of Duke and Renton with a yearly salary of three hundred pounds on account of any busness he might introduce on commission. His mother furnished a bedsitting room at No. 17 where he could
see his friends and read quietly after
dinner if he preferred.

It was a harmy family autumn, in

sitting room at No. 17 where he count see his friends and read quietly after dinner if he nyelected.

It was a happy, family antumn, in which nothing very much appeared to happen; Barbara was "finishing" in Paria, Franklin getting the feel of London and of office if ife. Guy had fallen into a routine His golf was improving. He entertained the firm's more prosperous clients and exploited the advantage of an "expense account." His father, now nearing seventy, was ageing fast. At Christmas, though he retained his chairmanship, he retired from daily duties. Guy became mansaming director.

Retrement, was the start of a big change in Mr. Renion. He breakfasted now in bed, sitting propped among his pillows, pretending to read the new-papers, but actually working out the crossword puzzle. On warm days he strolled over the heath.

At home Guy noticed that his mother during the year that followed turned more and more to himself as the head of the family, recognising that her husband without actually losing interest in his children had come to feel that his own job in relation to them was finished; that there was nothing more that he could do Mrs. Renton, nearly twenty years his funior, knew, however, that there was all impor, knew however, that there was all impor, in the start of the star

deal to be done; and that Guy must do. it.

"These next years are all-important for Barbara and Franklin," she said.

"It's hard to know excelly what to do with Barbara. We all still about women having file vote about women's emancipation, about women being able to go into competition with men on equal terms; but in point of fact what is there for a girl like Barbara? She can become a secretary, or a model. But she inn't the kind of girl to take up a career like the law or medicine, in the way that a man would.

"Whatever they may say there still would be the say that a man would."

"Whatever they may say there still is a difference between men and women. When a man enters a profession he knows that he stands or falls by his success in it. His whole life is graded by-it. That ian't so with a woman. She has always at the back of her mind the thought that she will probably marry in the end.

Wammin Weekly - December 16, 1953
"I hope that she'll have the luck to meet early someone who's right for her like Luny did."
"Are you so very sure that Lucy did."
"Why of course: a man like Rex, with money, Look what a success it's been. Those delightful children."
Guy smiled. His mother viewed the success or failure of her children's marrisges in terms of grandchildren. "I only hope Franklin has the luck to find someone soon," she said.
But, Mother darling, he's not come of age.

But, Mother darling, he's not come of age."

"He may not have. But I see nothing against young marriages. They are as likely to turn out well as mature considered marriages, There's a lot to be said for marrying a first love. You've shared something that you can't share with anybody else. There's no equivalent bond between two people and Franklin needs a speadying influence. "It's dangerous for anybody to be as charming as he is. We can't pretend that he was a success at Fernhurt, he got into the wornt set at Oxford, and I'm not at all happy about the kind of people that he's meeting now."

"What kin of people is he meeting."

"The kind of people you read about.

meeting now."

"What kin of people is he meeting?"

The kind of people you read about in modern novels, the bright young people. Oh I'm sure they're all very smart and clever, but they're irresponsible. None of them do any work."

"Frankin's working very well with us. He's bringing in a number of new accounts?

"Is he's I'm glad to hear it, but those new accounts probably come from these very young people that I'm worried over. The best thing for Frankin would be to find some nice young girl who'd steady him."

"Is there may particular girl he goes mround with?"

She shook her head "I wish there was I'm not at all happy about the kind of girl that he is seeing."

"What, the cheap actrees type?"

"Not at all. I'd be much happier if it were, it would be much healthier, No, it's these girls with short-out hair, Eton crops don't you call them, who drink all the time and go to night clubs."

No, the these piris with short-cut hair, Eton crops don't you call them; who drink all the time and go to night chuls."

His mother rarely nowadays, Guy noted, talked to him of Margery, Shis was concerned exclusively with Barbara and Franklin, the young ones with their way to make. Margery had supparently been written off as a potential wife, as he had been as a husband. It seemed absurd to be deciding that Margery, who was only just twenty-two, would never marry. It was equally unreasonable on the surface to have dismissed as a prospective family man at thirty-two someone like himself whom nature had obviously destined for a home and children.

When he had looked absurd in the first years after his return from France, wondering what he would be like at fifty, he had always seen himself against the background of a home; roing down to Fernhurst with a son, sitting in Big School on priceiving, watching his son walk out from the pavillon in the blue and gold cap of the Eleven, He could not even now believe that that would never happen, and yet he could not langine himself apart from Reine.

Early in the following spring Margery raug him through at his office to ask what evening it would be convenient for her to take a cocktail with him. He arranged to keep the rest of the evening free in case she should feel like dining with him, It was cold and he stoked up the fire. He also had a bottle of champasme cooling, Margery gave a sigh of pleasance as she came in. "Oh, how cosy this all looks."

Nemen's Westly—December 16, 1933

It makes it all the easier for me to any what I have to I want a fiat of my own, and I want you to back me up. I can't so on trailing out to High-gate I need independence.

There's one other thing I want to tak about," she said, "You can say no right away, and I shan't be of-ended Are you perfectly satisfied with the way your advertising's handled?"

"As a matter of fact I'm not."

"T wondered if you were Some of it looks anteilluvian to me. In that case, I'll say my piece. There's an opening for me in a firm that's beginning to expand. If I could bring your account, they'd take me in for certain. Will you see one of their men and let him put up his proposition?"

"It can't do any harm."

"Good. Til send him round."

He asked her if she was free for dinner. She shook her head, "I wish I could. I'm hours late already: the poor man will be furious."

She was dining, she told him, at the Hambone Cith. His car was expanded.

She was dining, she told him, at the Hambone Club. His car was garaged, so he took a taxi. He dropped her at Ham Yard, then told the driver to turn back up Piccadilly, there was a traf-fic block and he tapped the window. "All right," he said, "you can let me over."

out."
It was a cold dry night: moonless, but starlit. He stood for a moment at the top of St. James Street looking to his right, past the lighted shop-windows; the Sandeman's Port sign; the dazzle of the Circus: Fornum's gilded clock.

the disizle of the Circus; Fornum's gilded clock.

He turned to the left, On one side lay the dark stretches of the park, the dark stretches of the park, the construction of the park of the lay the dark stretches of the park, and the lay the lay the layer of the la

rarely used and a number of chairs that served as a repository for hats and cloaks.

The atting-room, the original kitchen, was arranged in a series of alcoves with settees; its walls were decorated with stuffed fish and birds: a large dresser decorated with a Spode dinner service faced an open range at which you watched your dinner being coaked. Its dinling-room contained only two tables; the larger one seated ten and conversation there was general. The other table seated two and was rarely used. The club was catholic in its membership; it drew upon the Brigade of Guards, and the junior ranks of the Conservative party, but it also envolled athletes, musicians, barristers. It stayed open late and could be very lively when the House was sitting and junior cubinet ministers came in after a debate for a late supper, with the talk informal and informed.

Guy never knew whom he might meet theirs. On this occasion and very much to his surprise he found Roger String by limsel, beside a glass discretely reading the strength of the surprise he found toger was a minister. I presume that you haven thock, "I presume that you haven the deliver that the other was a manufacture of the surprise has you haven the deliver of the surprise has you haven the surprise has you haven the surprise has you haven the surprise he found to suggest that we should share a bottle." It was tradition in Bolton's that you

GUY RENTON

drank beer with your supper and vintage port with your coffee.

Guy ordered himself a double whisky. His nerves were jumpy. He was not only surprised but upset at finding Roger here. Why hadn't Renee told him that Roger was dining out? He had been home since six o'clock. Was anything wrong? He could not ask straight out; he had to be devious.

"Did you and Renee enjoy that party of the Arnstrongs? I found it rather dull," he said.

"I am afraid you must be getting blase; why not indeed? a gay bachelor like yourself; particularly now that you are out of training. Hence and myself with our simpler standards found it not unamusing."

"I rather thought Renee looked a little tired."

"You did? I had not noticed. Only this morning she was remarking on how very well she felt."

She could not be III in that case. Was something the matter with the

this morning she was remarking on how very well she felt."

She could not be ill in that case. Was something the matter with the boy? The nurse's evening off. Renee sitting in the nursery while Roger went to his club.

"It's a while since I've seen that boy of yours," he said "Does he snow any signs of being mathematical?"

"At the moment he seems destined for the ring rather than the dais. An exceedingly tough young man."

So that wasn't the explanation either. What on earth could she be doing? She had talked to him that morning on the telephone. Why hadn't she mentioned that ahe would be free that evening? He felt anxious, worried, tussed. He gulped his whisky.

The steward came up to warn them that their soup was ready.

The steward rame up to warn them that their soup was ready.

The steward rame up to warn them that their soup was ready.

The steward came up to warn them that she would be free that the soup was ready.

The steward came up to warn them that their soup was ready.

The steward came up to warn them that their soup was ready.

"The steward came up to warn them that their soup was ready."

The steward came up to warn them that their soup was ready.

"The same the mediating a villa of the south of France."

The work of the response that the source for substanting is turning Juan les Pins in the search. Couldn't we line you for its harvest?"

"The an idea." a week beather the harvest?"
"It's an idea."

Anceptance Sound enthusiastic, but dark thoughts were chasing through his brain. What was Renee doing? Surely Roger would not be dining here unless she had some date.

Roger went out to formal dinners, giving Renee warning in advance, but ine would only come to a casual place like Bolton's if Renee had said! "Darling, could you amuse yourself alone tonight, there's something special that I want to do."

What could be special? She had no parent over here; no relative as far as he knew. If there was a friend who wanted her advice, why hadn't she mentioned it that morning?

"Fashions in places aways follow the

wanted her active, why man't amendment it hat morning?

"Fashions in places aways follow the same course," Boger was continuing.
"In the first place they are discovered by Bohemians, by painters and by writers who want a place out of the way, somewhere unspoil that's picturesque and cheap. They find one, then they paint it and set novels there. Society starts to patronise it because it's heard it's quaint. Soon it's the mode Then it becomes expensive, the Bohemians can't afford it any longer, they move on somewhere else. That's what'll happen to the Riviera now."

Our nodded in agreement, and did his best to keep the talk light and easy; but his thoughts were tangled. What other reason but one could Renee have for not wanting him to

know that she had a date that even-ing? It was five days since they had met. Those five days, two of them a weekend, had passed for him with the hurry of eventlessness. For him noth-ing had happend. But what a lot could happen in five days. Had not four days framed that whole Muren episode? In what spirit had she some to Muren? Had there been someone already in her life when she left Lou-don?

to Murren? Had there been someone alondy in her life when she left Loudowship was the only man in her life since her marriage, But ask had here actually said so. How was the to know? How quickly it fad all come about at Murren. There had been no resistance, and long campaign. She had sat at her dressing-table, waiting. So, you have come then," she had said.

The steward was leading forward at his side with an inquiry, "Yes, I'll have a port, a large one."

"Could you recognise this for what is?" saked Roger.

Guy lifted the glass, inhaled its lavy, sipped it, rolled it round his tongue. "It's got me fooled," he said. The talk turned to wine. For Guy it was like the playing of a record. He could hear himself taiking, without needing to follow what he said. He was reliving that last time he had seen Rence.

Roger was at a Masonic Banquet. Renee had called for him shortly after six. He had bought a far of cavare at Fortnum's Instead of drinking cocknists, the had satover the fire sipping a light, cool Chablis. He could not remember anything particular that they had said. It had been an intimate casual drifting from one subject to another. They had gone out to dinner early, Renee had suggested the Cafe Royal.

Over oysters Renee said, "Franklin dined with us by the way the other night."

"He did?"

"Roger was very struck with him.

night."
"He did?"

"Roger wight him for a superious."

"Roger was very struck with him. He thinks he can do something for him, though I don't quite know what."

Intimate, casual chatter, and then just when they were initialing their dinner, she had caught across the room the eye of an acquaintance.

"Darling do you mind terribiy. I must sak him over, He's a friend of Roger's He'd be hurt if I didn't. Besides, it might look suspicious."

The accuminance had been joined.

Roger's He'd be hurt if I din't. Besides, it might look suspicious."

The acquaintance had been joined
by another acquaintance; then a
couple. Soon it became a party, with
a pile of chicken sandwiches upon the
table. They had planned to go back to
his flat early, and had niled up the
fire in expectation, but it was close
on midnight before the group dispersed.

"It's late" she said. "Do you mind
very much if I go straight back, I'm
rader they should be on such easy terms,
that they should be on such easy terms,
that they could have such confidence
in each other that she could ask hus
they should be on such easy terms,
that was how it had struck him
then; but how did he know that she
had not specially chosen the Cafe
Royal because she had visualised the
possibility of an acquantance interrupting them, of a party forming at
their table, so that she should have
an excuse for saying she felt fired.
Was she already bored with him,
feeling the need for change? Was biscry repeating itself; had there been
during these last five days some
quivalent for Murren? Had she on
the evening before she came out to
Switzerland dined with some man who
had counted the days to her return
in the happy coinfidence that he could
pick up the threads where he had
dropped them?

"How do you find your 1915 Bur-gundles?" Roger was inquiring "They should be at their peak But Pm not at all sure that they are not a little passe."

should be at their peak. But I'm not at all sure that they are not a little passe."

The use of the word 'passe' and the ultra-French way that he pronounced it sent a shiver of britation along Guy's nerves. That precise dilettants voice. If only he had had a real man to deal with there would have been a show-down long ago; a real man would not have stood for a wife living across a passage.

He'd thought himself lucky at the start that Koger was that kind of man; demanding nothing of a wife once she had produced a son for him, beyond her presence at his table as a hostess, her watchfulness as a mother for his am. Guy had felt that he was getting all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of marriage; the intimate security of acknowledged love with none of its attendant responsibilities, with none of the donestic routine that dulls the fine edge of loving. He had thought he was getting it both ways; he wasn't, you never could.

"By the way," Roger was saying, "your brother, Franklin, dined with us the other hight"

"It don't suppose he's had a chance It was only a few days ago, a last minute invitation. I was so glad that he could mannes it he has such charm and such intelligence.

For the last half-hour he had been wanting to ask Roger that but hadn't been able to since he had learnt from Renee of the party. He could, of course, have learnt from Pranklin; but he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention it to Franklin; he had not wanted to mention

Renee.
"In what way did you find Prank-in intelligent?" he asked. He would like to be invisible to see what Prank-in was like in a neutral atmosphere, away from relatives. He wondered how Franklin struck people, how Franklin behaved. "Did be talk a lot, was he a raconteur," did he make witty inter-lections?"

behaved. 'Did be talk a lot, was he a raconistry; did he make witty interjections?" Roger shook his head.

'It's hard to say. I think he gives an effect of being intelligent largely by the way he listens to a conversation." How like Franklin, to give the impression of being intelligent without proving it, without making an attempt to prove it.

Usually when he went to Bolton's Guy would sit for half an hour of so at one of the alcoved bables over a final tankard, joining one of the groups if there was anyone he knew; but tonight he felt resiless, in no mood for general talk.

"Why not stay here a little and I'ld drive you back." Suggested Roger.

He shook his head. "It's nice of you but I need a walk and I don't want to be back too late." It was towenty past ten when he got back. The fire was out; the room looked very dismal with its dirty glasses: the saintray littered with red-tipped cigarettes, a crumbled savory upon a plate. He knew that he was being silly, that there might be the simplest explanation for Rehee's silence, but his nerves were langled. He'd better run himself a bath, that might make him selepy.

As the water splashed into the bath,

As the water splashed into the bath, the telephone began to ring. His heart lifted. Only one person would ring so

late.

"Darling." she said. "Twe had the oddest feeling all the evening. Twe felt you were unhappy. I started getting it at half-past eight, the exact moment

when he had come into Bolton's to find Roger there. "Such an odd feeling and it grew stronger. I tried to ring you at your flat; there was no answer. I tried your parents' house and I tried the Wanderera. I was getting desperate."

"I was at Bolton's."

"So I've just learnt. I ought to have remembered that but I'd forgotten you were a member."

Her voice had taken on a fond and railing note.

railing note.
"But where have you been all the

evening?"
"Tve been at home."
"Then, darling, why—?" She cut nim short.

nim short.

"You wouldn't have understood. It's one of those feminine things: I like to be alone occasionally by myself; have food sent up to me on a tray, att on the floor, spread all my letters out, decide which ones I'll answer; do some aswing: myself to myself. I need an evening like that, every now and then.

"But the moment Roger came in and told me that he'd met you I knew why I had been worrying. If it's any consolation to you, I can assure you that you spoilt my evening. Till have to have another to make up next

They laughed together: a laugh that told him how little need there was for him to attempt suy explanation. She knew what he had felt: there was that strangs elepathy. She must love me, he thought, if she's so aware of me,

he thought, if she's so aware of me. There was a pause: the kind of pause that came in their closest moments when they were side by side smoking a cigarette unuterably at one. As always it was she who broke the pause. "It's far too long."

"He had a long-standing business engagement but he did not hesitate...

RANKLY, Guy had expected that Margery's plan to take a flat would be met with parental opposition. It wasn't, Mrs. Renton on the contrary welcomed the move.

So Margery took a flat off the Fulham Road, within three minutes' walk
of a 14 bus-stop, the bus that passed
within a minute of his flat and it was
easy for her to drop in on him on her
way back from work. The advertising
proposition put by her new friends had
been approved; she had Joined their
firm and when they had any work to
discuss they found it pleasanter to sit
in a flat thinn in an office.

Sometimes they would dine together
afterwards. He enjoyed those dunners,
the had never seen her looking, he
would not say prettier, but more wird,
Her eyes were brighter, her haly had
a gloss, her cheeks a new transparency. You must be in love, he said.
One morning she asked if she could

a gloss, her cheeks a new transparency: "You must be in Jove." he said.

One morning she asked if she could bring round a friend.

"A male?"

"A male."

"

War had broken up that pattern for him. Drummond had jumped, on demobilisation, at the offer from a senior officer of a post as funior sales director. The post had folded up in the first post-war slump of 1920, but by then he had made other contacts; filling various employments on a commission basis, he was now allowed in lieu of salary to occupy a room and use a telephone in a Kingsway office. He shared a flat in Kensington with two other men.

He shared a flat in Kensington with two other men.

He had moved from job to job but there had been no time when he could not order a new suit. He always had enough loose change to stand a round of drinks or lunch a girl. But all the same he was living on a shoestring.

They made a good team, he and Margery, inviting each other's opinions, without deferring to them, meeting upon equal terms. They genuinely seemed, apart from everything else, to like each other—and from the way that every now and sgaln they looked at one another there seemed to be a good deal else.

Next morning Margery called Guy up. "Like to give me lunch?" she asked.

up. asked.

up. "Like to give me lunch?" she asked.
They lunched at the Isola Bela.
"I like your friend," Guy said.
She flushed. "I'm giad you did, I hoped you would."
"He seems to have none of those disabilities that you were complaining about in your other beaux."
"He's my best bet so far."
"Am I to take that to mean...?"
He paused, his eyebrows raised to-terrogatively. She shrugged.
"I don't know. I really don't. I'm afraid of marriage. So much is attached to it; it's all so public. If, your first season out, you fall for someone eligible, well, that's fine.
"But if you miss it then, as I did.

eligible, well, that's fine.

"But if you miss it then as I did if you've been around, you've seen so many marriages go wrong; you've been in love yourself and fallen out; you don't think of love any longer as a miracle that'll go on for ever; and as for marriage itself, for its own sake, one can get along nowadays so very well without it: anyhow when one is young.

well without it: anyhow when one is young.

"Flats of one's own, no chaperons, no one minding what one does unless one makes an exhibition of obeself; and if it all breaks up, why no one's interest one of the control of the control

"You'd be surprised. Franklin gets around."
"Nothing about Franklin would surprise me.
They had their party; but thanks to Franklin it was very different from the one that he had had in mind.
A week later Franklin came into his office with a ritumphant grin across hidde 1, that I was going to fool you all by making a highly suitable library of the control of the c

"Who to?"
"Pamela."
"What Pamela?"
"Pamela Duke of course."
"Pamela Duke? But she's only Barbara's age." .
"And that's eighteen."

"Bit you?"
"I'm twenty-two. Four Years difference. The right amount. I always elference. The right amount. I always elference between our parents. The suspices could not be better. Belleve it or not she's crasy over me."
"And how do you feel about her?"
"The third of person who responds to what other people feel about him. I like people who like me. If a pretty girl is crasy over me. I'v almost automatic for me to be crasy over her."
"The leaving that chore to our mother. She'll be ecstatic over it."
Guy did not need telling that.
There was a board meeting on the

mother. She'll be ecstatic over it."

Guy did not need telling that.

There was a board meeting on the following day. Early in the morning Mr. Renton rang through to ask if Guy could lunch with him. They net at the Travellers.

"Your mother's delighted I need hardly say. And really, my dear boy. I've got to a point where I'm delighted at snything that makes her happy. I'll be steadying too for Franklin. his status as a married man. Up to now he's always been in the second place; he's

alterwarus, dear boy, I'm very bau at this kind of thing, Stay by and backing up."

But there was no need for any backing up. That was obvious from the expression on Mr. Duke's face as hearned into the board-room. It was not exactly a smiter for there was mischief in it. Self-satisfaction mingled with a find of impulsed Duke's eye: the look of a man who had asmething up his deeve. When the meeting finally broke up and ten was prought, be purposely delived the departure of the other directors, as though he were trying to keep his old colleagues upon tenterhooks.

When at last they were alone, his smirk became a grin, "Wouldn't the best thing be to have that young rascal up here right away," he said, "so that we can ask him what he means by it?"

If he had expected his future son-

cat up here right away, he said, "so that we can ask him what he means by H?"

If he had expected his future son-in-law to be embarrassed he was disappointed. Franklin checked when he came into the room and saw the three of them alone. He had not expected this kind of interview, but he was equal to it He smiled, his disarming smile.

"If this were a magazine story, this is the point where the hero is offered a junior partnership." he said, "As before, when they had lunched at the RAC, Guy had the sense of Franklin being in control of the situation. He was putting them at their ease, not they putting him.

A week later in honor of the engagement there was a family dinner at No. 17. Guy drove out Margery. "I'm happy about it," she said, "as far as I can be happy about any marringe."

as I can be happy about any murriage."
"You say these distillusioned things but you don't sound bitter."
"Me, bitter? Why should I be bitter?
The leading the rich full life." Indeed he had never seen her looking happier.

There was a glow of bealth, a fulfilled look, about her "Young Plangia's got a job," she said. "But maybe she'll never realise what a job it is Franklin is kind, you know, a useful characteristic in a husband."

never realise what a job it is Franklin kind, you know, a useful characteristic in a husband."

They arrived to find champagne cocktalls being served. It was the first time that Guy had seen Pamela for a year. He would not have recognised her if he had met her in the street.

With her had reat short in an Eton crop and wearing a straight tubular limit. Irook, with the fraight less the sathooked with her long silm less the sathooked a wind-blown shingle, and was wearing a widespread pannier akirt and a tight-fitting bodice.

But no one could have been more feminine than Pamela. She had been given her ensagement ring that morning. A simple hoop of diamonds and rubles, had the time she held her had upon her her see so that she could lake surreptitious glances as it.

Guy felt a sudden qualm as he closed at Pumela. She was so very young. Pranklin was so cerratic: he alone in that room thew how creatic. Was it fair to Pamela? He shrusped. Franklin was kind, as Margery had said; and maybe that was more important in a husband than rigid rectitude, woman needed to be needed; maybe those wives were happier who had problem husbands; they felt left out of the husbands who run their lives by the husband who had the mand

Sein Dom had Guy seen Franklin in ligher spirits. He was smiling, gracious, not over-exuberant, but clearly delighted with himself. He was even being affaile to Bex; asking questions, listening to the anawers as bhough he actually set sorie by them. Guy overheard a section of their conversation. Bex was discussing the New York stock market collapse. "It's far more serious than anyone over here realizes," he was saying. "We haven't felt it yet. In a sense we started it but we're well cushioned in a way that in America they arent. They rise higher and fall faster. "They've had a number of bad slumps

"They've had a number of bad simma in their time, but the one they're leading for is without precedent, because the boom it's following was the most fantastic that even America has ever known. It'll have had repercussions here."

here."
"Why do you say that? Why more than any other time?" aked Franklin.
"Because European finance is dependent upon America in a way that it never was betore. In the Edwardian era we were the bankers of the world, but now with war debts, reparation plans, and what not, the centre has moved to Wall Street.
"If American economy wobbles European economy may collapse. Think how the Communists will exploit it. It bears out all they've said, the Marxist theory of the mounting spiral of alternating booms and alumps that ultimately lead to war."
Cuy turned ande. Poor Lucy. Some-

Guy turned saids. Poor Lucy. Something happened to military men when they retired; they were lost without the discipline of regimental life. Hed rather have a daughter of his marry Pranklin.

At dinner Franklin sat between Pamela and Mrs. Duke. He was very attentive to his future mother-in-law, addressing the greater part of his con-versation to her, but Guy noticed that

whenever he was turned to her, he ate with his left hand while Pamela ate with his left hand while Pamela ate with his left hand while Pamela at with her right.

As the champagne glasses were filled, Mr. Duke stood up. 'I don't now whether it is proper for me at an about to lose a gaughter I have the right to say how happy I am to be not really losing her; that she is to remain part of this cut larger family.

'In more than one way this is a mique occasion. For over a century and a half the house of Duke and Renton has contributed to the convicality of maskind. How many entry and a half the house of Duke and Renton has contributed to the convicality of maskind. How many engagements weddings, christening, hirindnys, have not been toasted in our wines, but this I must remind you is the very first time that a wine of ours has been raised to more the union of a Duke and a Renton.

"There used to be an English idea that one's home life and one's bosiness were separate, that one did not talk shop at home. And so the Dukes and the Rentons all through the Victorian and the Edwardian eras met in Soho Square and through the Victorian and the Edwardian eras met in Soho square sand then at six oflock scattered to their separate homea. It was a practice that does not seem to have had any unfortunate repertousions on the conduct of the business.

"But it was a practice that has, I am very sure, no place in this day and age, And I am more happy than I can say that his, shall we say, stoffy and anterdilusish tradition should have been to the limeight, But there was no air of self-conaclusiness or over-self-satisfaction in his manner as he turned to Pamela.

"I don't think we'll make a speech Do you?" he said, "Shall we just stand on and thank them?" It was easily and and dhand thank them?" It was easily and and thank them?" It was easily and

ourned to Pamela.

"I don't think we'll make a speech Do you?" he said. "Shall we just stand up and thank them?" It was easily and smoothly done. They rose together, hand in hand smiled and est down. Yes, Guy thought, the auspices were very fair.

The party went on late. Everyone was hanny about.

Act, Cary thought, the suspices were very analy went on late. Everyone was happy about the engagement Barbara was exuberant She regarded the whole business as something she had herself originated. "It all began that evening I brought round Panela to your fiat," she said.

It was one of the very happiest evenings Guy could recall. His memory was often to return to it in the years ahead.

On the way back he said to Margery. "Why don't we make an engagement party of that evening of ours with Michael Drummond?"

"Why not? Michael's running a new bottle-party chib. We could go on there afterwards."

At the end of the week Guy rang up the Burtons, Roser answered him. "Tru having a celebration party. I want it to be on a day you both can come."

"We'd love to, what are you celebrating!"

"Tranklin's engagement."

brating?
"Franklin's engagement."
"His what?"
"His warrying Pamela Duke; the daughter of our chief partner."
"Franklin engaged? He never told me."

me."
"He didn't tell any of us. It was a

"He didn't tell any of us. If was a complete surprise."

I should say it was."
Reger sounded estonished. "It's the best thing for him purticularly for anybody so attractive. I shall be most interested to meet the lady."

But you have met her."

"When?"
"At a cockfall purty of mine, einheen months any.

"Did I? How very stupid of me, I can't remember."

It was like Roger to have forgotten meeting a pretty girl.
On the night of the party Roger bought Franklin a volume of Rimbaud's poems bound in dark green morocco lined with watered sik. To Pamela he handed a long thin packet. "Shall I tell you what I said when I heard of your engagement?—that Franklin's taste in his choice of a bride is as exquisite as his appreciation of the best in pictures. I hope that you will find eccasion for the use of this."

This was an eighteenth-century French fan; tortoiseshell and enamel, figured in the style of Fragonard, an enchanting object.

Roger was indeed at his most gracious. At dinner placed next to Pamela, he put himself out to charm her; asking her about her plans, her tastes, her preferences; not in a patronising manner but as though he were sincerely interested.

It was orobably the first time that

were shoerely interested.

It was probably the first time that anyone of such consequence had taken the trouble to talk to Pamela with such attention. It would send up Franklin's stock with her. No, he was not surprised that Renee as a young girl with her American training, her half-European background, and with her ignorance of England and the English, should have been dazzied by Roger Burton.

ance of England and the English, abould have been dexzled by Roger Burton.

There were eight in the party. It was the first time Barbara had been to a hight club.

It was the first time that she had broken the law, and she was fascinated by the whole procedure; the form that Guy signed at the door stating that he had been invited by Major McEvoy to a bottle party and that he was contributing at to its expenses; by the order form that he filled up at the table, instructing a wine merchant, Messey. Prisby and Dunkin, to deliver to him at the Flamingo Club two bottless of champagne and one of whicky.

which we will be a seried to be a seried to be a special licence to serve drinks up to half-past twelve; you an occasional extension night you could only serve them with a meal; on an occasional extension night you could such you could stay open till 2 am.

But such extensions were granted only to reputable hotels and restarants.

If you had such a licence you were

layrants.

If you had such a licence you were liable to supervision, you had to keep the law. there was nothing however to prevent a private person from interpretating his friends to a bottle party at his nouse.

viting his friends to a bottle party at his house.

"The assumption is that this Major McEvoy has asked us to his party and that instead of bringing a bottle with us, we have asked our wine merchant to deliver our contribution here, which is what we probably would do at a bottle party. Actually of course they keep a stock of bottles in the cellar and serve them to meet individual orders."

bottle party Artham of course they keep a stock of bottles in the cellar and serve them to meet individual orders."

"But there is a real firm of wine merchants called what-was-their-name?—Frisby and Dunkin."

"I imagine there is but I've never heard of them."

"If you by a bottle of whisky and don't finish it what happens then?"

"The assumption is that you keep it here in a locker until the next time you come. You can take it away with you if you like. Usually there's only a little left and the waiter swipes it."

"I see." She looked round her with eager eyes. "It isn't quite what I expected."

"You thought there would be bright lights and candelabra and glass mirrors."

"It's amalier, darker."

"It's amalier, darker."

"It's a nice place. It's only that ...."

"Only that you've seen too many

films. Night clubs in a film are twice the size of the Savoy."

He looked round him. It was the first time he had been here, but it was sollke an many other places; the Quadrant, Chez Victor, Rector's, Murray's, the Silver Slipper, that within three weeks he would have forgotten where its particular difference from those others lay.

It was nice enough; a small oval about dancing floor, banquette tables round the wall: shaded lights, muted music, alternating blues and foxtrots; distant favorites like 'Oh, you Limehouse Kid' spaced between "Let's Do It' and 'All the King's Hornes." At a round table in a corner were the hostesses; five of them, each a different type; two of them slightly plump, one plathnum blonde, one Andalustan with very white shoulders, jet-bluck hair, eyelashes and eyebrows thick with muscara; there was a boytin red-head with short cropped hair; there was a minute brunette, all bones and knees and elbows like a resiless monkey; there was one tall an willowy.

BARBARA looked away from the group of hostesses to the dance floor where Pamela and Franklin were executing a tango with languid grace. They moved with the harmony of a dance team.

"They look so right together," said Barbara.

The same thought had occurred to Margery, "I wish I'd met Michael Drummond when I was that age," she said.

"Tou're not so very ancient now." Guy said.

"I duressy, but one gets wary after one's been hurt. Let's dance or I'll be getting morbid."

On his return to the table he sat next to Rence. Her glass was empty and he refulled it. "I notice that you're drinking whisky," she remarked. "Institutation whisky," she remarked. "Institutation which is rather good."

"This one of ours. I wonder how the work of the bottle from the bucket and glanced at the labe. "It should be, it's one of ours. I wonder how the work shouldn't they? You keep open don't know but it's a new shipper that we're introducing. The trade is still at the producing the still at the producing the still at the producing the produce the still at the producing the producing the producing the still at the producing the producing

"Why shouldn't they." You keep that doors."
"I know but it's a new shipper that we're introducing. The trade is still a little casey. May I sip?"
"Of course". He raised her glass, smiffed, inhaled the bouquet. "Yes, it is rather good. I wonder if Pranklin's noticed it. He looked down the table to call his attention to it but Franklin was very occupied with his fiancee. "Let's dance, he said.

into to it but Franklin was very occupied with his fiance. "Let's dance." he said.

It was now well after midnight and the club was filling up. By the type of person who was coming in he could gauge the kind of place it was. "A night club is an afterthought." he explained to Barbara. "The main party of the evening has broken up. but you aren't yet in a mood for bed. That's why you don't order drinks to be sent to a bottle party in advance. You can't tell if you'll feel in the mood. That's why a bottle party is always an evasion of the law."

The fact that the club was already three-quarters full was an indication that it was not fashionable. Fashionable people would not get the after-thought of a night club till two o'clock when a private dance was ending, or the extension night at one of the big restaurants had chood. It was mostly men who were coming here, from Old Boys' and Masonic dinners.

mostly men who were coming here, from Old Boys' and Masonic dinners, interspersed with an occasional theatre

party who had already dined and did not want to stay out late. Most of the men were middle-aged.
"It's their one night out a month," Guy said. "They want to make the most of it. It's the job of the girs to zee that they keep ordering wine till the place closes."

"But don't the girls go off with the men?"

place closes."

"But don't the girls go off with the men?"

He shook his head.

"Not very often. They tell the men they can't leave till the place is closed, that they're under contract to the management. By the time the place does close, the men are half asleep and glad to be packed off to their wives. That kind of man is very easy game for them. The kind that's coming in here now, well that's another matter."

The two men to whom he had called her attention were youngish, under thirty. They were tall, athletic-looking, miscular: they were wearing dinner tackets. They had probably done a theatre, had supper somewher quiet, possibly in Sono, and had felt the need for gatety. They stood in the doorway, looking round them in search of an empty table. The tailer of them caught Guy's eye, stared at him, then turned, souched his companion's arm; there was a moment's consultation, then they cause across together. The shorter one looked familiar, but it was the tailer who heid out his hand. "Guy Renton, isn't it?"

"That's right wou wouldn't have forgotten. Though it's easier for me to remember you. I never forgot the way you brought me down that time at the Old Athlette ground. You remember Tucker, don't you.—Rosslyn "why, yes. Why not sit down and have a drink?" he said

you brought me down that time at the Oid Athletic ground. You remember Tucker, don't you—Rossiyn Park?"

"Why, yes. Why not at down and have a drink?" he said.

"No, no, you're a party. We'd be butting in."

"Not at all. These girls will be grateful for a change of partner. What'll you drink, champagne or whitsky?"

"Champagne for me. What about you, Tucker?"

"Champagne for me. What about you, Tucker?"

"Mine's whisky." The glauses were filled and raised. Tucker asked Margery to dance. Masterman was full of reminiscences. He had watched every international at Twickenham in which Guy had played. "Do you remember that first minute try of Lee Price's?"

"That was my last international."

"Was it? Why so it was. What happened? Why did you drop out?"

The two men enthusiastically talked football, then Guy lifted the bottle to replenish Masterman's glaus. There was only enough wine to quart. Theirs was only enough wine to quart. There was only enough wine to quart. The symples we butted in. Look at all the whisky my stablemate's consuming. Twe had so many grand hours watching you from the touch-line. I'd be honored to think I'd stood a drink to G. S. Renton."

Masterman' was insistent and Guy gave way.

"It's oun's a question of signing an

G. S. Remout.
Masterman was insistent and Guy
gave way.
"It's only a question of signing an
order, I suppose?"
Guy noded, "That's how I got mine."
The form was signed: within two
minutes a bottle that was already cold
was in the ice pail.
Tucker, who had surrendered Margery to Drummond, was eyeing the
dance hostesses.
"I like the red-head." It was the
first remark that Guy had heard him
make. He had an unusual accent.
"Terrible fellow this," said Masterman, "Wouldn't think so, would you, by
the look of him, I don't know why I

bother to go out with him. Spend half my time sitting at a table by myself while he's campaigning. All right, off you go."

off you go."

Tucker rose, monohed over to his red-head. "Time I was giving some of this champagne a work out," said Masterman. He turned to Harbara: "Spot of the light fantastic, what?"

Masterman. He turned to Bairbara. "Spot of the light fantasite, what?"
Rebee and Roger were also on the floor. Guy was left alone. He glanced as the dance hostessee. Tucker was left my scross their table, talking to a seek. After a more table, talking to the seek. The seek of the seek. After a more table, the seek. After the see

evening:

A hand fell upon Guy's shoulder.

You can't be left alone at your own party. Margery was asping. He was at the table's foot. Drummond and she sat beside him on the banquette. They were helding hands. There was a soft look in Margery's eyes.

Bhe looked towards the dance floor. She was watching Pamela and Frank-lin. "They look so young and fresh and hopeful. I really ought to follow their example and make an honest man of Michael."

"I can't think why you don't."

of Michael."

"I can't timk why you don't."

"That's what I've been telling her for the last six montha."

They lauthed together, "When you finally make up your minds you'll be sure, won't you, to let me be the first to hear," Guy said, "then I'll give a lovely hig party for you to amounce it all."

"That'ling what heaven that sounds."

It all."

"Darling, what heaven that sounds,"
She was gay and laughing: as though
she were back to seventeen. They
started to plan out the party. A mail
dinner-party or a large cocktail party.
or aomething that you came on to after
dinner. "If it's something after dinner,
i'll have to be elaborate, because after
all
the same that the same thad the same that the same that the same that the same that the sa

dinner. "If it's something after dinner, it'll have to be elaborate, because after all."

The sentence was never finished. Prom the passage came the disturbance of raised voices: the clatter of heavy boots; then suddenty a loud and cummanding voice was ordering; "Will you all keep your sests now please."

Five pollocemen were in the room. Drammond jumped up. "I'm one of the managers of this club. If there's any way in which I can assist you."

A polloceman smiled. "You've saved me a lot of trouble right away. Will you give me your name and address please? Then you can conduct me round your premises. He raised his voice again. "Will you please keep quiet for a few minutes while I take your name; then you can go on dancing."

He was extremely courteous. Tunker had left the hostesses' table and had gingd the police. Masterman had left and had also joined them. There was a minute or two of consultation. Then, one policeman went with Tucker to the hostesses, while Masterman with another policeman ame over to Guy's table. The waiter

beant. "You are the host, air, of this party"
"Yes, officer."
"How did you obtain the whisky that is on your table?"
"I signed a form for it."
"When did you sign the form, air?"
"When did you sign the form, air?"
"When I airrived,"
"And that would be?"
"And that would be?"
"And that would be?"
"About half-past ten."
"Did you know that by law you could only obtain "plies and spiris at a bottle purry by giving the wine merchants with when you deal twenty-found the wine merchants with when you deal twenty-found the world spirit who will be and your address?"
"May I have your hame, please, sir, and your address?"
City gave his correct name. He had

Guy gave his correct name. He had decided upon that during the interro-

decided upon that during the interrogation.

The constable proceeded to document innself upon Guys guests. They all with the exception of Roger gave their correct names. He then moved on to the next table. The procedure was conducted with complete decorum.

Barbaru's cycs shone. "Jan't this thrilling Raided in a night club. How I'll boast over this, What'll happen to are with the strength of the process of the constant of the

danced with him. If any, our today danced with him.

The galety of the evening had, however, gone. It was late and Roger was tired. Drummond had returned from his tour of the premises looking worseld. The police, he said, had put a padfock on his cellar.

Margery too was worsed. "How serious is this for you?

Again he shrugged.

Ti won't say it's the basket in which all my eggs are, i haven't so very many eggs, But it was important."

ried because he was worried. Barbara, now that the drama had subsided, was restless with a sense of anti-climat. Only Pranklin was in a party mood. He wanted to go on somewhere else. There was a place he'd heard of called The Nest. If not the Nest why not The 43; that was always tim. He was persistent, almost too persistent. But not even Pamela could be cajeled there. They finished what wine was left and died upstairs. "We'll meet at Philippi," and Frankin.

Guy believed in meeting trouble three-quarter way Early next morning the property of the care o

said Franklin.

Guy believed in meeting trouble three-quarter way. Early next morning he put through a dail to Mr. Duke. "Did you see my future siter-in-law before you left home?" he asked.

"Bid you see my future alsier-in-law before you left home?" he asked.

"Except on holldays abroad I've never seen her at hreakfast in my life, I shut myself up in my study with my mall, have my tea and toost brought to me and allow no one to ring me here till half-past ten. Fin a Victorian fasther.

"In that case you wan't have learnt that she's likely to appear before a magicarate in the next few hours."

"She's what?"

Guy explained the altuation. He made a funny story of it. Mr. Duke chuckled. "That's the last place I should have expected a daughter of mine to appear, but since she'll appear in such good company.—

"You can suess how respectable a club it was when I tell you they were serving our new Brut champagne."

Later be was to regret, how bitterly, having mentioned that. But how, he

was to ask himself, could be have known? Mr. Duke burst out laughing. "That crowns it. The turn of the screw. Famela arrested for drinking her own father's wine. What a story' Will you find out right away, dear bey, whether the club has paid for its wine or not? Then ring me back at once. I'm soing to the most on this for weeks. I've got to have the details right."

It was a point on which Guy himself wanted to be informed. He turned the leaves of the telephone book Frisby and Dunkin: no, no entry. A new firm then, He put through a call to the accounts department. Had Frisby and Dunkin ordered direct through them or through an agency? If it was through an agency, the account, as far as they themselves were concerned, was safe. The agency was responsible for its own bad debts. A mushroom firm could hardly have opened an account with them direct. "Does the name Frisby and Dunkin cpowey anything to you? he asked.

He was answered by Pilcher's son. "Yos, sir, a new account: a very profitable one apparently." The "apparently" came after a pause that was significant. "What do you mean 'apparently?" "What do you mean 'apparently?" "I've was over two thousand, sir, the last time I looked." "Over two thousand, sir, the last time I looked." "Over two thousand, sir, the last time I looked." "Over two thousand, points? But surely you've been pressing them?" "Naturally, sir, but it was an A so-count."

last time I looked."
"Over two thousand pounds? But surely you've been pressing them?"
"Naturally, sir, but it was an A account."
The accounts were registered from A to K, in relation to the amount of credit they were allowed. Only exceptional accounts were higher marked than C. A was practically unlimited oredit. And Prieby and Dunkin were a meniroom firm. "I'd better ask Flicher about this," he thought.

Guy went in search of Plicher. He had decided not to ring him through, the wanted to watch the expression on his fate. "I'm curious about an account with Fristy and Dunkin. How did we come to give it an A status?"

Flicher started, then flushed. He looked sullty. "Is there snightly wrong about them. Mr. Guy? Mr. Franklin. Youdned for them."

'In this case I'm sure they are."

'In this case I'm sure they are."

'I'm Panklin explained to me that he had been to give it on the directory a man remoter offment which, he was starting on his own. Mr. Panklin was sovery confident..."

'Guy cut him short.

'T'm sure It's oute all right. Now heave don't worry. You couldn't have acted differently. It was only that I heard of the firm is a mich by chance. I wondered what their status was."

So Franklin had vunched for the firm, it looked like being a great deal worse than he had suspected.

Before seeing his brother he decided have as much evidence as possible. He went into the accounts department. Plicher's son was occupying the same high stool that his father had before. "Have you got the address of that firm I asked about?" Guy asked casually, "Certainly, sit. I'll fatch it." Pilcher son was occupying the same high stool that his father had before war, ar, Ifa Boyne Mews."

"Where's that."

"Off Macclesnied Street, I think sit." Within a few yards of the Planingo. Guy located in the Pas Offlice directors the precise position of Boyne Mews. He might well do worse han call on them. It was less than five minutes' walk away.

Boyne Mews was a small cobbled yard untended and malodorous. Mayfair had not bethered to convert anyof its upper stories into modern flats.
No 15 was a side door beside a garage.
There were three beside a garage.
There were three beside a garage.
The froot door was open and he went upstairs a dark and dusty sairway. Pacing him on the landing was a bighand-written notice "IF NO ANS WhitPLEASE DELIVER GOODS AT THE
FLAMINGO, 18 COLONY COURT."
He knocked on the door; there was no answer; and at had-peat eleven in the morning He knell down and tried to peer through the keyhole; it was too dark to see anything. He gauged the position of the windows straight over the former stables. He looked up at them from the cobbled courtyard. They were uncurtainted. What explanation would Franklin have for this?

He went straight to his brother's efficier. "If I thin first" he thought.

He went straight to his brother's office: "If I ring first," he thought, "he'll be on his guard." He inquired whether his brother was engaged; learnt that he wasn't, and knocked

whether his brother was engaged learnt that he wasn', and knocked on the door.

The "come in" came right away Franklin was reading the first issue of the Evening Standard. "Any news of the raid in yeft" Guy anked Franklin shook his head.
"Not yet. But when they get your name we'll make the headlines. "Old Rugby International in Count." What a dreary climax to a first-class party. I've never thanked you for it propen; we did enjoy it. Farticularly Barbara. She wouldn't have missed that raid for anything." anything.

anything.

They gossiped about the party casually; with an intended casualness on Guy's part. He wanted to hill his brother into a faine security. It was at a tangent that he put his question. By the way, what exactly is your connection with Frisby and Dunking.

Franklin smiled. 'It thought you'd be asking me that, old boy. As a matter of fact, I'm fire entire farm.'

But who are the other directors?"

There aren't any.'

"There aren't any.'

"There

other firms?"
"No, only with us. Other who merchants would have wanted cash."
"You bet your eyes they would. Why didn't you make yourself a company?"
"Too many questions, too much supervision, and if things go wrong, it's just as well not to involve one's friends."
He could not have the

friends."

He could not have been more composed. His manner baffied Guy. Was this brother of his completely unscrupulous? "Hadn't you better tell me all about 119"

scrippilous? "Hadn't you better tell me all about it?"

There len't much to tell. Michael told me that he had a chance of running the Flamingo. He asked if I'd come in with him. He needed capital. Of course I haven't any but I told him that if all the wine was bought from a friend of nune, I'd be able to split the commission and that I could make it. I had to make a small deposit on account of my investment. I arranged that with he bealt. It took some wangling, but the name of Duke and Renton carries weight.

"Then I took a room near the Flamingo: had some stationery printed and some order forms. Thank heaven I can type, so the letter that I had to show old Pilcher looked businesslike. Then we started in. Our takings were pretty good. I explained to Michael that Frisby and Dunkin were giving us especially favorable terms so that they would need to be paid cash. Within a

formight Frisby and Dunkin had been paid enough for me to complete my payment to the Flamingo."

'So that's where the money's gone." "That's where it's gone."

"And what about Duke and Renton?"

"I didn't think that they were in any hurry for their money."

"They expect to be paid some day."

"And so they will be, or rather so they would have been but for last night."

"Siyely you brow this."

might."
"Surely you knew this was against the law trading in liquor without a liquor hence. How long did you think you could have kept it up? All kinds of people would have been asking questions. The Income Tax authorities for

tions. The Income Tax authorities for one."

"By the time they'd got around to asking questions, I'd have got anyself organised; you always have to run a risk when you are beginning; that's how fortunes are made."

"How much by the way did you have to put up to become a director of the Finmingo?"
"A mankey."

to put up to become a director of the Flamings?"

"A monkey."

"But that's only five hundred pounds."

"You're in debt over two thousand to Duke and Renton."

"You're in debt over two thousand to Duke and Renton."

"Franklin laughed." Getting engaged's a very expensive job, old boy, as you'll find when your time comes."

It was the same kind of explanation that Franklin had given at Oxford three years ago. The leonard did not change its spots. There was a pause. "How much did Michael Drummond know about all this?"

For the first time, but only momentarily. Franklin looked embarrassed. "One can't very well keep one's partner in the dark," he said.

"This may turn out more serious than you think," Guy said. "Are you going to tell father?"

"He knows about the raid."

"What about Frisby and Dunkin?"

"Why worry him before we need?"

That evening Guy had a half-past, five date with Rence, They had not been alone how for ten days; thank heaven, he thought as he sat waiting for her car to swing out of Oheval Piace that she was someone who would guess his mood to whom he could task quietly over the present problem. "To licky," he thought "Every day I realise more how licky."

THE case followed its expected course; two days later they appeared in court. Thirty of them were fined ten shillings. The Fismingo was ordered to be closed and proceedings were instituted against its directors.

was ordered to be closed and proceedings were instituted against its directors.

The magistrate displayed an unwelcome interest in the activities of Prisuy and Dunkin. "I am not at all satisfied with the credentials of the firms who supply these clubs with wines and spirits. I doubt if any reputable house would deal with them. I will expect the police to prepure a full report on the status of Messis, Prisby and Dunkin. I want to know the names of their directors. I want to see a copy of their last balance sheet. I want to have some details about shelr other clemis."

It was worse than Guy had feared.

some details about their other clients."

It was worse than Guy had feared
He caught Drummond's eye. Drummond nodded back. They allowed the
others to disperse.

"I don't like the look of this." Guy
said.

They went litto a Lyons teashop;
took a table in a quiet corner, ordered
themselves a coffee. "You know all
about Frisby and Dunkin, don't you?"
Guy asked.

Drummond nodded.

"You didn't at the start though, did

"You didn't at the start though, did you?"
"Is that important?"
"Not to the magistrate."
"That's all that matters, isn't it?"
"In one way yes. The Flamingo will go bankrupt, won't it?"
"Of course."
"How'll that affect you?"
"I've got no actual funds invested there. I'm not the kind of person who has capital. That's why I roped in Franklin. But the Plamingo was a source of income to me. I shall miss it."
"If the Flamingo goes bankrupt,

"If the Flamingo goes bankrupt, Prisby and Dunkin won't get a penny." If don't see how they can. They've no right to be doing business. They're an illegal firm. They couldn't enter a claim. The landlord, the decorators, all the small people that we owe memory to would protest it.

"Are there any documents to suggest your own connection with Prisby and Dunkin?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Have you kept the returned cheques that you made out to them?"

"It would be quite easy to find out the account that they were paid into. It's bound to be Prankin's bank. There's probably his signature on the back. As Prankin was one of the directors of the Plamingo and as he was a friend of yours, it'll be difficult for you to prove that you weren't involved with him in that as well."

"It dareasy it will."

"To lear you what I think we ought to do. Get Frankin out of England till the thing blows over."

"We might do a great deal worse."

"We might do a great deal worse."

More clearly than Drummond could begin to guess, they might do a good deal worse it had been one thing to bush in those oxford bills, but this was different. There was no way moreover of keeping the master secret.

Too many people in the firm would know. Young Pilcher was suspicious. Old Duke would be inquisitive. It couldn't be kept inden. On his way back from lunch, Giy read in the evening papers the expected beallines. "Former Ruby International in Court." It was only a small pararanh, but it contained the essential facts. If had even the name of the firm "Prisby and Dunkin' in addition to the magastrate's remarks.

There was a board meeting that afternoon. His father was lunching Duke. They would arrive in a mellow mood. It would be just as well.

On his way up to the board-rom, passed through the sent the firm 'Prisby and Dunkin' in addition to the magastrate's remarks.

There was a board meeting that afternoon of humaing this up a millings for drinking the up a millings for drinking the up a millings for drinking the up a millings for drinking over that

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face change to one of incredulous stupefaction, "I suppose this is a joke," he said.

'I wish It were."

"But a sum of this size—"

"How much is 12" Mr. Renton asked. Duke handed him the alip. Very much he same expression came into Mr. Renton's face.

"Two thousand one hundred and thirty-seven pounds! But this is unbellevable. Our accounts departmentmist be mad. Pilcher must be losting stip. We'd better pension him off at other.

"It isn't Pilcher's fault. It was an

"Tt inn't Pilcher's fault. It was an A account."
"On whose suthoutly?"
"On Franklins."
"Franklins."
"Td best explain, or try to."
He put the matter as far as he conceivably could in his brother's favor.
"I suggest." he said, "that we get Franklin out of England as soon as possible. We can send him to Spain or Portugal, giving our people there a warning that his accounts need watching. The police may feel that they would like to sak him a few questions, but if he stays away for eighteen months, that kind of case blows over. New cases come up so quickly and a new magistrate has new problems. The family will, of course, make good out of its own pockets what the house has lost."

Mr. Duke was in complete agreement:

bew inagistrate has new problems. The family will, of course, make good out of its own pockets what the house has lost."

Mr. Duke was in complete agreement; for personal as well as business reasons. It think it would be a very good idea for that young man to acquire a little common sense before he marries Familia shows a very young spir Sharashan shows a very young spir Sharashan shows a very young spir Sharashan shows a language spir Sharashan shows a language spir Sharashan shows a sharashan sharasha

"Yen."
"He knew, didn't be, that his club
was being supplied through a bogus
firm by wine bought from Duke and
Poston?"

firm by wine bought from Duke ana-Renton?"

"Eventually, yes."

"Then in that case I consider that he as the cloier is enlirely to blame. I am sure that any judge would agree with me. In my ophion you, or rather the firm, should take action against the Fismingo in recovery of your debt. I'm certain that the judge would place all the binne on this Mr. Drummend; that would clear Franklin's name."

"We can't be sure of that And anyhow Michael Drummond is a friend of
mine."
"Pranklin is your brother."
"That doesn't justify our doing a
mean action to a friend."
"Not if that friend has done you a
great himy?"
"I don't consider that he has done
we an injury?"
"How can you say that when it's
through his influence that Franklin got
mixed up with this Flamingo."
"That inn't the point Mother dear.
The point is that Franklin was acquiring Duke and Renton's goods on
credit and disposing of them in a way
he had no right to."
"If would never have done that unless he had been mixed up with this
Flamingo."
"There nothing litherently wrone in
being one of the proprietors of a night
club."
"Oh yes, there is; look what it's led
to."

Tr was an argument that went on for days with all through the action the central dominant fluure of his mother, in her straight-backed chair, with her cheeks pale ind her syes bright and ten years added to her see flabitus, flathing, disputing every argument, switching to another sate when the arguments under one beading were overwhelming, flathing low from one high, now another a ceaseless, relandees rearguard action. If Prankin goes shread till look as though he were being sent there in diagrace.

The Frankin goes abroad 13 1 1002 as though he were being sent there in diagrace.

With that one Mr. Renton dealt. "You must realise my dear, that what he has done is not particularly creditable."

"He has made a silly, boyish mistake. If it had succeeded, you would all have said how sature he was. That's what big business is. That's why when I was young my grandfather would not have to the house anyone who was empayed in trade. They were not gentlemen, he said. Things are different now. We have an aristoracy not of birth but money. We don't differentiate between a profession and a trade. But that's no reason why Frankin should be penalised for doing the equivalent of what every businessman does at some point or other."

Guy returned to the same point.

of what every businessman does at some point or other."

Guy returned to the same point sman.

"You haven't got this quite clear. Mather dear," he said. "Plicher knows about this young Plicher knows about this young Plicher knows about this young Plicher knows about it if we don't late some action, we'll undermine discipline right through the office. If a junior partner can get away with that, the staff will feel that they cut try out anything.

The answer came pat. "You always take the other side. What the staff will feel, what you owe to a friend like this Mr. Drummond. You don't seem to have considered those who are on Franklin's side. What does Pamela blunk about all this?"

"She's not been told."

"What's litt surely ahe ought to be the first to hear. It affects her more than anyone."

"Thuy's way we didn't tell her. It was her futher's special wish. She's very young. It would be a great shock to her."

"50 she doesn't know." It was as quick ruminatively. There was a quick

to her."

"Bo she doesn't know." It was said ruminatively. There was a quick gleam in Mrs. Renton's eyes: It vanished suddenly; but it was a look of excitement, almost of triumph. She looked as though she had reached some decision. She changed her tack quickly.

"Have you considered what effect this will have upon Franklin himself?

He'll feel himself in disgrace. It may break his confidence in himself."
"If he stays on in London, he's in very serious danager of being an object of public scandal."
"He wouldn't be if the matter was handled sensibly if the proper action was taken against the real guilly party. Who is this Mr. Drummond after all: is he such a very great friend of any of uz?"

It was said when Marriery was in

Who is this Mr. Drummond after all; is he such a very great friend of any of us?"

It was said when Margery was in the room.

"He's a very great friend of mine," she said.

Her mother flashed her a quick glance. "Oh, so it's that way, is it?"

Guy had, as he had had with her before, a scales of his mother's acute perspicately within the narrow radius of her interests. She changed her angle. "Can you imagine how Franklin will feel, alone in a strange city, without frends? Franklin depends an friends. He enjoys company. He'll be lonely. He might get into a wrong as He's very young, far younger than we realise sometimes; and he din't have the discipline of the war. Anything might happen to him there."

Back and forth the argument was carried, with no real integress being made; but the plans being quietly materials and the first have the discipline of the war. Anything might happen to him there."

Back and forth the argument was carried, with no real integress being made; but the plans being quietly materials of Franklin's imparference to Tranklin's imparference to Tranklin's imparference to what they have to say, don't lose your temper, don't contradict them. Then tell them what voo've yourself decided, when everything's nettled—and everything is practically settled—and everything is practically settled—an

answering at random beginning to make a statement then abandoning it half-completed, and relapsing into silence.

Franklin watched her with a purzied, affectionate amusement, "If you were anyone but who you are," he said, "Id be wondering whether, you'd had four or five martinis on the way here."

There was a general laught; there were five of them there altogether in addition to the young couple; there were the parents, Guy, Margery, and Burbars.

Pamela flushed, "I'm sorry" she began; then stopped opened her mouth, guiped, jumped to her feet and stood their, her cheeks flaming, her eyes abings.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I promised not to refer to this till after lunch. But I can't keep it bottled up any lunger. I'd explode, I'we heard all about Franklin's trouble, it was very silly of him, but we all do silly things. It's when we do silly things that we have a right to expect to have our friends stand by us Certainly the girl who he's asked to marry him I want to marry him fight away and go out with him wherever it is her sping. I want everyone to know that I believe in him."

There was a moment of silence, It was a moment that Guy was to be remember all his. Ife; so a symboly of youth's untarnished courses; of its faith, its idealism, its capacity for self-sacrifice.

Pranklin rose to his feet, crossed over to Pinnels and slipped his arm through hers. "Darling, shall we go into the garden and talk this over."
It was done as with everything he did with ease and talk this over."
It was done as with everything he did with ease and grace.
There was silence as the door closed behind them.
"How on earth did she find out?"
Mrs. Renton said it on a note of proud defiance. This was her trump oard. "I said it at the time and I repeat if, we had no right to keep all this from Fannels. It's her basiness far more than it is ours. Up to now Franklin has been my responsibility, but now he's hers. I'm very proud of her: and I'm proud that my son has made a girl as fine as that feel in the way ahe does about him."
Within less than ten minutes Franklin and Pamela had returned.
"We've talked this over," he said.
"We've talked this over," he said.

Within less than ten minutes Frankin and Pamela had returned.

"We've talked this over," he said
"We've signed this well postpone our
wedding for a little longer; that I'll
go out ther, see how things are; I'll
mean a good deal of adjusting ou my
part to start with, I'll have to learn
the language, then as soon as I'm
settled in, I'll come back and fetch
Pamela. I won't be long it's going to
make all the difference to me knowing
that she's here waiting.
"I think" said Mr. Renton, "that
this is one of the occasions that demands champagne."

The wine was poured and glasses
clinged. Mr. Renton and back in her
chair, a smile of quiet triumph about
her mouth Sile had not quite won her
point, but she very nearly had At any
rate. Tranklin was not leaving in disruce.

They went in to binch in a more

rate Franklin was not sewing in graine.

They went in to binch in a more united spirit than they had known since the raid on the Flamingo; but even so Guy was conscious of an ill-omened premonition. He would have given a lot to know exactly what had taken place between Franklin and Pamela during that ten minutes in the garden, hight years were to pass before he did.

He drove Margery back afterwards "We all seem to have been thinking about Pameia and Franklin. No one's been asking how this will affect you, he said.

"You've the only one who realises that it might."

"How is it soing to?"

"I'll leave things exactly as they were."

"It'll leave things exactly as a were."
"You mean as regards Michael Drummond?"
"It's going to make things difficult for him for a while. But he's used to that He's always got a number of irons in the fire. Within a year he'll be on his feet again."
"But what about your own plans; yours and his? From the way that you were taking that night at the Plannings.

that the girls in uniform had had. She had been so buoyant and expectant What had happened since to harden her?

On the evening before as left for Portugal Franklin dined alone with they he had specially asked for that He could not stand a family evening he had said, wet he wanted to be in an atmosphere of the family. He had asked too that they should dide at Guy's flat rather than in a restaurant "What about Pumela" Guy asked. "I couldn't stand that either All too taut and tense."

"But she might like that, gris enjoy achance every now and then of putting on an act You may have hurt her feelings.

"I'd hurt her feelings more if I was in the wrong mood for her act No. he saw my point."

Or rather, Guy auspected, Pranklin snew so exactly what he wanted for himself that he was convinced that should have it. Tonight he wanted to take about himself.

"I suppose if this had happened to you you'd think you were in disgrace," he said. "The adult equivalent of being expelled from school.

"That's what's worrying Mother, She's afreid I'll go away with a hangdog wos-begone expression; as a muter of fact, I'm rather excited about going to a new place, meeting new people; getting away from London."

"Of course but perhaps that's a good thing too. We couldn't have got married right away, and a long engagement might have been a strain."

He paused but it was the first time that Guy had seen him in this mood.

"I can understand why you should think I might be feeling in disgrace. It's the difference between our generations," he went on.

"How am I to interpret that?"

"You were brought up to believe in send things; duty to the family, duty to the business, duty to the Empire. Things that you believed would last."

"And so were you."

"Perhaps, but by the time I was half-adult I couldn't believe that they would last you were sentitee when the war began. You'd never questioned all those simple faiths. You went and fought for them. What was that phrase of Housman's you 'saved the sum of things for pay."

"The sum of things for pay." But I was sk when the war began. Eleven when it ended By then the whole structure was about to topple. I can't see those loyaltes in the way that you'd as seeing 'the sum of things."

"The sum of things Duty to family, duty to the business, duty to the Empire; the crown, the alfar, and the hearth. Guy let his thoughts sin backwards into reverie. He remembered the daily thought of their sharphed had the final in their bone breaklast in the drawing-room. "The sum of things in the stand." In their sharphed approve such as a boy to Solo Souaire, where his grandfather and great-grandfather had invest been a guarantee of mestic.

He had been introduced to the members of the staff, the accountants, the

you were talking that night at the planning of the sum of things."
"This has put paid to that."
"I don't see why."
"For my kind of person, a marriage has to be something very solid, that looks solid too, or there's up point to it. Think of all the bickering there's been point to it. Think of all the bickering there's been been think of what Mother'd feel. We'd start on the wrong basis It's all very well for someone like Pamela to make a gesture to go off into the wilds with her man who's soing to make good. I'm too far down the course."
"Enn't that rather tough on Michael?"
"I don't see why."
It was said with a brutal frankness with a fevel voice: but without vindictiveness. She bore life no grudge. He tarned his thoughts back to their first post-war Christmas; she had been four teen then, complaining that she had been born too late for all the fun.

them had been with the firm all their lives. He went on their yearly pionic kept their cricket score. He thought of them as members of his family.

lives. He went on their vearly plonic kept their cricket score. He thought of them as members of his family.

He remembered those Sunday unches at Highgate after church, the grandfather at the table's head. Iftening his glass of port against the light, moving it below his nose. Inhaling the aroma, slowly styping at it, savoring its bouquest on his painter, a glow of appreciation coming into his eye: as glow which was inspired no more by the excellence of the wine than by a pride in the knowledge that the cork that had bottled it bore the imprinting the the second of the

he have wanted to send his own son here?

"I doubt it very much. Because you Wuffy, are a member of this school, that parent would decide that it was a bad school. In the same way that people would say your family had bad blood if you were to do something dishonorable in business. Is that, Wuffy, what you'd want to have people say about your family? Of course it isn't. You'd do anything to prevent that, wouldn't you? Then why shouldn't you feel in the same way shout your school?

"You're proud of your parents. You "You're proud of your parents. You

wouldn't you? Then why shoulan't you teel in the same way about your achoo?

"You're proud of Your parents. You want your parents to be proud of you. You're proud of you would you you're proud of you want you have to be proud of you. You're proud of you would you country. You want people to think more highly of your country because of you When you go abroad, you want people to say. If that's a typical Englishman, then England must be a fine country. Don't you want them to feel in just that way about your school? Don't you want them to be proud of you."

"When you go to your public schools, don't you want to have your new masters say. "That's a kood scholar, that's a good athlete. He thust have been trained at a good press." You're proud of them. You want them to be proud of you."

Everythine had seemed very clear-cut in that classroom, and how hum on the minister of the home: the preparatory school to it you for the minister a quarter of it was ministed rei. The path of duty was defined. The family first, the unit of the home: the preparatory school to it you for the minister would make its own contribution to the nation and the Empire's welfare.

That was the tradition to which he had been brought up. The Left Wing Press invariably pictured like life of the propertied and privileged classes in terms of the pleasures and immunities which that property and those privileges provided. No reference was made to the shillgations which the enjoyment of them entailed, yet actually it was on those obligations that his whole training his whole education had been focused. "What do you mean, the structure

what his whole training his whole education had been focused.

"What do you mean, the structure had begun to topple?" Guy asked.

"I can use my eyes. Duty to country, for example. That means very largely duty to the crown. Think of how many kings ther: were in Europe in 1914. How many are there left to-day, and of those that are left how many are upon stable thrones?"

"I'd say that ours was, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, because he's a figurehead what'll happen when we get a king who's not a figurehead? Do you think the Prince of Wales will be content to be one? And what about the Empire? Dominion over pain and pine. Half our colonies have become self-governing deminions; and India, how long do you think a King of England's going to be able to put R.1 after his name?"

"Have you heard the Empire com-

solng to be able to put RL atter his name?"
"Have you heard the Empire compared to a banyan tree whose branches put down their own robts and take on separate existence?
"And haven't you heard of the great trees whose strength are supped by a tree-pers? My lot can't believe in the Empire, in the way that yours did and as for all those innor faths, family and business; what do we see everywhere but big entakes sold to meet death duties, families broken to deverywhere but big entakes sold to meet death duties, families broken to the father of th

there'll be another?"

"The logic of history. That spiral of alternating slumps and booms that flex keeps labbering about. There's a slump starting now, that means unemployment, a restiess proletariat; and governments that are uncertain of themselves start wars to keep themselves start wars to keep themselves the power. What do you think will have happened to private property and our investments—even Duke and Renton—by the time the next war's finished?"

"I think that whatever happens on the Stock Recharses."

Benton—by the time the next war's finished?"

"I think that whatever happens on the Stock Exchange, Englishmen will want to drink vintage port."

They laughed at that: a laugh that broke an atmosphere that had looked likely to grow tense.

The conversation moved on to a family plane. It was cosy talk Afferwards when he looked back over the evening. Guy reflected that this was the first time that Franklin had displayed the least need to justify himself, to argue in his own defence.

Perhaps he did feel that this time he had gone too far. Perhaps he would try to make a success of his work in Prortugal. Surely hed enjoy the attafaction of having the last laugh.

That was in 1930, a year that meant in retrospect to many thousand Englishmen—and certainly to Guy Rendination—not so much the gradual economic depression that was descending mon the country but the spate of runs that were lashed against the white payling rallings of Lord's and Leeds by a young Australian called Don Bradman.

Guy was taking his two nephews to

GUY REMION

the Oval Test, but on the evening before Lawy rang through to tell him that George had German measles. It was late to find a substitute. Most of his friends were members and would be attitung in the pavilion. Moreover if he went with an adult, Digby would be left out of the conversation. He had planned it as a schoolboy expedition. He would prefer to keep it that way. He rehearsed the names of his married friends who had some of about Digby's age. He put through two calls each without success.

It was only as an afterthought that he remembered Renee's Eric How silly of him; it should have been his first thought. Renee was delighted at the invitation. "India wonderful, He'll adore it. He's longing to see Bradman."

Eric did not see Don Bradman, at least not betting England winning the tost on a plumb Oval whether but even so it was a haleyon day for a nine-year-old schoolboy watching his first Test match. The sun shone: the ground was packed; it was Hobbs last match.

rest match. The sun shone: the ground was packed; it was Hobbs' last match.

"This is an occasion to remember."
Guy told the boys. "In fifty years' time you'll be able to say that you saw Hobbs come out of the pavilion at the Oval to open his last Test match."

Everyone on the ground—probably even the Australians—were hoping ne would get a century. The two chooly even the Australians—were hoping ne would get a century. The two chooly even the Australians—were hoping ne would get a century. The two chooly are to the pavilion of the pavil

RATE described the whole day stand by stand. "And do you know who we saw as we were leaving? APP Chapman; and do you know what Uncie Guy introduced me! I shook his hand. Won't that make the chaps at school at up Look. I've got his autograph."

He displayed the grubby match card with the name scrawled across it, Roger looked at it cursorily.

"I'm afraid I can't tell one cricketer from another nor what the difference is between square leg and cover point."

But surely, Daddy, you've heard of A. P. F. Chapman?"

Now I do fancy that I've heard of

"And, Daddy, do you knew what else? Uncle Guy's promised that as soon as I'm twelve-and-a-balf he'll take me to Lord's at Easter for the cricket classes. Won't that be whacko?"

classes. Won't that be whacko?"

Rence listened, with a food, alightly amused smile. "You've given him a marvellous day," she said, as she slood on the doorstep wishing him goodbye.

"On the contrary, he's given me one. He was so enthusiastic."
"That's one of the things about going out with children: they make one enjoy everything so much more." She looked at him tesadily, as though she were asking herself a question. He thought she had something on her mind, but she did not say it.

"I hope you'll let me take Eric out again. He and Digby sot on very well tweether. We might do a pantomime at Christmas."
"I think that would be very nice. Yes, I'm sure Fric would love that." She said it houghtfully. Once again he had the impression that she had something in the back of her mind that she was hesitating whether to say or not; and finally deciding not to.

that she was hesitating whether to say or not; and finally deciding not to.

That day at the Oval was for Guy the chief landmark in the long and sunuly summer of 1930. It was a placid period. A Labor government was in Westminister, but no creak of the approaching numbrils could be heard through the quies streets of Mayfair. The Finaningo went into bankruptoy, the indobledness of Friaby and Dunkin. As far as could be gathered the police had shown no further interest in the activities of Frisby and Dunkin. Certainly no inquiries resolved Soho Square. Guy wondered whether they need have been so precipitate in having Franklin moved; he might just as well-have stayed on in London and married Famela in the autumn. But if they had not been cautious, probably the worst would have langued.

The weeks went by; Margery went for a fortnight to St. Jean de Lus. She left in such nigh spirits and returned looking so well that he presumed that she had not gone unaccompanied. Cheerful letters arrived from Franklin His immediate chiefs reported that he was making himself popular and throwing himself into his new dulies with enthusiasm.

Rex was taking the political situation seriously but hopefully. A crisis was imminent, in his opinion. The best thing for the country, too: call people to their senses. Shouldn't be surprised if we didn't have a National government. Everyone pulming together, as we did diring the war. Don't think Pin a militariar, my dear Guy, far from it. I nate war, any real soldier must but my word there's no substitute for helping and there was progressing well.

"Yes and no. We're getting some of the right fellows in but some who are not quite as right. It if need weeding out. Too many people are joining in the sountry as geven, and the decime of their country's service. But because they've a grudge sanitat the restination of the rountry as geven, who want?

"We fold you Men like you; men with a real stake in the country practical, efficient onen, who would make the progression of the would reason. The count

That isn't the type of man we want."

"What type of man do you want?"

"I've told you. Men like your men
with a real stake in the country practical, efficient men, who would make
a success of their lives whatever goverument was in power, who have what
the Americans call 'inow-how. There
are a great many men of that type in
the country. It's they who've made it
great. Trouble is that that type of
person only feels that it's up to him to
do anything for the country at a time
of criss."

To Guy's way of thinking that was
the very thing that was so right about
Britain in general, and Loodon in particular; that it was full of practical,
informed men of affairs who were content to mind their own business and
leave the running of the country to
the professional administrators, the
politicians, and the civil servants; but

perhaps in thinking that he was only finding an excuse for his own lazi-

permiss in channel that he was on last-less.

So much of what Rex said made sense; yet when he did make sense it.

So much of what Rex said made sense; yet when he did make sense it.

was aiways, Guy suspected, for the wrong reasons. There was something basically out of focus in his whole point of view. He had more than a little kinship with the malcontents who had a grudge against scolety.

Wasn't Rex's trouble that he was a person who had been trained to com-mand, and now found himself without anything or anyone to organise?

Guy found himself without anything or anyone to organise?

Guy found himself without anything or anyone to organise?

Guy found himself cocupying a new position in the family, not so much as its head but as its uncle. He gave, he supposed, an air of stability to the others His fias wasn't a perch: it was hade.

conjugate, an air of stability to the cheers His flat wasn't a percht. It was a base.

"I like coming to your flat," Margery once said. "It's warm and cosy and the way one left it."

For her the flat was now more than a port of call on her way back from work; it was a harbor where she could put in to replenish and restore; both when she was cluted and when she was derressed. She never confided in him what her problems were; she talked impersonally; with a frequent use of the word "one." "One finds nowadays."

If was a period when the modern girl was news; articles about her, usually by women novelists, were constantly aplassed across double columns in the evening papers; these articles served as a framework on which Margery would ham her views and observations and Guy could guess from them as to how the was feeling about this and that, what was werrying and what was pleasing her. One factor remained constant. The advertising agency was flourishing.

pleasing her. One inclor remained conshant. The advertising agency was
flourishing.

"You're not the modern girl any
longer," he informed her. "You're the
career woman, exhibit A, model
nineteen-chirity."

Barbara, too, had fallen into the
habit of dropping in upon him in
the evenings, before a fatter dimer,
She was how at wind an established
right to as how at wind an established
right to a subschedule of the conright to a fatter cheque book and her
there is the hor own hours, and
che set riend.

"We suggested that she should bring
some of them out to lunch on Sunday,
but I always get the same reply—'As
soon as I make friends with someone
whom I think you'd like.' I must say
I'd like to have some idea as to who
they are."

"You needn't worry, Father, I've seen

Whom I think yourd like? I must say I'd like to have some idea as to who they are."

"You needn't worry, Father, I've seen some of them; they're quite all right."
Guy enjoyed the visits of Barbara's friends with their extilerance and their enthusiasm, their readiness to argue, the way they would shout at one another, but hever quarrel; the genuine liking they all seemed to have for one another. They were like a fresh wind blowing through his life. They rejuventated him Yet at the same time they made him feel middle-agod.

Once or twice Barbara brought round Pamela.

She had abandoned her Eton crop in favor of a fringe with the hair wom long over her ears, cut struight like a medieval cap along the reck; the kind of out that had been fashionable in the early twentes Skiris now were ankledength; they made her look grown-up. Franklin, she said, was being a good correspondent. His descriptions of lifethers and the popple that he was meeting made her roar with laughter. No, she had no complaints about him. "Except that he seems too cheerful, I'd like him a bit more weebegone."

Guy asked Barbara how much Pamela was missing Frankin.

"She was like a wraith for the first fortnight, but I fancy she's getting over it. She's still in love with him. But she's beginning to enjoy things. I should say she was fair game for the first reasonable male who came along She was all worked up and then left in the air. I think Franklin should be warned Couldn't you find some excuse for going out there?"

"I suppose I could."

"It suppose I could."

"It's everything that a foreign city should be." Franklin was saying to him two weeks later. "You really feel abroad, there are so few tourists, the resident English aren't too English; everyone knows everyone. Or at least in the small world that I move in, they do."

He was living as pensionnaire with a Portuguese family, and it was obvious that he had made himself a very special guest. It was a typical Portuguese town house; a bure-stone wall with a heavy-sudded door and narrow barred windows facing on the street; inside was a high courtyard, open to the sky with a fountain playing and a succession of doors opening off.

FRANKLIN took Guy round there after the office closed. They sat in a circle on the paved termoe-way that ran under the roofed verandah. They were zerved with a white port and sugared blacults. The bostese was very olumn dark-hafred.

They sat in a circle on the paved terrace-way that run under the roofed verandah. They were served with a white port and sugared biscuits. The hostess was very plump, dark-haired, with full moist lips and bright dark gyes. She was swathed in voluminous draperies. She was probably not more than thirty-four.

She never spoke unless she was addressed. She sat rocking herself slowly in a chair, fanning herself side with a single ostrich feather, her eyes fixed all the lime on Prainklin. She had two children a son of fifteen and a girf of twelve; they, too, watched Franklin. Later Franklin took Guy to a cafe where there was a glysy band, it was very gay; with the girls wearing embroidered shawls. One of them waved at Franklin. He smiled but shook his head.

"How different this is from London. Compare this with the Planmingo. It's all so matural here; nothing's against the law. There's a lot to be said for the European system of having two types of girl; the kind one's slater knows and the other kind. You know where you are here. Look at these girls; they're having a perfectly good time. They slave here. Look at these girls; they're having a perfectly good time. They shay of the control of the problems of the problems of the manidad?" Franklin had a lunch party. "How often can you enjoy a moon in England?" Franklin had a lunch party. "The afraid," he said, "that we won't be even numbern. That's one of the problems one knows to meet the wives and sisters of one's freeds."

He had, however, managed to collect an England couple who were in transit. "I feel she may be someone srand," he said. "At any raid, she's an Honorable, but as he isn't in "Who's Who' I don't got a supplied to charge the sout of the problems. The said 'At any raid, she's an Honorable, but as he isn't in "Who'

Wener's Weekly—Desembar 18, 1983
He was tall, dark, close-shaven with a shaining jows. His hair glistened under the impress of a potently perfumed lotion, He had long alim fingers and moved his hands in constant gesticulation.

With the English lady from whom he speedly acquired the information that she was though the wife of a simple commonier Major Jock Urquiart-Smythe, by high the second daughter of a Wessex baron shortly to become extinct, he went down, as the saying at that time was, "like a diner."

mer." Mrs. Urquhart-Smythe was a tall, long-necked woman. She was inulmidating, with a highly developed capacity to freeze. But under Senhor Miguelear's badinage, she revealed herself as a person not only of wit and charm, but of quite remarkable good looks.

Miguelea's badinage, she revealed herself as a Person not only of wit and
charm, but of quite remarkable good
looks.

The were lunching under an awning, in the cool of a sidewalk cate
a headed carafe of wine was emptied
and replemissined. Senhor Migueles became more personal. The conversation
became a cross-table dialogue between
himself and the Englishwoman.

"It is what I have been always
told," he was remarking, "no one can
be more lively than an Englishwoman
—when she is out of England."

"Oh, we can be lively enough it England, if anyone gives us the chance.
The answer came back pat, but with
a moment's pause before the final
clause. She looked across the table as
she said if, Guy was watching Migueles,
he saw, or fancied that he saw, a
quick look of understanding flicker
there, as though an unworded pact had
been signed belween them. He remembered a remark of Margery's about
foreigners and Englishwomen.

With coffee was served a Spanish
brandy, Fundador; the talk got notsier.
It was without doubt a most successful party. They had been stifting over
the table for a full two hours before
Mrs. Urquhart-Smythe rose to take
her leave with a "This has been lovely,
more than lovely, and you must be
sure to look me up when you're in
London. You've got my address now,
haven't you? Let me know a few days
in advance so that I can arrange
something really entertaining for you.

She was most indistent.

"That's another of the advantages
of living in a small place like this,
said Franklin afterwards. "You meet
all kinds of people that you'd hever
meet at home. Heaven knows how
many people I haven't entertained at
the firm's expense. When I get back to
England I shall have a dinner invitation every night."

"Love it, why not?"

Franklin asked for news of Pamela,
but in very much the same way that
he had asked for news of Pamela,
but in very much the same way that
he had asked for news of Pamela,
but in very much the same way that
he had saked for news of parabara and
he had saked for news of parabara and
h

On his return Guy arranged to have his brother brought back for a tendays' conference before Christmas. Frankin professed defight. He returned in high spirits and in abundant health, bringing back for veryone the kind of present they could be expected to like most; presents that showed thought.

On his first evening Pamela came out to No. 17. Franklin was as affectionate as ever. He had a photograph album, which they examined together on the sofar, it provided them with an excuss for situing very close beside each other. They made as pretty a couple as they had at the Plamingo, But Guy

when his mother heard the news, er expression hardened "I knew It; 's what I siways prophesied. If any-ning serious were to happen to Frank-n, I shall hold your father and you sponsible. He and Pamela should ever have been separated."

When his mother heard the news, her expression hardened "I knew !t;" what I always prophesied. If anything serious were to happen to Frankini. I shall hold your father and you responsible. He and Pameia should never have been separated."

That was in the spring of 1931, a rain-spullt wear, in which no French wheyard produced a wine that was whereard at such an alarming pace that a National Government was formed to save the pound; a government that three weeks later ahandoned the gold standard; a dubloms summer that three weeks later ahandoned the gold standard; a dubloms summer that three weeks later ahandoned he gold standard; a dubloms summer that three weeks later ahandoned he gold standard; a dubloms summer that three weeks later ahandoned he gold standard; a dubloms summer that led to a winter of high rational enthudasm with everyone patriotically saying British and declining to take foreign holidays.

Rex did not, however, in the campaign preseding the enthusiasm that Guy would have expected in support of the National Government. He was warking on the contrary for the New Party that, under the leaderable of the National Government he was abandoned be pold the balance of powers in the new parlament.

But in spike of a highly publicleed campaign the New Party did not return

ras surprised to learn that Franklin had rung up Mrs. Urquiket-Simpthe on its very first afternoon. Franklin had repeated the convertation verbasin, with an amusing imitation of her roles.

"Now this is marvellous, We must be seen to the two dosen can distribute the convertation verbasin, with an amusing imitation of her roles.

"Now this is marvellous, We must be seen to the two dosen can distribute the convertation verbasing over the public video of the two dosen can distribute the convertation of her roles.

"To with the next two week-ends out the most seen of the two dosen can distribute the convertation of her roles."

To you think he a warning what, you down to a week-end, but the next two week-ends our home is absolutely packed. Be sure week before you know, we've seen quite a lot of him, We said such intending about the matter of him, We said such intending shout the matter of him, we said such intending shout the matter of him, we said such intending shout the matter of him, we said such intending the test days' visit, but nothing was said about them may an affect of the said of him, we said state of the way in the place."

"Do you think he a failen in low with sometime over there? He's so attractive. And it must be lonely to have him moved to make the mount of him, was said about their marriage. Mrs. Renton became worned. "Do you think he a failen in low with sometime over there? He's so attractive. And it must be lonely to have him moved to make the mount of him, was said about their marriage. Mrs. Renton became worned. "Do you think he failen in low with sometime over there? He's so attractive. And it must be lonely for him, was said about their marriage. The way to have him moved to make the mount of him, was said about their marriage. The seemed quite giad to go, him, and him have in her place." "There were his emolitons entirely dependent on the surprised to be seen of the way he felt for her weeks later to way he felt for her weeks later to way he felt for her weeks later of the way he felt for

"That's different, you are working,"
"I expect Franklin will have his
work cut out keeping Daphne happy.
He'll find it a whole-time job. The man
who marries money, earns it."
"It's not the way I'd care to earn

"Well know best how it's going to work out when we've seen the two together."

They had to wait several months for that A stream of postcards from various Mediterranean ports underlined the mott! "Having wonderful time," but indicated no intention of abundouing the sunlight. What was happening Guy wondered to the twelve-year-old daughter: was ahe at soticol or was sine perched among the suitcases in the rumble sent? The inquiries that he made about Daphne were unavailing. There was no cotry in Burke's nor in "Who's Who." Roger had never heard of her, nor had Renee.

It was not till the end of November that they returned, driven northwards by the approach of winter. A series of the family to dinner on the night of their arrival. They had a suite in Claridge's, and the table by the balcony was banked high with gladioll. Daphne was simply dressed, black taffeta with a gold chain best, and with very small ruby earrings that matched the red of her nall polish and inputs of the family to dinner on the night and tipstick.

Guy had expected her to be exolicated with a gold chain best, and matched the red of her nall polish and inputs of the properties of the family perfurned. She was not her stent, a falmi gardenia, was so lishify applied that you were only intermittently aware of fit. At a first glance she looked like a hundred other modulally impersona was very alim and you had only to tall from her dress whether or not she had a pretty figure. Her checks were thin there was a light drawn look about her mouth. Her erres were large and srey, long-lashed and luminous; her nose was small and pointed.

Her manner was like her appearance controlled, composed, unostertations. The care, her jewelery, her traveller's cheques were the requisite visas on the property of the intermittant society in which she moved if she did not know it. Probably, Guy reflected, she did no fixed a house, a drawing-room, a recognised position in a social pattern.

Her car, her jewelery, her traveller's cheques were the requisite visas on the pus

had to do if you were infortunate enough to have no money.

She would have been astonished if Franklin had hainted on continuiting his work in Jeres. Had he been the kind of person who would have had math feelings, she would not have considered him as matrimonial timper. For the running, Guy fancied, must have been made by her.

During the eleven years since the war, she had never stayed in any single place for longer than three months, but she was now looking for a villa in Antibea. It was time her daughter had a home They could always let it, bendes there were legal advantages about having a fixed residence.

"France is the bost place to have

advantages about having a fixed residence.

"France is the best place to have one," she maintained. "No one really bothers to pay income tax." She was modest and unaffected about her possessions it would never occur to her that her way of living required any explanation or spology; nor would she consider it anything to boast about it was Franklin who did the boasting. "I must show you, Mother durling, the cigarette-case Daphne's given me. It was long, thin, in white-and-yellow gold, with his initials in the corner. Inside was inscribed the date of their first meeting.

"That was my engagement present:

of their first meeting.

That was my engagement present; look at my wedding one." It was a sold wrist watch with an intricate self-locking band. "And do you know what she's promised me for my birth-day? No. It won't tell you, you must wait and see it."

Daubine listened to him with

wait and see it."

Dupline listened to him with an indulgent smile. She enjoyed spolling him and Franklin enjoyed being spoilt. Cuy remembered his remark with reference to Pamela. "I could be in love with anyone who was crazy about me."

about me."

Was Daphue cravy about him? He doubted it. He suspected that she had acquired him in the same way that the had acquired her car and jewellery, and was about to acquire a willa in Antibes, It was time she had a hus-

her But I'll cross that river when I get to it.

It was a cordial evening As far as Guy could judge his mother got on well with Danhne. She made no comment then or afterwards, but Mr. Rendon was held to have summed up the general family attitude when he remarked at lunch on the following Sunday: "It's a great weight off my mind, a creat great weight off my mind, a creat great weight.

a great, ereal weight."

If was in the last week in November that Daphne and Franklin came to London They were leaving in time for Julia's holidays. The next three weeks

were crowded. Every night "the young couple" as Mr. Renton persisted not very appropriately in calling them, were engaged in some form of celebration, usually at their own invitation. There were frequent lunch parties as

"We had no wedding reception," Franklin said "and Daphne has so many firends. She wants them to see the kind of bird she's picked."

many friends. She wants them to see the kind of bird she's picked."

They were gay and noisy parties: unmarried by the depression whose continuing presence every paper was head-holing. Everybody was prosperously sleek with good living and good health. It surprised Guy to find how few of the guests he knew, even by name. A few of them were Americans, there were one or two Spaniards; but the majority were English, members of the international set who were countainly moeting one another at Blurritz. Le Touquet, Felien Ros, St. Morist.

To one of these parties the Burrons were invited. Roger was delighted with the match. "The very thing for Franklin. He needs guiding. That pretty child was altogether wrong for him."

Renee was less committal. "She knows how to dress. Only a person who was very rich could afford to wear such good and so little jewelery."

Guy rather wondered as to the pro-

person who was very rich could afford to wear such good and so little jewellery."
Guy rather wondered as to the provenance of all this wealth. The second and of amebody in Cumbertand whose name could not be traced in Kelly's could hardly be expected to leave a widow in a state bordering upon millionairedom.

Renee laughed when he told her that. "Durling, you're very innocent. Money attracts money, and your sieterin-law has spent eleven years moving from one international playsround to another. I hope you're point to mether to lumch to meet hier, I'd like to see what sie's really like."

doubted it. He suspected that she had acquired be rear and eveniery, and was about to acquire a wifas matthes. It was time she had a husband.

If to a certain age, an unattached the same way that the she had acquired her a widew-fitted woman-particularly w

Ottesti. Sto. In the control of the

water but took one pill before hinch and two after. "What women will do." he thought, "to keep their figures."
Franklin and Daphne left on the seventeenth. On the Christmas Fre. to each member was delivered by hand from the best shop at which that particular commodity was to be acquired, a gift sufficiently expensive and thoughtfully selected to make the recipient give a start of pleasure, but not so sumptions as to prove emistrassing. Franklin had fallen on hits feet.

not so sumptions as to power conting feet.

Mr. Renton's Christmas present from Daphne and Franklin was a bill oliginade out of two gold sovereigns. He turned it over between his hands. "This would have been very useful to me in the days when I carried foreign money" he remarked.

It was said lightly, but in the saying of it his voice, perhapes unconsciously took on an infection that made Goy start, as though the remark had an undertone of dramatic rour. Guy looked at his father with a more close attention.

Socing him week it, week out he had not noticed any change in him, but now with that old inflection echoing in his earn, he wondered whether his father was not looking thin. He remarked on it to his mother. She nodded. "I'm not quite happy should him. I wish he'd see Dr. Martin. Buyou know what he is."

After that, Guy took closer note. His father seemed less alert at the weekly board meetings. He rang up Dr. Martin. "I wish you'd pay a social call some time and tell me if you think there's any cause to worry."

The doctor called round on the following Sunday after church. He made it clear that he was paying a social visit. But as Guy walked with him to his car, his face was serious, "I wish your father would consult me."

"You know what he case I'm straid there is."
"I know but in this case I'm straid there is."
"On the following Friday Mr. Renton left the board-room early. "That fuspot Martin wants me to have some kniss to run me up a bill of conta."
"Seciously wrong?"
"I'm afraid there is."
"Seciously wrong?"
"The martind there is."
"Seciously wrong?"
"The martind there is."
"Seciously wrong?"
"The afraid there is."

"Seriously storing "Very seriously."
"Will you have to operate?"
"I'm afraid that an operation won't

"I'm afraid that an operation won't do any good."
There was a slience. "We'd better have a talk about this, hadn't we?"
Guy asked. "I think we'd better."
Guy asked. "I think we'd better."
Guy drove out that evening. His father might have a var. It was not likely to be as much "Will he be in much pain."
The doctor shook his head. "He'll just get weaker."
"Have you told him yet?"
"No. I wanted to ask you how you rett."

fell."
"I think he'd rather know,"

On the Thursday afternoon Guy re-ceived a telegram. "Hope you will find convenient lunch with me to-morrow before board meeting Travel-lers are gelock."

They lunched at a window table by the fire. It was a bleak day. Mr. Reuton watched the scurrying figures, their heads bent into the wind under

ween's Weelly December 16, 1953

their umbrellas "How cold they look," he said. "On a day like this, one can feel resigned to not being here much longer."

He could not have been more matter-of-fact about his filmess.

"I shan't tell anyone," he said. "Why embarrass people? I shan't resign my chairmanship. Dectors make mistakes Wouldn't I look slily if I went on living for ten more years? I shan't tell Barbara and I shan't tell Margery. It is a soon your mother didn't know until she has to. I don't want to be fussed over."

He talked about it as calmly as though he were making his plans to start on a long journey. When they left the club the rain was driving across Pail Mail in long gunty aheets. He shivered. "I hope it's a good summer. I'd like to watch a little cricket up at Lord's. What a fuss the Australians are making about this body-line; the way I see it.

Never had Guy had more respect for his father than he had during the following weeks. His father's steadinst refusal to dramatise the situation made it difficult for him to realize that this spring was in any way different from any other. If his mother felt anxiety, she did not betray it. Barbara certainly had no suspicions. She was gay, radiant; bubbling over with plans and projects. Guy was soon to learn the reason for her radiance; the sum reason. Now you're not to be prim and starchy and say that I'm boo young. Haif the heroines in half the novels that I read are under twenty."

"And how old's he?"

"Re's twenty-three."

"And is he able to Support you in the style...?"

"Now don't be tiresome, it's I who'll be supporting him, for the first year at any rate. No one expects a painter

"And is he able to support you in the style . "
"Now don't be tiresome, it's I who'll be supporting him, for the first years at any rate. No one expects a painter to make any money till he's at least—"
"So he's, a painter then?"
"Yes, and he wears a beard."
It was a short red beard and it sulted him. He was tall, loose-limbed, the kind of young man you could not imagine wearing a morning suit, who looked supremely right in corduroys. At the same time you were not surprised when you were not surprised when you were told that as the son of an admiral he had been conventionally educated up to the age of eighteen, at Winchester, His name was Norman Glyn, They planned to be married in the autum, and make straight for French North Africa.

"We're going to live like glysses in the sun," ahe said. "That's what his mainting needs: sunlight and bright colors."

She took Guy round to his studio see his plotures They were only

colors."

She took Guy round to his studio to see his pictures. They were only moderately modern they were representational to the extent that you could recognise the objects that they were intended to represent. They were decorative.

decorative.

"Now you've seen how good he is, you'll be able to tell Father how lucky he is to have such a talented son-in-law," Barbara teld him.

The only reference that his father made to the progress of his illness came when Guy acted as his abstern emissary.

came when Gity acted as his assers emissary.

"I wish they could be married now," he said. "I should have liked to walk down the slike beside her. But it would be very selfiel of me to 17 to hurry things, and pernaps that fool Martin's made a mistake with his disgnosis." The engagement was announced in June: but by then it was abundantly apparent that Dr. Martin's diagnosis was not incorrect. Mr. Renton was losting weight so rapidly that he no longer cared to leave the house. "I don't like being stared at," he said.

It was a warm summer; but he refused to go to Lord's. "I shouldn't en-

joy it. People would see me, hesitate, wonder whether it was me or not, whether to come up or not. How I'd hate that."

wonder whether it was me or not, whether to come up or not. How I'd hate that,"

He preferred to sit in the garden, in the sun, with a rug wrapped round his knees. He started to re-read Dickens. "I'd forgotten how good he was," he said. "Id certainly never realized how well he wrote; the gusto and the humor yes, but I'd never appreciated before the quality of the actual writing. Of course I was only a schoolboy when I read him first."

By July it was apparent even to Barbara that her father had not very long to live. "What am I to do?" she asked her brother.

"Behare exactly as though nothing were happening. That's the kindest thing Go on with your plans to marry in October."

"But suppose..." She checked. She could not bring herself to use the actual word "die."

"You would be very selfish if you let him feel he was being a nuisance. You know how he hates fussing."

"But to go on a honeymoon when any day one might get the news..."

"Wouldn't it be much worse for him to have you waiting for him to die? He wantls to have life going on around him last the same."

It seems so heartless to be happy at time when he...

"You can make him happiest by being happy, by letting him know that you are happy."

That, however, was a decision she was not to be called upon to make.

being happy, by letting him know that you are happy. That, however, was a decision she was not to be called upon to make. As August became September Mr. Renton's weaknes rapidly increased. In the second week he passed into a coma. A nurse came into residence. On a warm sinny Saturday while the nurse took her afternoon walk over the Heath, Guy sat watching by his bedside: his thoughts were in the past, in childhood, remembering how he and his father had put down a decir chair on the study floor, pretended that it was a boat, and gone out "shooting sausages" for tea, with the fire-irons as their muskets; remembering being taken to "Peter Pan" and the huge tea afterwards at the Criterion, where for the inclusive charge of a shilling you could eat as many sandwiches and eclairs as you could manage.

He chought, of all the jokes and confidences that they had shared; of all the incidents and characters of whom he would now never talk again. A closed book, never to be reopened, for Mr. Renton was dead by the end of the month.

month.

Parbara was murding at St. Michael's "Hiphgate Margery was there, and Norman's parents, and a sprinkling of relatives. Barbara in flowesed muslin looked like a sleek, clipped poodle puppy beside a year-old Newfoundland. Norman was so large, slow moving site so spritely. "I don't feel I've any right to be so happy at a time like this," she said. "But I know that it's what Daddy would have wanted."

The ceremony was at twelve o'clock

mow that has what baddy would have wanted."

The ceremony was at twelve o'clock and there was a fork hunch afterwards. The wedding night was being spent in Norman's studio. They were starting for Manakesk hext morning. It was to be a picule working honeymoon, atchels, easels, canvases. "And if I acquire a baby on the way I'll carry it slung over my back like an Indian squaw." she said.

They left in no shower of confett; in fact they left on foot; walking to the end of the Grove, Norman carrying her dressing-case, to catch the bus

over the Heath to Golders Green, from which point they were to proceed to Norman's St. John's Wood studio. "We're going to start the way we're going on," she said.

By three o'clock the party had broken up and Guy was left alone with his mother. "Shall we take a stroll?" he

mother. Shalf we take a sroll? he said.

They walked past the ponds skirting kenwood, past the old dueling round, and set on a seat looking over London. The morning mist had vanished under the midday sun, and the smake that lung above the city was a veil of thin blue gause through which you could see the dome of St. Paul's and the tapering spires of Wren's many churches.

"This is, this was your father's favorite view," she said.

"Tm afraid you'r going to be rather lonely, aren't you?

"At first, but I shall get used to it." "Won't you find the house very large?" "That's something I wanted to talk.

"Worst you find the house very large?"

That's something I wanted to talk roy ou about. As you know, your fathereft it me, but it's been on understood thing always that No. If is the home the state of the control of

She paused, looking at him interpogatively. "You like being there don't you, Mother, it's a part of you," he said.

Her reply surprised him. "I feel you," he said.

Her reply surprised him. "I feel you," he said.

Her reply surprised him. "I feel you," he left it."

"Well then, in that case, I think I always shaft. I like it to be the way he left it."

"But why shouldn't you come out too; you could have your separate rooms and your separate life; it would be a great economy; one establishment instead of two. And perhaps now that you are taking your lather's position at the office, you'll feel the need of entertaining in a more formal way. It's worth thinking of."

It would have been well worth thinking of had he been really in fact the bachelor he seemed It would have been very pleasant to escape every evening from the petrol-clogged atmosphere of Soho, drive into the clear and of Highsake, to have sat out in the gaven of the same and chinning, took, of the same house and chinning, took, of the same house and chinning, took, of the same house with the amilight streaming through his windows. He would have enjoyed altiting in the chair that had been once his grandfather's, he would have enjoyed altiting in the chair that had been once his grandfather's, he would have enjoyed altiting in the chair that had been once his grandfather's, he would have liked enterlaining, against the background of his inheritance. But how could he organise a life with Renee if he was living in the same house as his mother, or even if he was living as far away as Highgate? It was not practicable.

Next day he lunched with Renee in the Petroque I was not practicable.

Next day he lunched with Renee in the Petroque I was not practicable.

Next day he lunched with Renee in the proque all gave feather stuck in the band. She looked as spring-like as the room.

"Will this make much difference to your position in the office."

It was not practicable.

The was made to that spect of his father's life. He hodded.

"Old Duke work I'm the senior p

"That means you'll fun the office.
Does it mean that you'll have less spare time?"

"It could but I shan't let it. I can delegate a lot."

"Aren't you wery young to be in that position?"

He smiled, a little wryly, "Have you thought how few men of my generation ever came of age?"

"Does this mean you'll be a good deal better off?"

"Quite a bit."

Her eyes were upon him. He knew what she was wondering. "It's not going to make any difference to my winy of life," he said.

"NO?"

"Why should it? That flat of mine.

"No?"
"Why should it? That flat of mine is all I want. I'll get a new cur and I'm thinking about hiring a chaufeur. Parking is becoming auch a problem. A chauffeur might save me an hour a day and heaven knows how much wear and tear of nerves."
"You're very wise."
"She paused. "I'd be sad if you were to move into another flat. It's so much "vont."

He corrected her. "It's so much

He corrected her. "It's so inucaital".

That afternoon on his return to
Soho Square, he strolled through the
counting house. Oid Pilcher had retired now, with his room taken by his
son. Gity tapped upon the door.

"Come in: was clear, official, peremptors of Guy opened the door, young
Pilcher jumped to his feet as though he
were a corporni, "Good afternoon, sir,"
Guy smiled, "I'd like a word with you

Guy smiled, "I'd like a word with you ome time this afternoon when you're

some time that not busy"
"I could make myself free now, sir."
"Shall we go to my room, it's

"Shail we go to my room, it's quieter."

Guy savored in advance the nature of the surprise he had for Plicher.

'I expect you've heard,' he said, that Mr. Duke, now he's chairman of the company, will be giving up his management of the office. That means I shall take his place; there will be a vacancy on the board of management, it has always been the privilege of the manager to regard that vacancy as his own appointment. With your permission I am going to put up your name to full it."

Never had Guy seen more surprised delight transfigure a human face. It was the last thing that Plicher had expected.

"I'm not surprised that you're surprised," Guy said. "It's the first time that anyone not a member of the family has sat upon the heard, his equally it's the first time that anyone of your quality on the start, I think this is something that we should celebrate. When can you lunch with me next week!"

That year Roger's name appeared in

That year Roger's name appeared in the New Year's Honors List as a Knight Bachelor. Several newspapers referred to his expert services during the gold standard crists.

"I shall feel so graud now ringing up to ask if her ladyship's at home." Ony said to Rence.

"I shall feel rather grand myself." But even at that. Roger's not a member of the premior cricket club. You'll have to rely upon me to get Erio down for the Easter classes at Lorda."
Lucy's elder son was taking the

Lorda.

Theory's elder son was taking the classes, too. On the first Monday, in company with Renes, Guy lunched the boys at the Tayern.

It was a bitterly cold day, windy with intermittent showers, but hickly they were being coached in the lunch gardens behind the pavilion and not in the exposed arbors at the Rursery end, so that it was possible for Renee and Guy to watch them, if not in compete, at least in the dry. Eric had grown several inches since they had

watched Hobbs' last Test match at the Oval: he was broader too. He had a free open style. He was being cosnised by Archie Fowler, with whom Guy had played in several M.C.C. games. Archie came across to him at the end of the half-hour.

"Your son ought to make a lot of runs before he's finished."

"He's not my son, I'm afraid. This lady is his mother."

"He took Renee to the Tavern bar, "Would you like a drambule or a cherry brandy? It's cold ensugh."

She shook her head. "Not at midday, but I'll watch you."

"In that case no. If you'll excuse in the Long Room."

Etic same back in high enthusiasm. "Munany, I saw everything, all those old pictures of cricket matches when they had only two stumps with a hole between, that's how they got the phrase popping crease."

All the way back to Albion Street he chattered away excitedly.

His enthusiasm was so genuine that two days later Guy, finding that he had no lunch date, decided to have a sandwich in the R.A.C. snack bar and go up to Lord's to see how the boys were doing.

He was touched by the welcome he received from Bric. The boy wanted to browse sherwards in the Long Room. "Please, I only saw the half of it."

Room. "Please, I only saw the half of it."

Eric took a far more intelligent interest in the history of the game than Lucy's son. He asked Eric about his reading, and he was pleased to find that he cared for poetry. What plays did he like best? Had he seen Shakespeare? Yes, several plays. "Twelfth Night." The Merchant of Venice," and "Julha Cuesar." But he had not seen "Hamlet."
"They're doing it at the Old Vic.

"They're doing it at the Old Vic ow. Why don't we do a matinee?"

They're offing it at the Ont 'Why don't we do a makines?' Guy said.
"Could we? That would be wizard."
How clearly Guy remembered his first 'Hamlet,' being taken there by his father to see Irving. It would be exciting to take Renee's son. Eric would remember it all his life.
"Tat's do that. 'Ill ring up your 'fath's do that. 'Ill ring up your

"Let's do that. I'll ring up your mother and fix a day with her." Would Renee want to come too? He supposed she would, but he haif hoped that she'd refuse. He'd like it to be himself and Erio.

THAT evening Rener called him sfier dinner. "Eric enjoyed himself so much. You're spoiling him."

himself so much. You're spoiling him."

"On the contrary he's spoiling me:
he's such good company. We've a date
for a matine of Hamler."
where of Hamler is the summary of the summary of

"Of course. I'll take him to some-ing else. What would he like to

"Oh, almost anything, but we've made a rule that he only goes to one theatre

a rule that he only goes to the theater every holiday." He spared her further explanations. 'Of course I understand. Let's leave it till next holidays."
"That would be much better. It was kind of you to have thought of

"It was a very obvious idea; and he's a very charming boy. Besides, I've every special feelings about him for his mother's sake." "Darling, please go on saying things

Supplement to The Andraliawener's Weetly — Besselber 18, 1950
like that I'm seeing you tomorrow,
sren't 1?"
"I'm hoping so."
"I'm counting minutes. I must rush
now, darling."
He rose thoughtfully from beside the
telephone. Was that true, he woodered? Had Roger had seats for "Hamlet"; or had he felt angry that he
hadn't, on learning that someone had
planned to take his bow there? Hadn't.
Renee told him all those years ago
that Roger could be lealous, though not
where she was herself concerned. He
could understand Roger wanting to
take his own son to his first "Hamlet".
The call had come through to him
at the Wanderers. The telephone
hoxes were in the hall. He mounted
the wide stairway leading to the
Drawing-Room. It was close on ten
and, the long, book-lined room was
meanly empty. Nobody was talking.
One member was asleep, with the
evening puper on his lap.

Was anything more depressing than
the average man's club at ten o'clock
at hight? He felt lonely and disgruntled and the prospect of a return
to Rutland Street depressed him.

It was a feeling that was to return

It was a feeling that was to return to him quite often during that long sunsonaked summer of 1934. It was a period, in a sense, of rejuvenation, but also of awakening anxiety. The depression was seemingly at an end franklin Roosevelt was in the saddle. The bine engles of the New Deal were scattered throughout the Union, Prohibition had been repealed. The Communist Party in Berlin was underground or behind barbed wire; the Communists in Vienna had been communists in Vienna had been communists in Vienna had been helled out of the Karl Marx building. In England the ban on foreign travel had been lifted. The faith in property had been restored. Money was being spent Champane was returning to the supportables. Back to 1927 again. Yet behind the surface galety there was a sense of omen. Where was all his headed, these railies at Nurenburg, these biaring megaphones, themarching feet? Were they not as much a portent of dispater as those breadtines in Times Square? For the first time for fourteen years there was talk of war.

time for fourteen years there was talk of war.

The tense combined atmosphere of boom and of anxiety matched Guy's mood. Then Hoger took a house in Scotland for the summer holidays. Remee was away six weeks: London was hol, crowded by tourists yet empty as far as he was concerned. The Wanderers was closed. The family was scattered Lucy in Devonshire, Barbara trailing around Europe; Frankin entertaining "smartes" on the Riviers, Margery in Brittany, or at least be thought she was. Margery had become elusive. She would cancel invitations at the last moment; her telephone rans in valu.

"You seem to be leading an erratis life." he said.

She shrugged. "In most relationships one of the two has to be ready to fit into last-minute changes of plan. It happens to be my turn this time.

From which he presumed that shwas involved either with a married man or with someone who did a great deal of travelling. He presumed that I was a married man.

During August and September he found himself marking off on the

it was a married man.

During August and September he found himself marking off on the calendar days to Renee's return in the same way that as a schoolboy he had marked off the days to the end of term. It was a lovely period of reunion. They had never been away for so long from each other.

"It's a miracle," he said, "Tim more

in love with you now than I was nine years ago. There must be such a thing as 'the real thing'."

Winter went by with the first Christmas since Prohibition showing so rapid a rise in the volume of Duke and Rentand's trading that Guy began to wonder whether they would be able to keep their cellars filled, so much wine from Rheims and Burgundy and the Medoc was pouring legitimately across the Atlantic. Rarely had business been more prosperous, but all the time there was the sense of omen.

but an each of omen.

Rex alone was calm; pontifical but undisturbed. He had, he said, the greatest confidence in the common sense of the British public when it realized what the essential issue was. "But what is the essential issue?" Guy thousted.

sense of the British public when it realised what is the essential issue was. "But what is the essential issue was." Fut what is the essential issue?" Guy Inquired.

Rex pursed his lips. "That will be apparent when the right time comes? Rex was highly mysterious about it all. Guy knew him well enough to guess that he had some new scheme hatching. He rarely saw Laury now-adays only during the holidays when she brought the boys up to see the deutist or "do a theatre." The next time he saw her he asked what Rex was on to. She shook her head. "There's something, but I'm not quite certain what. Some very smart people come down for the weekend. They're very secretive. It's something to do with royalty."

"I once heard Rex say something to do with royalty."

"I'd on't think I did."

"But that's high hinacy."

"To confess I don't understand it, but they seem quite important people in their own ways."

"Ask the King to take over his own country." It sounded the most fautastic drivel. Yet what would one have thought had one been told in 1924 that the house-painter who was busily writing in a prison cell a vain-glorious account of the steps by which he was to restore a defeated and humbled nation to world supremacy would within ten years be menacing the world's peace of mind?

And what would one have thought twenty years earlier could one have attended at Geneva the dreary academic conferences of shabby Siberian expatriates and been told that the decisions being taken there on the rival claims of Bolsheviks and Menshivists were to settle the fate of all the Eustletic that did not in the least

Early in the spring Guy received a notification that did not in the least surprise him, either in its contents or in the manner of its delivery. On the back of a picture postcard of Cagnessurmer was scrawled above the signature "Barbara". "Having wonderful lime. Norman is painting wonderful pictures. I am going to have wonderful baby in October. Isn't it fun?"
Guy rang up his mother.
"Have you heard from Barbara?"
"A postcard or a letter?"
"A lester naturally in view of the news in it. I want to talk it over with you."
His mother wore the same look of inflexible resolve that he had seen ten rears earlier when there was the discussion of Franklit's going abroad after lesving Fernhurat.
"She's got to come home," she said. "I made no comment when she talked about living like a glosy. I don't believe in discussing problems until they have arrived. I had a feeling, I must say, that they wouldn't want to have

a baby quite so soon. I'm delighted, of course, they have. I'll make it a real marriage. Now that they've done this, they've got to behave sensibly. She can't go and have a baby down there with no proper doctors to look after her.

with no proper doctors to look after her.

"I tell you what you must do; go down there for a short holiday, see how Franklin's getting on; don't say you're going for any special reason; but while you're there you can get Norman to see that he'd be most selfish if he doesn't bring his wife back home. Personally I think she should return in June. But late July at the very latest. Now you'll do that, won't you? But don't go down too soon. She mustn't get the idea that there's a plot; that anything's being hatched."

He went down in early May before

hatched."

He went down in early May before the season had begun. A few weeks earlier when Lucy had told him about Rew's Royalist activities, he had reflected on the unpredictable quality of life; that you never recognised the significant incident until it was a long way were.

significant incident until it was a long way past.

He would have been astonished had he been told, as he took his seat in the Golden Arrow at Victoria Station, that he was on his way to meet the second crisis of his life.

He planned to be away two weeks, looking in on Daphne and Franklin first, in their villa behind Cannes. He had not seen his brother for thirty months. Franklin had been on a ruise in the Aegeen when his father died, and had sensibly if selfishly decided that he could do no good by coming back, and that it would be awisward for Daphne and her daughter to be stranded in mid-Mediterranean on a small Greek island.

brother was something of a shock.
Franklin had put on weight At leest a stone. His lowl was heavy; he had lost his greybound slimness. He had not a pautch, but the line of his body was now straight, not curved.

He had no longer that are of sec-

body was now straight, not curved.

He had no longer that air of race
that made him once so strikingly goodlooking. At the same time he looked
very well, with a full dark suntan, in
a allk short-sleeved shirt with his
initials embroidered on the pocket in
a darker blue. The sliver grey Mercedes was standing like a gazelle outside the station.

"So Daphne lets you drive her car,"
Guy said

side the station.

"So Daphne lets you drive her car,"
Guy said.

"This ion't hers. This is mine."

"It looks very like hers."

"It looks very like hers."

"It looks very like hers."

"It does exactly the same model; painted the same color. Don't you think it's chie? They look so cute parked side by side outside the Carlton. Jump in."

The villa was six miles away, lying to the north of the main Grasse road up a narrow dusty track that mounted between terraced clive groves and vineyards. It was an old reconstructed Provencal cottage that still retained, with its thick walls and uneven tiling, a sense of age.

Daphne was lying out in a long chair, very elegant and lithe in rustred slacks; her daughter was sented cross-legged on a cushion beside a gramophone with a cluster of records upon the rug. Daphne waved her hand in welcome but did not get up.

"Take Guy right up and get him changed out of those hot things. By

"Take Guy right up and get him changed out of those hot things. By the time he's done I'll have the cock-tails ready. Be an angel, Julia dear, and get the ice."

and get the ice.

It was the first time Guy had seen
Julia, she was dark and slim like her
mother. She had a softer and a

rounded face; more attractive at a first glance, but possibly less persuanve. She was wearing ahorts and a loose-fitting short-sleeved blouse. She might

glance, but possibly less persuasive. She was wearing shorts and a louse-fitting short-sleeved blouse. She might have been eighteen.

The martini that was handed to him on his return was so dry that it made him start. "If all our clients drank thomas the martini that was the make our former."

"Are they so dry? They're five to one: that's the way I used to like them." Daphne said.

"Are they so dry? They're five to one: that's the way I used to like them." Daphne said.

"And look like skaying on."

"And look like skaying on."

"And first, but I feel so much better,"
"Arei't the rest of us rather borling when we get noisy and gay and flushed and ships smilled. "You exasgerate that, you know. When you've been drinking you give get out of forces, so that you differently but look differently to one another. Actually you don't change much Lev's ask Julia. Darling if you ame show how many oock tall they'd all had?"

"And out of the said when how many cock in the grad all had?"

"And out of the said when how many cock in the grad all had?"

"Neither do L Are you ready for a second. Frankling."

"In just, a minute."

One was as much as Guy himself could manage, but his brother not only had a second but threequarters of a glass of what he called "the dividend."

"We drink far too much here." he said. "Bit we sweat it out in the sun, or at any rate the tan conceals it."

There were two caraftes of wine upon the lunch table. White and rose Guy chose the rose, Julia took a half glassithat she filled up with Vicky, Daphne as before look nothing; but the carafe of white wine that stood beside Pranklin was taken out to be refilled.

As before Daphne are very little, a said and a jelled egg; with a pill before and the two pills afterwards;

of white wine that stood beside Prankiln was taken out to be refilled.

As before Daphne are very little, a
saiad and a jelled egg; with a pillbefore and the two pills afterwards;
Franklin on the other hand took a
second helping of lobeter saiad. It was
not surprising he had put on weight,
he ate too much rich food, drove everywhere and imagined that aumbathing
was exercise.

Guy wondered whether Daphne was
not unconsciously encouraging him to
overeat and overdrink so as to reduce
the difference in age between them.
He had noticed more than one middleaged wife who had lost her looks and
figure encouraging her husband to relative excess so that he should not be
attractive to younger women.
Liqueties were served with coffee Guy
declined, but Franklin took a brands,
"Where'd you like to sleate?" Franklin asked. "I usually take mine upstairs."

"Til stay down here. I prohably
shan't sleep.

He was left with Julia. The moment
they were alone she turned to him
with an intent quick look. "How do
you think Mummy's looking."
"As elegant as ever."

"I don't mean that. Is she looking

you think Mummy's looking?"

"As elegant as ever."
"I don't mean that. Is she looking well?"

"As far as I can tell."

"She does? I'm glad you think so. I've been worrying. She tires so quickly. But then I see her every day I thought you coming fresh might see a change."

"No change to me."

"That's a relief."

"Has she complained at all?"

"She wouldn't. She keeps things bottled up. But she seems so lifeless."

"She was lively enough at lunch."

"That's a different thing. She's always talkative. But she takes no exercise; never plays golf or tomis."

"Used she to?"

"Oh, yes. Always rushing her guests everywhere."
"Did she drink quite a bit at one

time?" I thought so, but I don't suppose she did; not in terms of the way they dink down here."

It was said in the most matter of fact way, without any undertone of disapproval. He looked at her thought-

approval. He looked at her thought-fully.

She was a quiet, serious-minded girl, older than her years; which was not surprising in view of the amount of time that she had seent with grown-up people. She had had a strange upbringing, always being moved from one place to another, never taking root.

root. "Why aren't you at school?" he

"Why aren't you at school?" he asked.
"Mummy didn't like the Mother Superior at the convent; as I'm going to Geneva in October she thought I might as well have a summer here. She says that everyone ought to have one period in their lives of solid reading; and that somewhere between fourteen and sixteen is the best time for it. She chooses what I read, then we discuss it."
"What have you been reading lately?"

"What have you been reading lately?"
"The Russian and the French novelists and Gibbon's Deeline and Fall."
"What poetry?"
"Shakespeare mainly; and the Victorian poets"
"Which of them is your favorite?"
"You'll laugh when I tell you, Munmy says it's very juvenile, but Ernest Dowson."
"I could have understood you had you waited?"
"Yes, that's the one, how did you waited?"

"Yes, that's the one, how did you guess?"

Her face flushed, her eyes brightched, her voice grew eager. She
looked three years younger. They began to cap quotations. The afternoon passed very quickly.

Pranklin jolned them on the terracesoon after four. They were going over
to Exe for cocktails. "What about a
plumge in the bank, then we can get
smartened up. The boys in first."

The tank is hundred or so vards

plunge in the tank, then we can get smartened up. The boys in first."

The tank a hundred or so yards up the hill, was circular; built of conterete, and ten feet across. The water was very cold. "What a tonic that is," said Franklin as he dred afterwards, and Franklin as he dred afterwards, was, But at the same time it was not execute. They had taken their plunge naked and Guy had nutleed how flabby his brother. He looked very sunart, though, forty minutes later when he came down freshilly shaved me a condition of the content of the content

more intimate."

The hostess was American, so were the majority of her guests. None of their names conveyed anything to Guy. Their talk was easy friendly, concerned with day-to-day trivialities. Champagne was served; a buffet table was as good deal of laughter.

The party broke up early. "We thought we'd dine in Cannes, at Robert's." Franklin said. "We've given Marie the evening off."

They were not hungry after the cocktail canages. They had a simple meal—soupe de Poissons, tomates provencal, cheese and a salad; at least

he and Julia and Franklin did. Daphne ordered a cold wing of chicken, of which she ate only three mouthfuls. Abstemious though she might be, she was vivid, vital, tails ative, full of interest and inquiries about mutual friends in London. "We ought to go back oftener," she said. "We lose touch here."

said. "We lose touch here."

Franklin shook his head. "I don't agree. We see more of our real triends than we would in London. They are in such a hurry there: so busy being important; they're much more fin down here. You get to know people better too. There you meet them for odd half-hours; here when people come to lunch they come in time to bathe, then stay on afterwards for a siesta."

While Pranklin settled the account Guy strolled over to the station where the cars were purked. He overheard an English and familiar voice: "isn't that fanny: two identical cars parked met each other." Such smart cars too. How furious the owners must be feeling. Like a woman when she sees another wearing the same hat."

Where had he heard that voice? Ouy asked himself. He hastened his step. Why, of course, Mrs. Urquhart-Smythe, the woman he had met with Pranklin in Oporto, who had fallen for that Portugese. He walked across "Is a work."

He walked across. "As a matter of fact they're both in the same family. My brother's and his wife's."

Really! And to think I know the

At that point Franklin joined them.
Mrs. Urquhart-Smythe gushed over
him. This is too amusing. There was
I making a very femining remark,
about those two very remarkable
machines, and then your brother tells
me that both are yours."

Trankin laughed "Aren't they quaint? The chicest thing along this too chic coast." He paused, a puzzled expression came into his face. "I can't help feeling that we've met before." "Of course we have. I'm Mrs. Urquhart-Smythe."

FRANKLIN shook his head, "No, I'm afraid not, I can't remember having heard that name, but I'm certain that I've seen you somewhere?"
"You certainly have. At a very charming lunch you gave for us."
He smiled: his most disaming smile, "Did I? You must forgive me. Riviera memory. Haven't you read jokes about it? One party after another. I can just keep track of my house and hostesses, but as for all the people my friends bring to my house. I must admit I get confused about my guests."

There was a slight touch of the

my guests." The contact above my guests."

There was a slight touch of the grand seigneur in his voice, but only a very alight one. It was said with such surface graciousness that only Mrs. Urquhart-Smythie could know that she had been insuited.

Franklin chuckled as they drove away. "I enjoyed doing that," he said. "Urquhart-Smythe indeed. I bet the name was Smith."

The next day Burbara and Norman came to lunch They were perched in Villefranche and Duphne met their train in Cannes. Barbara was looking radiant; her figure was still tim. "Tim not even having morning-"

"I'm not even having morning-sickness. I'm getting off so lightly that I expect I shall have a terrible time when the young rascal takes the stage."

She chattered happily and gally. Norman rarely spoke, he looked more

than ever, with his suntan and bars muscled arms, like some shaggy sheepdog. His face wore a perpetual

Barbara never left his side; when she wasn't holding his hand, she was squeezing his arm. She needed to be touching him all the time. She talked at him and about him, round and through him, keeping him in the centre of the stage.

"We're as booking formed."

entire of the stage.

"We're so looking forward to your visit," Barbara said, "There's no room in our studio, at least not for anyone so used to creature comforts. We've booked you in at the hotel and you can take half your meals with us and we'll have the other half with you. I'll murder you if you don't take a glowing account back to Mother."

He repeated that afterwards to Daphne.

"That shouldn't be very difficult for me, do you think?"
Daphne smilled, "If it isn't like that

for me, do you think?"
Daphne smiled, "If it isn't like that
now at the start of everything, when
can it be?"
"Was that how it was with you?"
"Of course. Wasn't it with you, the

He shock his head. There has been no first time; not, at least, this kind of first time. This was something that he had hever known; something that he would never know; the shared delight of two young people, coming fresh to each other, discovering themselves, revealing each to the other; the delight deepened and growing; exploring and explored. He changed the sublest. "Me mathematics are the shared the sublest."

He changed the subject: "My mother wants Burbara to come back to have her baby. That's one of the chores she's given me: to try and persuade her to. I hope you'll take my side."

Guy spont a week with Frankhin, a friendly, happy week. Every night there was a party somewhere, either at their villa or at some friend's along the

Onat.

By day they bathed and picnicked and played golf on the mountainous scenic course above Monte Carlo with its freak one-shot holes, or at Cannes, on the level course between the shore and railway line, with its narrow fairways between pines and olive trees and its twelve-year-old girl caddies who cried "Hoopla" every time a shot went out of bounds.

"This is the healthiest week I've had in months," said Franklin.
"Don't you normally play much

"Don't you normally play much

goi?"
Franklin shook his head. "Daphne doesn't care for it now. She prefers sunbathing at the Roc. I like to do the same things she does."

the same things she does."

He said it without any sense of martyrdom. He was, as Margery had prophesied, a kind husband. He always planned his day round Daphne played their golf hear to where she wished to bathe, so that they could hunch with her. He made the plans moreover in a way that did not give the impression that she was being selfish.

"Thanha used to plan some of the control of the country and the cou

"Daphne used to play games, didn't she?" Guy asked. "Certainly. She was quite good, too. She finds it tires her now."

She ought to eat more, Guy thought. This endless dieting must be a strain on her vitality. Yet her talk was as bright as ever. She was excellent company. It was nice to see her with Franklin. They were good together.

It was not only the first time that Guy had seen anything of Prankin since his marriase, but it was the first time they had met on any equality of terms. Up to now Guy had always been the elder brother; arbitrating, negotiat-

ting, remonstrating. Now the positions were to some extent reversed.

Guy was the guest, Franklin was the boat: Franklin with the background of an establishment and responsibilities had a stude in stablity that Guy as a bachelor lacked. Franklin with the background of an establishment and responsibilities had a stude in stablity that Guy as a bachelor lacked. Franklin with the background of an establishment and responsibilities had a stude in stablity that Guy as a bachelor lacked. Franklin with the background of an establishment and responsibilities that settled. Franklin had always been composed, always self-assured, but whereas his confidence as an independent of defiance, it was now quite independent to the one aggressive, a genture of defiance, it was now quite independent to the one aggressive, a genture of defiance, it was now quite independent to the one aggressive, a genture of defiance, it was now quite independent to the one aggressive, a genture of defiance, it was now quite independent to the time that they were an tune. For the most had they were in tune. For the most had they were in tune. For the most had they were in tune. For the most had they were a part of their fife no longer, as though his English life and closed with marriage.

When he sand Daphne were together, the conversation turned on the day they are to the conversation turned on the day to the proper of the interest of the work of t

was to appreciate its full significance.

NEXT day Guy moved down the coast to stay with Barbara. He could not have encountered a more different way of living Barbara was being true to her promise of a gipsy-type existence. Sie and Norman were living in their seventh residence since marriage. They called it a studio flat. It was half way between the water-front and the lower Corniche road.

A kitchenetic opened off a rather large room with a very large divant. It was not exactly untildy since it was clean; but a painter surrounds himself invariably with a litter of easels, can-vases, polettes, oil tubes, brushes. A large table in the middle of the room, off one corner of which they are, was covered with the tools of Norman's trade.

"Wouldn't Mother be horrified," was Barbara's introduction of it. For herself, it was exactly what she wanted She loved cooking, as far as Guy could see, consisted of emptying a tin into a saucepan.

She also loved marketing she said;

inderions of a sover that expatrates invariably use in reference to the country of their birth.

If saw a copy of the Tailer the other day, the said. "All those pictures and dical manalons, as though there were gloating over the fate in store for his compatriols; a sheet, too, of authority, as though he were gloating over the fate in store for his compatriols; a sheet, too, of authority, as though he, living in France, had a stronder outlook than the insular inhabitant of Britain.

It was only on rare occasions that Frankiin struck that note. For the most part he was gay, unworted, and relaxed. Once, however, he did throw a different light upon his state of mind.

It was on the last day they had played their round of golf in the afternoom instead of in the morning, and they were sitting in the clubiouse over a glass of beer in the cool of sundown. "You've given me a marvellous time." Guy said. "I shall take the most part think as hardy fault that the same into being carried out. Pather might have done. But she hand house parties and house parties and the very given me a marvellous time." Guy said. "I shall take the most glowing reports back to our mather." Guy said. "I shall take the most glowing reports back to our mather." The could be shall the could be suited as a question, seemed to necessitate an answer.

The fort think it a futtle life at all May shouldart you have the way you want?"

"You've given me a marvellous time." Guy said. "I shall take the most glowing reports back to our mather." Guy said. "I shall take the most glowing reports back to our mather." The colored coil pathers of the cool of sundown. "You've given me a marvellous time." Guy said. "I shall take the most glowing reports back to our mother." The colored coil in the said. Norman went sketching every morning and the cooling, as far as Guy could see. Then we have a pionic lineh," she said. Norman went sketching every morning the house portion of the more of the provided and provided the provided as a food, "abe said. "Dinner's our main f

Then they strolled down to Germaine's for softee.
Other times they went out to restaurants, to St. Jean Cap Ferrai, or into Nice to one of the little restaurants along the Quni des Etata-

Other times they went out to restaurants; to St. Jean Cap Ferrat, or into Nice to one of the little restaurants along the Quoi des EtataUnits.

"It seems silly when we have all this momey not to spend it. One day we may not have it: then I'll do the cooking." Barbara said.
Under her Isther's will she had an income that was ample for the needs of their joint gipay life. They accepted, both of them, as a matter of course the fact that he should be dependent upon her momey.

It took a long time for a painter to get established. Three, five, ten years, it would be Norman's turn later on to pay the rent and buy Hispano Sulizas.

"I leed so happy being able to do something for Norman's Barbara said. He needs soulish: he needs to travel; I can give him that. It must be seen if one wife him that. It must be seen if one is the seen of the

boughs sgainst a winter sky: but he did not know if they were better patial like.

He had asked Roger what he though of Norman's work. He truited Roger's judgment. Roger shrugsad. He's promising: but so are so many others. It depends upon himself.

Certainly at the moment it looked as though the dice were loaded in his fayor. He was gealing the material that his talent hereice.

Think you've put a lot into his work, or rather there's a lot more in his work now because of you." Guy said to Barbara.

"Is there? Have I? I should like to think there was. He's given me so much I didn't know it was possible to be so happy! to have someone of ne's very own; someone who belongs to you, to whom you belong. It's what I've wanted all the time, without quite knowing it. How could I? You can't know until you've had it, easy you."

He nodded He supposed you couldn't. It was something he couldn't tall, something he had never known, to belong to someone who belonged to him,

o someone who belonged to him.

"Where were you thinking of having your haby?"

It was not till the fifth day that he asked her that. He felt guilty impinging upon their paradire.

"October is a long time off," she said.

"It can be a trying mouth here: Nevember can be most umpleasant."

"We may not be here. We don't know where well be. Thut's the whole point of our ashome of living.

"Three's a lot to be said for having it in England."

"It here? What?"

"It here? What?"

"For one thing, Mother. She's alone. It's only a very little while ago that she became a widow. She needs some-

thing to fuss over. She's bound to worry about your being all this way away. She doesn't trust French medicine."

Barbara poulted "How very old-fashloned of her. There are perfectly good doctors here."

But don't you think you'd be a great deal more comortable in Highgat? Apart from that it might be a good thing for Norman to show the dealers what he's done. You've been away eighteen months. It doesn't do to get out of touch. You have to go back every now and again. This seems as good a time as any. The hast month, anyhow, you'll have to stay fairly quiet. Norman wouldn't be able to get much work done. It might make it easier for him Anyhow, think it over."

He did not stress the point. He did not want to appear to interfere. But since he had seen the way in which Earbars and Norman lived, he feit that there was quite a lot, very hearly everything, in fact, to be said for hier going home. Probably they would realise it themselves when the time grew nearer. On his return he would set her mind at rest, adjuring her not to mention in her letters that there was a possibility of their coming back: then a little nearer the time he would drop a note recapitulate his arguments. He had planted the seed now.

He had been happy at Moughs with Franklin. He was even happier in Villefranche with Harbara, so happy that he decided to stay on a few more

that he decided to may days.

"But you mustn't think you've got to look after me," he said. "In fact, it's high time I did a little browing on my own. Tomorrow I'm going in to Nice. I'm not sure if I shall be back for dinner. I'll leave you to your-

selves."
They would probably be glad of a day together. As he took his place in the blue bits that swept every half-hour into the Place du Marche, he had no sense of premonition; nothing warned him that he was on his way to meet the second crisis of his life.

to meet the second crisis of his life.

It was a cool sunny day and he took things quietly. As he was sauntering from the Piace Massena, northwards up the Avenue de la Victoire thinking that it was aimost time for lunch his attention was caught by a crowd gathering noisily in a side street.

Crossing to investigate he saw standing by a taxicab, a suitcase in each hand, a tail and youngisn girl who did not look French, and was clearly the centre of attraction.

He pushed his way through the crowd.

"Now what's all this about?"

He set the question in English first and then in French. But before the girl could speak, the taxi-driver and three friends of the taxi-driver and embarked on a simultaneous and corroborative explanation.

They had been cheated, grossly

roborative explanation.

They had been cheated, grossly cheated. They had brought the young lady all the way from Monte Carlo, They had brought her to the address that ahe bad given. Now abe refused to pay. They could not think why ahe anould refuse to pay. She seemed an affluent young lady. She had tried to explain, but they could not understand her French. Young ladies who could not speak French should not engage taxicaba. Guy turned towards the girl.

"It's quite ridiculous," she said.
She anoke with an American accent.

the girl.

"It's quite ridiculous" she said.

She spoke with an Amorican accent,
At close quarters one looked even
younger than she had from across the
street. She could not be much more
than twenty. She was alim and fair-

haired and tall, with a fresh complexion. Her cheeks were a little flushed. She was possibly a little angry. But there was no sign of alarm upon her face.

"It's quite ridiculous," she repeated. "I was in Monte Carlo, Last night I lost all the money I had with me at the tables. I'd only enough for my hotel. But I had authority to cash cheques at this bank in Nice. I thought the best thing was to hire a taxl and drive over, When I got here I found the bank was closed."

"You would. It's a public hollday."
"Oh."

"So I think I'd better settle up this

"Oh."
"So I think I'd better settle up this taxi now, then we can decide what's best to do."
Ninety francs were marked upon the meter. He gave the driver a hundred and picked up the suitcases. They have the name Elleen Burtows.

man placed up the subscale. They save the name Elicen Burtows.

"After all that, we'd better have a drink," he said.

"That's how I feel."

They chose a cafe in the Place Masseria.

"Do you know anybody here?" he asked.

She shook her head over her vermouth casels. "There must be someone. But who or where I've no idea."

"Then as there's no chance of your being able to get any money until to-morrow. I suggest that you regard yourself as my guest till then."

"That would be the best thing, wouldn't 1r?"

"Have you booked a room?"

"Not yet I thought I'd look around till I saw some place I liked."
"I'm at Villefranche. At the Hotel Welcome. You might as well come there."

"It looked delightful from the train." She spoke cheerfully but calmly accepting the umanal situation with an engaging equanimity.
"To an Englishman like myself, it seems very strange to see a young girl travelling all over Europe by herself," he said.

sen," he said.
She raised her eyelrows.
"Whatever harm could come to me
in Europe?"
"You'd got yourself into a bit of a
mess this morning."
"Being rescued is rather fun," she

HE led her to one of the small low-roofed restaurants on the front along the Quai des Etats-Unis. "Well have lunch there," he said "It's Italian, But Nice was Italian once."

Unis. "We'll have lunch there," he said. "In's Italian Burk Nice was Italian once," He ordered her salade Nicolse, and zabagdient A small boy with a guttar perched himself on the sea wall and the said of the said way easily and freed away easily and friendilly, the had been born, she hold him, in New York parents had an apartment in the East Nimetes between Maddison and Faut, and a small farm in New Jersey where they went each summer.

"Nothing elaborate, Just a picnic place; no servants or anything." She herself, she told him, had just left Vusuar. She was going to start working soon, but an aunt had left her a legacy of two thousand dollars which wasn't enough to invest. "No I decided to spend it on a trip."

She had crossed tourist on the He de France. She had come down the Rhine. She had done Austria and Italy and Switzerland. She was going to stay a formight in the South of France, then a week in Paris spending what little money she had left on clothes; then she was catching the Lafayette from Havre.

"You aren't coming to England then?"

then?"

She shook her head.
"Everyone tells me the same thing about it, that it's no good going unless you've got friends to show you around."
"You've me."
"You've me."
"You've me."

"Your wife might not like me."
'I haven't got a wife."
'What, not married?"

"Divorced?"
"Not even that, A bachelor from
the start"
"Why, are you very poor?"

why, are you very poor?

He laughted "Do you imagine that
the only reason for not marrying is
that one can't afford it?"

She joined him in his laughter?

She joined him in his laughter, in
trenh and joily laugh. 'Im sorry, but
it surprised me rather. I won't say
that you look married, but you don't
look the kind of man who wouldn't
marry."

It seemed to him that there was a new interest for him in her eyes and when he told her that he was a wine merchant, ahe began to question him with currosity.

"That is very interesting. In America of course we don't know anything about wine yet. We've all been brought up under prohibition. It's been high-balls and cocktails."

She asked him question after question. She had the same vivid interest in everything that Barbara had. Her enthusiasm was contagious. It was three o'clock before they finished lunch.

finished limch.

"And now," he said, "for a drive along the cliffs to Villefranche."

He ordered a flacre to make the drive last longer; though the sun was high there was a cool breeze blowing off the mountains. They put the hood of the cab back and arranged her suitcuses as a footstool, He pointed out the villas along the way. "Do you see that white building on Cap Ferrat, like a solid block among the pines, that's the Villa Mauresque, where Maugham lives. When we get to Villefranche, I'll show you Paul Morand's house."

But when eventually the cab turned

But when eventually the cab turned down from the Corniche to the steep narrow hill leading to the harbor, she was far too excited over the narrow mysterious alleyways that opened out on either side of her, to bother about fashionable villas. "It's marvellous. The got to see every inch of it before it's dark!" she said.

The moment she had booked a room, hefore she had even unpacked, she instated on being taken on a personal tour of the village that out into the rock tself, rose high and aheer from the waterfront to the Corniche road. She was resolved to let nothing miss her.

She peered down the dark

let nothing miss her.

She peered down the dark arched avenue of the Rue Obscure; she traversed the whole cobbled length of the Rue de Pollu, that narrow corridor of a street running parallel with the sea. She examined cafe after cafe, wondering which ones she would visit that evening after dinner. Below the last house along the waterfront by the blue Dubonnet sign he showed her the vast lobster reservoir.

"It's heaven, Now for a swim," she said.

"It's heaven, Now for a swim," she said

Villefranche was in shadow as they waked in dressing-gowns slong the waterfront. After they had swum in the warm and waveless water, they sat throwing pebbles into the sea. As she flung the pebbles, the kin of her shoulder-blades was vividly white against the dark blue of her bathing suit. He watched the play of muscle beneath the clinging damp material. Seeing her in a light

uniner frock, he had not realised ow firmly built she was. "I should think you were good at omis," he remarked. She shrugged. "We can all play a ft, you know."

as they walked back to the hotel, as they walked back to the hotel, use fishermen's wives were busy athering up the nets that they had it out to dry. The water had taken a the pale mauve-pink hue that had add Homer write of the wille-placed son.

into have many-pink that made into the part made follower write of the wife-clired sea. They sat in their dressing-gowns t a small round blue table on the crarer watching the local girls with not dark that falling loose ever their houlders, stroll slowly arm in arm long the harbor side, while the young shermen in their peaked caps and seveless jumpers lounged by the ceps, their eyes following them. In he bar-room belind the terrace a ramophone was playing. It was our de fete and villefranche was pre-aring to go gay. Pensively, she sipped ser cocktail.

'I think I shall come to London

"I think I shall come to London after all," she said.

days later she fulfilled her

comise.

Her eyes opened with astonished terest as he took her over Duke od Renatan's oak-panelled premises.

"This doesn't look in the least like

office." In the old days London merchants wed above their shops. They made neil shops like homes."

'Is this where your own family used

"Until fifty years ago."
"How long has the firm been go-

"How long has the firm been going?"

We celebrated our hundred and
fittieth anniversary ten years ago."

"And I don't even know the name of
my mother's grandmother."

'The very certain that I don't."

They laughed together, as from the
very start they had found it easy to.

They lunched at the Etoile Bleu, a
long narrow room lined with mirrors.

"Don't look now," she said. "But
there's a woman three tables behind
you that keeps staring at me."

He dropped his napkin and picking
up saw Renee's reflection in a
mirror. It was his first intimation
int she was back in London's he had
set for a Norwegian holiday while he
was in the South of France. He had
not seen her for a month.

"That's a compatriot of yours, Lady
Button."

"A friend of yours?"

arton."
"A friend of yours?"
"A very good friend."
"She was looking at me so in-isitively."

e go out."
Though she had told him at Villeanche that she had no friends in
igland. Elleen Burrows had during
ir last week in the South of France,
liceted a number of contacts for her
rudon visit, so that when he sixed
are the end of hund, when he was
use her next, she was able to prome a diary that was impressively
if of entries.

She was hooked till the

She was booked till the following remner. Fine, I'll squire you to a skital party to show you how we me them; then we might go and ne," he said.

ome. He said.

"That'll be swelt." Site accepted energy rather than readily, but on his return from hunch next day, he found a telegram calling off the date. Downt her," he thought "I suppose she's run into something more amusing."

He was first angry, then hurt, then jealous then rather sad. He had not realised quite how much he had seen looking forward to seeing her again. But he was resolved next morning when he rangs her up not to reveal the extent of his dissippointment. He was jocular and off-hand.

"I was sorry about last night," he said.

"So was I, but I ran into an old friend who was going away today. It was our one chance of meeting. I felt sure that you'd understand."

"Of course, I guessed it was that kind of thing, I hope he gave you an amusing time."

"It wasn't a 'he'; it was a 'she."

"I see, Well, when do I see you

"I see. Well, when do I see you next?"
"That's just what I was wonder-

ing"
"Is that little blue book of yours
so full of entries?"

so full of entries?"
"No, it isn't that exactly, it's
well I never meant to come to England at all. I've been away longer
than I meant. I was down yesterday
at the American Express, there's a
ship sailing tomorrow that."
"Temorrow!"
"Yes, I know it sounds very soon."

quickly, breathlessly, in a way that convinced him that she was hiding something. He cut her short.

"Now please, one moment, what's all this about? What's happened?"

"Nothing What could have happened?"

"Nothing with the something has "I don't know. But something has Have you fallen in love at sight?"
"Good heavens no, not that."
"Th's something though Something's happening."

"Well," she paused, and he pic-tured how her forehead would be puckering. She was a straightforward person who liked things in the open, who wasn't good at lying.

who wasn't good at lying.

"What is it? Piesae, while it it?"
There was a silence, a full halfminute's allence, then in a deleful
voice, "That woman you introduced
me to. That Lady Burfon. You remember she asked where I was staylag. She rang me up. We had a
long talk yesterday. So , well . . .
you see.

you see.

"I see."

There was another pause; then in a voice that sounded on the brink of lears. The sorry, Guy. I'm being silly. We had lovely times. I'll never forget them, ever. I'll always feel nicely about you, always. But I don't want to see you again. not now... not after this. Good-bye."

this Good-bye."

Prom the other end came the click of a replaced receiver.

Incredulously he stared at the metal Instrument. That Renee should have done that. That Renee should have done what? What was it she had said? What had clie implied? Angrily he picked up the receiver. It was contrary to their routine but he did not care. She answered the call herself.

He broke into the subject straight.

were to come round this evening about aix and have a drink with you?"

It was May but the day was cold. A fire had been laid in the grale and he set a light to it. The fiames leapt high, filecting on the pale blue walls. "How charming it all looks," she gaid.

"How charming it all looks," she said.

She pulled a stool before the fire, took a clearette out of her case and lighted it, shpeed at the cocktail that he hunded her, then put it on the floor beade her; leaning forward she stretched the palms of her hands to-wards the flames.

"So she's going back to America tomorrow, that's very interesting." The caim detachment in her voice goaded him.

"So she's going mack to America tomorrow, that's very interesting." The calm detachment in her voice goaded him.

"What did you say to her?"
"Darling, we said such a lot. We let our hair down property. We had a real girls gossip.

"But why, why, why?"
"I was inquisitive. I've the right to be that, haven't i? I wondered how the land say. I know how it does now, as reguris her at least." You must have and the does fearful things."
"On the contarty I said the mices things. Certainly nothing that I, if I had been to her place, wouldn't have been glad to hear."
"Then why won't she see me? Why's she going back to America temorrow?"
In Renee's face as she looked up at him there was a unile part fond, part mocking: a smile last gave him the same feeling that he had had ten years hack, the first time they had lumched together, that though she was by several years his funior, her knowledge of the world was infinitely wider, infinitely wiser. Now as then she answered him obliquely." I said nothing that wasn't flattering to you. I did you a good time tog by all 1 did you a good time.

then she answered him colliquely.

"I said nothing that wasn't flattering to you. I did you a good turn. I've made things easy for you. I've brought it all into the open. Shall I tell you what you should do? Go round to ber hotel. Insist on seeing her. Tell her how sorry you are that she should have heard this story from anyone but yourself, that you were waiting ill you had got to know her better. Tell her that this, this entanglement, Tell her that this, this entanglement, Tell her that this, this entanglement all it what you like, was just an episode, that it had only gone on so long became, you hadn't met anyone that mattered more to you; but that moy put met her. well, you can find your own words for telling her the rest."

She paused, the fund and mocking smile greet tender.

and your own wards for telling her the jest."

She paused, the fand and mocking smile grew tender.

"Go round right away. If you talk to her in that strain, she wou't be in any mood for catching ships tomarrow. She won't think any the worse of you. You're in the later thirties. Do you think she imagines that you've heen twidding your things for the jast fifteen years? Do you think she'd saw thank you for a man of over thirty whom no other woman had found a use for? I've sent your slock up twenty-five per cent. Go right round now. The best of luck to you.

picked up the receiver it was contrary to their routine but he did not care. She snawered the call herself.

He broke into the subject straight-way.

"What on earth have you been saying about me to your compatriot?"

"So she's told you, then?"

"She hand it in so many words. But she's refused to see me and she's decided to sail domorrow."

"She hand in so many words. But she's refused to see me and she's decided to sail domorrow."

"The hear? Now that is interesting."

"Interesting." His voice rose to a note of indigenant signer but her voice restained its habitual, placed poise.

"Do you think that this is the kind of thing we should discuss over the telephone? Wouldn't it be better if I

have cared much more than he had dired simbect. It was heady knowledge. If he were to not an Rence had advised, where would be no sailing to the house of the control of the sains to what would he not find himself committed? If Elsen had not fett strongly, she would not have booked thus hurried passage. To break down her opposition he would have to use the high sains that cannot be spoken lightly. It would be an electric scole, incutably; a some that could end in one way only in a proposal that if not accepted, would not have been refused.

Yes, Reme had been right enough, he had made things easy, had clarified the issue. He was trapped.

Impatiently he pased the room that was so full of Rence, the flat hat he had aken on account of Rence, every stricte in which had its own association with her; not one fragment of which, not one chair or glass or ampshade he could bear to keep if he were to say good-bye to her. How could he say good-bye to her. How could he say good-bye to her. How could he say good-bye to her hope that he would one day marry, but how could he easy so hasardons an adventure with a girl sixten years younger than himself? How could he possibly?

Amerily, like a trapped animal, he paced the flat, that he had also had his hand

nearbly?
Angrily, like a trapped animal, he aced the flat. He had had his hand treed. I can't, he thought 'how can at such short notice?'

paced the flat. He had had his hand forced. 'I can't, he thousht how can I at such short notice?'

On the following morning he addressed a lelegrain to the chip. Hon Voyage and Good Datck. I shall hever forget our times together. Think of me now and then.

To Hence he such yellow rosses: on the accompanying card he wrote. If did not follow your netwee but perhaps it would be as well if we did not see each other for a little.

Sometimes faile mercifully supplies the antidote of a counter-irritant.

Three days later Guy found in his morning's post an envelope addressed in an infamiliar band with a French stamp and postmark It was a short note signed Dayline.

Dear Guy, we are going to be a nulance. I am to have an operation, major but not dangerous. So I'm committee the weeks for it. I go into the London Clinic on 24 June; and existe you find us a small hours in the country where I can recuperate?

So, he thought less than three weeks hack she had been recommending for Barbara the efficiency of foreign medicine; we here she was, resurables like the stricken deer to the covert where she had roused.

He rang her up on the evening of her arrival. Where would she like to lunch. In his flat, she told him. She would like it to be quiet; she didn't want to be disturbed by acquaintances coming over. She knew too many people. "Any special mental" No, not as long as they began with a mertilli of the service of these theory was a she supped it. How one, they began with a mertilli of the proper it.

to one.

She closed her eyes us she sipped it.
"How often I've innerd for one of these;
how often I've swied Franklin."
"You said you didn't mind?"

"What else could I say? I couldn't play the marky: much better let you think that I was deting. I told you I was under doctors orders. So I was. I didn't let you know what for: "Have you been ill long? Or rather have you known that you were ill?" "The not been ill, but I knew that sooner or later I'd have to have this done. I wanted to put it off as long as possible."

"But why? Wouldn't it have been best to get it over?"

She shook her head. "I was afraid it might leave me somewhat of an invalid. I'm not as young as perhaps you think I am. I owed it to Franklin to stay as long as possible the kind of woman that he married. I had to argue with my conscience, you know, before I married him."

him."
"You've made him very happy."

"You've made him very happy."
"Up to now I have, he's made me
happy too. Over four years, that's
quite a time But as I said, I had to argue with my conscience; I told myself
it wann't fair to him, but the temptation was too great. Have you any idea
"T've got eyea".
"T've got eyea"."
"The same and the same and the same
"T've got eyea"."

The got eyes."

"Who says that a woman doesn't care for looks, That's a man's lie if you like: the plain man's lie. Oh, of course, I know a woman can fail in love with an old man, with an old and ugly man; there's slamor about a general, there's the pressine of royalty, the pride of wealth and power; there's the woman's need of security, not only for herself but for her children; yes, there's all that; but if anyone pretends a woman's not aware of books. I dare-say I'd have put this operation off a little longer if Franklin hadn't let himself get flabby It's gone how the fine flower of his beauty. I tried to stop him, but you can't go magging at a man. In the end I got so exaperated that I encouraged him, plied mayon-maise upon his lobster.

"How wrong can you be," thought

"How wrong can you be," thought Guy.

tioningly at Daphne. There was a new brightness in her eyes. It was the first time that he had seen her take a drink. But it was not alcohol that had siven her that glow: she had an air of personal triumph, of suppressed excitement, as though she had an air of personal triumph, of suppressed excitement, as though she had achieved some private goal.

"I've had a curious feeling all this week," she said, "as though I were doing everything for the last time as though I were being myself for the last time."

"But you told me that there wasn't any danger."

"There isn't. I can say that truthfully. Yet something tells me that the person that's been me so many years, is fating her last dook at London."

He remembered the dramatic irony of his father's last few weeks, with his father knowing that he was seeing each friend for the last time. There was a parallel between Daphne and his father.

"I couldn't have borne to have had the last lanch with Pranklim," she was

riend for the last time. There was a parallel between Daphne and his father. "I couldn't have borne to have had this last lunch with Franklin," she was continuing. "Yes, you can fill up my plass I thought quite a let about this lunch. I had to make it special. I had an idea at first of lunching with one of the men I'd been in love with; but I saw that wouldn't do. I'd be incomplete. We could only talk about the weeks or months we'd shared.

"That's why I asked you to give me lunch. I don't know you very well. Yet in a way we're close. You've thought about me. I can be open with you. Nothing that I say could hurt your feelines. I can be complete, let my thoughts flow. And I know with you that anything I may say will have the secrecy of the confessional. That we'll never, ever refer again to this last conversation: you won't, at least; not unless I do. Yes, let's have lunch. "It was the first time be had seen her eat with gustor, what a strain she must have placed upon herself. Had she resented what mitst have Burgundy.

"How good this ia," she said. "How I've missed wine: not spirits, not cock-tails much; only occasionally but wine, a meal's not a meal without it. Theresone thing I can thank heaven for about his business, I'll never deprive myself of that again."

of that again."

She sipped it slowly, reverently; she talked easily, amusingly, of the world as she had known it, of the world as she found it now, of the changes social political, moral, economic, that she had

political, moral, economic, that she had seen.

"A girl starts life before a man does; you'd had no adult life before the war. I had; enough to know what we've lost; I was smus, and complacent in min; ways, sellish and self-assured, oh, and so self-indulgent; yet there were the young people coming through with fresh ideas. All that group from King's the men your friend Burton knew. Brooke and Keynes, Cannan and E. M. Forster; they planned to siter things, they would have altered things, in their own way, in their own time; there wasn't any need for all that blood-letting.

She paused. "I could never talk them there wasn't any need for all that blood-letting."

they would have altered things, in their own way, in their own time; there wasn't any need for all that bloodletting."

She passed "I could never talk about those things to Franklin There's a whole seneration between us; the loss of a whole seneration. You know what I'm talking about. He wouldn't understand!

He had often wondered how old she was; had wondered what her life had before she had met Franklin, remembering that remark of Remee's: "What an innocent you are." He had often asked himself about her; but now when she would have been ready enough to answer anything, there seemed no point in asking; the actual details didn't matter. The general framework of her life was plain. The day-to-day duaries of a dozen years, with all their fasts, would not tell him as much about her as these two hours were doing.

"Twe learnt so much about myself this last three weeks," is said "Last might for instance. It had to be unique, my key weeks," is a said "Last might for instance. It had to be unique, my key weeks," who are seen a love of a roue marrying an theapting the remain of a roue marrying an theapting of a roue marrying an theapting of it is an purposably, when some other man comes along who is an approach, when some other man comes along who is an end of the man for the had a proposably, when some other man comes along who is an approach, when some other man comes along who is a reminiscent and keep an eye on Franklin. He may feel lost in London by himself. And if you were very Christian, you might take Jullia to the Zoo or to the Tower. It's been a lovely hinch. I'm lunky to have the kind of brother-in-law you were very Christian, but may be take in London by himself. And if you were very Christian, but may be take into the way she had fore-told. There were no complications.

have the kind of brother-in-law you are."

It turned out the way she had fore-told. There were no complications. She was never upon shy danger list. "A perfectly straightforward operation," the nurse said. "I can't think wisy she didn't have it months ago. She'll feel ever so much better how."

After the third day she was receiving visitors. Her room was like a greenhouse. Daphne gorged herself with grapes and peaches. "It really is fun being ill," she said.

Frankin did not seem to need any particular cherishing. He stayed at Highgate, thoroughly well spoilt by

his mother; Guy lunched him a couple of times; once they dined to-

Memorie Weelly—Beember 18, 1933

Illa mother; Guy lunched him a couple of times; once they dined to-secher. Me might as well go to Lord's next Priday for the Eton and Harrow might as well go to Lord's next Priday for the Eton and Harrow might have been and Harrow might have been and Harrow might have been and the first have first have first have been and the first have first have been and the first him and dark with the first him and first have had nothing in particular to look firm of the first him for the such had nothing in particular to look first him had nothing in particular to look first had an only like another; and then sucdenly mist am had nothin

purpose. My grandmother said once that in every marriage there was a point where the husband turned towards a younger woman, and that it was up to the wife to make it difficult was up to the wife to make it difficult was up to the wife to make it difficult was up to the wife to make it difficult was up to the washand to run away from her.

"There was shother thing too, she said if your husband really wants to go, there's nothing to be done shout if. It's no good trying to hold him against his will. I thought of both those things when I saw you in that see your face, but I couldn't see You face, but I couldn'

said. If your husband really wants to go, there's nothing to be done shout it. It's no good trying to held him sarainst his will. I thought of both those things when I saw you in that restairant with that girl. I couldn't see your face, but I could see hers. I knew what that look meant, I knew how she felt about you, or at least what she was on the brink of feeling."

She paused and they walked on in allence. "I didn't want to be selfash," she said. "I've often felt I'm standing in your way, that I'm ruining your life. No, darling, don't interrupt, You're nearly forty. You ought to marry soon if you're going to, and most men want to after all. I're always told myself that when the time came for me to stand aside, I'd do it., But . Well, even so, I can't say that my experience has taught me that marriage simply as marriage is something to be valued highly. "I didn't want to let you go into just any marriage. And if I'd stood ander fight now you would have got yourself entangled. Before you knew where you were, you'd have found yourself under an obligation to that sirely, I wanted to be quite sire that you really did want her before I stood aside. I said to myself, if he's in love with her, if she's essential to his happiness, he won't let anything stand in his way of setting her. He'll rake my advises Bell stop her sailles. Any want her anything stand in his way of setting her. He'll rake my advises Bell stop her sailles! Anything setting her the line way the ended the hour there are then many marriages."

Eine stopped. They had nassed behind the inound and had reached the hour of the property of the pro day, at hinch and us, when the son stroll across the grass and show off their dresses, they quote up for a rid.

Stat. Well, even so, I gain to the control and their dresses, they quote up for a rid.

But . Well, even so, I gain to the control and their control and the the period to the period the period to the period the p

"Til managa, I'm adaptable." He wore his hebitual insouciance. At the same time, Guy thought, it was going to be a charge for him.

soins to be a charge for him.

Burbari came back at the end of August. She looked ever yourset than she had in Villetratiche. There was a glow upon her cheeks, it is a looked to be a looked to lead her spirits. She hasint had half an hours illness. She continued to lead her spiry life, she sent Norman steething on the Heath and joined him at lunchtime with a backet. She was enchanted with his pictures of the yellowing landscape.

"He's section it with new eyes after.

the English Mistery? Spelt with an T? Yes, that's it. MISTERY. Might be worth your investigating; more your line possibly than some of the pro-jects we've discussed. I'll send you some of their literature. Then let's lunch one day.

some of their ligrature. Then let's lunch one day.

"You've heard about Barbara, of course. Pine, in't li? I suppose she won't be here. No. I thought as much. What about Norman? I'd have thoush this pearty was raiher his dish of lea. Good chap, though, thoroughly good chap, who we could find someone like that—hot someone like that—but someone suitable, for Margery. I know she's doing excellently in that firm of hers, but she should marry. Every girl should marry. Every first should marry. Every first you aren't the kind of girl who can be booked for a week-end a mouth in advance.

She laughed. "The old military man wanting to organise us all, I know. Wherever I am, I'm waiting on a telephone I've got to put a call through low. Don't run sway. I won't be long."

He watched her as she edged her

telephone. I've got to put a call through new. Don't run away. I won't be long."

He watched her as she edged her way towards the hall. She moved with a amooth jungle tread. She was a hand-some creature. He watched as she stood beside the telephone, her shoulders slightly bent as her finger disliced. She straightened herself, stood still; then put the receiver back. There was an ironic smile on her tips as she came back. "No reply. If I were to write a story about my kind of girl, that would be the title blat I'd give it. No Heply," or clee 'No Message Left."

There was no need for her to ex-

that would be the that I of give it. 'No Reply,' or else 'No Message Left.'"

There was no need for her to explain to him what her position was. 'People like Rex oughthat to worry about siris like me,' she said. 'I don't fit into their pattern. I'm not any use for people who have patterns. Thank heavens there are some people who haven't them, like you. There's Franklin, Left's join him. He hasn't got a pattern, though he thinks he has."

It was the first time that Guy had seen Franklin in a month. He had lost his suntan, and without it the thinning of his hair had become apparent. He looked slightly maty but he had not lost his elegance A new check suit was striking without being loud. Guy remarked on it.

Franklin laughed. 'Til be surprising you all the next few months. Chie's not the word for me. All my fown clothes were tablt.' I've ordered an entire trousseau. Then I'll lose weight and have so many sheks upon my hands; but for the next five months. 'He paused looking over Margery's the contract of the surprising of the paused looking over Margery's

He paused looking over Margory's shoulder, abstracted, the conscientious host, "I think it's going all right. They seem to be enjoying themselves. They're making enough row and that's the test. Daphne seems pleased with it.

the test traphne seems pleased with it."

Daphne seemed very pleased Shewas back in her own element, currounded by people, dispensing host-fallty, in a friendly but impersonal way. There was nothing in her cool and collected welcoming of him to suggest the woman who a few weeks ago had talked uninterruptedly whout horself through lunch. She looked at chie, as well produced as ever, in the invariable neutral-colored dress with the one bright spot of jewellery to heighten but not subdue her personality.

"Every time I see your sister-in-law I say the same thing to myself." Renee said. "There's a wiman who knows and there's a wiman who knows and the said. There's a wiman who knows the said. "There's a wiman who knows the said. "Ho only had time for a bare exchange of words with Renee. They had reached the point now when they carely bothered to see each other when they were in public.

"We've become like a husband and wife,' he said, "who are separated the moment they reach a party, are seated at the opposite ends of a diring-table and don't exchange two words till they're in the car going back." "Isn't that supposed to be one of the things about marriage, the talking of it over afterwards?"

Was it? He wouldn't know. Perhaps it was. Three-quarters of the parties would be the telephone talk tonight or tomorrow morning, or the costs of the other restaurant or in his flat. He had scarcely begun to talk to her before Margery had rejoined them. "Have you a dinner date?" she asked.

"Then you can take me out I feel like being dined rather well tonight. Wait just a moment though. I've got to try that number once again, though I know what the answer'll be."

This time, however on her return there was a very different expression on the face. Her eyes shone. "You needn't hother. I'm going to let you off. You can dide in one of those stodgy cluba of yours." She laid her hand upon his arm, above the ellow, pressing it with an impulsive fondness.

THREE days later Guy received a large envelope from Rev containing a thin green pamphlet entitled "The English Mistery."

received a large envenope from Rescontaining a thin green pamphlet entitled "The English Militery."
"I would like this back," the covering letter ran. "And I'd be grateful
if you didn't mention it to any of your
friends. We are in an embryo stage
as yet."

Guy glanced at the pamphlet; read
a paragraph or two; then decided to
study it more carefully at his leisure.
This presumably was what Lucy had
called 'waiting to have the King take
over."

The Crown, he read, 'the ancient
and only source of authority and loyalty which English men can accept and
erree has been shackled and abused
by the usurplug sovereign "the money
power," and the King has been shut
off from the people by the modery
of Parlitument. The Lords, who slone
can give hope to the people and lead
by example, have lost real nohieness
since political parless seized from the
King the power to appoint peers, and
the House of Lords now includes men
who have neither the will not the
king to govern again according to
English tradition and the ancient laws
of our people. This task cannot be
accomplished by voling. It will be
long, difficult, and probably demor-

long, difficult, and probably dangerous.

The Mistery had been founded in 1939. The nature of its constitution was not clear to Guy. There was a Chancellor who was responsible for what was culled "the thinking functions. The Chief Syndic was the principal exponent of the art of Statecraft. There was a High Skeward who supervised expulsions. There were Lords of the Mistery, loval leaders, companions, and associates. Each initiate joined a 2m' in his own district. The Communist cell idea," Guy thought. His stupefaction funcaised as he read on. If this wasn't lunacy, what was?

"I suppose," Barbara had said, "that when those toads actually do take the stage, I'll find out what women make all that fuss about,"

the stage, I'll find out what women make all that fuss about."

She did. It was a long confinement and a paintai one, followed by one complication after snother. It was three months before she was well enough to go cut of doors. Tim afraid I won't be much of a gipsy for you for quite a while," she said to Nouman. The twins too, a hoy and a girl, were weakly. They would need constant care. "I couldn't take them with me, and I couldn't leave them, you see that, don't you during? And, besides, she added, "with your exhibition coming on so soon you may not want to so sway. You'll be getting so many commissions. I'm sure that every man who sees your pictures of me will want to have his wife's portrait painted by you."

to have his wife's portrait painted by you."

The exhibition was held at the end of April in one of the smaller galletes, the Grosvenor in Cork Street. It was elaborately launched. Margery organised to publicity Dupline gave a cockrait party on its eve. Roger wrote round to everyone he knew with influence in the art world, Barbara sent out five hundred invitations to the private view. The day theil was bright and sunny, and at no time between cloven orlock till six were there less than a dozon visitors to the gallery. By the end of the evening five of the pictures bare red waters in their right-hand corners. Everyone and also things. Barbara beamed. She squeezed Norman's arm. "Darling, I'm so proud of you, I can't wait to read the reviews."

"You mustant expect too much. The

chings Barbara beamed. She squeeze Norman's arm. "Darling, Fin so proud of you, I can't wait to read the reviews."

"You mustn't expect too much. The papers don't give much space to galeries. Several other painters are exhibiting this month."

Too many painters were exhibiting. The few lines that Norman received here and there were complimentary. It was by no means a had reception but there was no suggestion that a new force had entered the arena. By the end of the month only one other picture carried its red wafer.

"It gives one a let-down feeling Norman said. "It's three years' work, we've spent three months organising the exhibition; we all got excited and worked up, and now that 1t's all over it doesn't seem as though very much had happened.

"You've got yourself started," Guy reminded him. "People have heard of you. It's only once in a hundred time that a painter starts off with fireworks. And when he does, more often than not it's a flach in the pain."

"I daresay, but it does give one a let-down feeling. On well. Thereinsthing for it but to paint some most pictures and some better pictures. Whenever this day was fine, he wend out sketching. Sometimes Barbara joined him but oftener she stayed at home. She liked atting in the garden, watching the toads tumble over one another.

"I suppose they can't mean anything to you," she said to Guy, "they wouldn't to a man; they don't even mean much to he man; they don't even mean much to he man; they don't even mean much to her man; they don't even mean much to me. They're so obviously a boy and game one of your very own, is the way your children that he every garden, where you played as a child, Franklin was up here yesterday. He was so swest

with them. Do you see much of him these days?"

"Whenever I go to Lord's I seem to find him there."

"Does he talk about doing anything, getting are job?"

"What is there that he could get?"

"It he's close on thirty mow."

"I sange nothing anything, getting are job."

Take I suppose he is. How the fish doing nothing anything in the casual talks, spreading over several weeks, that they had had at Lords, Franklin had made a number of remarks that, negligible one by one-acquire, in their sum, significance. "It's market, "In view to take a salarid look is anything to the casual talks, spreading which is the procritical respectability of English domestic manners, that our taxation system by lumping a hisbands and wife's income together and taxing it as one income, should make it, and the sum of the first hours are the added surtax would be higher than my salary. I should in fact be paying the government for the privilege of slaving in an office fifty hours any salary. I should in fact be paying the sovernment for the privilege of slaving in an office fifty hours any sharp is the sum of the strip when the added surtax would be higher than my salary. I should in fact be paying the sovernment for the privilege of slaving in an office fifty hours any sharp in the said the said to the privilege of slaving in an office fifty hours are should be higher than my salary. I should in fact be paying the sovernment for the privilege of slaving in an office fifty hours are should be higher than my salary. I should in fact be paying the sovernment for the privilege of slaving in an office fifty hours are should be higher than my salary. I should a fact the should be higher than my salary. I should a fact the should have an one of slaving in an office fifty hours are should be higher than my salary. I should a fact the should be higher than my salary. I should in fact be paying the sovernment for the privilege of slaving in an office fifty hours are should be sh

pieleily clear; he also had a sense of grievance

"Who's he seeing nowadays?" Barbara was continuing her questionnine. "I wouldn't knew. They're friends of Daphne's for the most part."

"And who are they?"

He shrunged. "You know what Daphne's life was, moving from one place to another, making one friend here, another there."

"But hasn't Franklin any friends of his own?"

"That's one of his troubles, I should say, He was never identified with any group. He left Oxford young, He's not played games in London. He's never had any profession here. He's been abroad so much."

Once or twice on his way back from Lord's Gity looked in on them in Avenue Hoad, Daphne was little changed, as brick and mondaine as every, but with three times mare energy. She was hill or plans. It was high time that Julia led an English life. If she was to marry an Englishman, she ought to know something about England.

"Besides, I'm tired myself of living among strangers' furnitire. I've been paying storage on my own for twenty years. I'm going to hay a house Julia needs a background so do. I have been and the south of France they had been indeed and idle. She never rested. She new rested She new every important play, rarely missed a private view, saw most films She gave constant lunch and dinner parties. She consulted Franklin about her choice of guests. They never quartelied; they never even disagreed.

To the majority of his acquaintances Franklin must have seemed a singuiarly incly human being. But Guy was worred on his account. He felt that something needed to be done about him, but he could not think what.

dined at No. 17. His mother was in hish spirita. She had decided to take a small flat if it want to live on in Highgate, naturally want to live on in Highgate, naturally. My friends are here. I shall be seeing a great deal of you, much too much you'll probably be deciding before long. But I needst be much to much you'll probably be deciding before long. But I needst to much too much you'll probably be deciding before long. But I needst the more of a nulsance than I have to be.

"But Mummy darling, we aren't going to be here for ever. This is only a short term project."

"I dareasy it is. In fact I know it is. But until you want to start travelling sgain, No. 17 must be your own home; don't chink I'm making a martyr of myself. I've been waiting for years to have a minute flat of any own that I can run exactly as I like."

There was a soft purr of self-satisfaction in her voice; but it was inspired, Guy felt, not so much by the prospect of a small flat on her own as by the prospect of having three grandchildren settled within haif a mile of her.

The darling of you." Barbara was asying, "and of course it is going to be heaven for me to have a real home of my own: this one of all tothers."

"Very likely," she said, "Guy himself will be wantins to move out here just about the time you want to start travelling again. You never can tell. Guy isn't forty yet. His father was hearly forty when we married."

No suggestion was allowed that Norman would give up painting. "He'll have two clear days over the weekend, said Barbara. "The see to it that he spends the whole time aketohing; on aummer evenings there'll be our studio; then there'll be the holing; on aummer evenings there'll be fare willing on the forten for the firm; he'll get subjects that way."

Guy nodded, "I daresay that's how most of the best pictures are painted, at any rate at the start of a career, in one's spare time."

He tried to make his voice sound convincing, but the sharing of that red board was ominously like the hoisting of a white flas.

His mother, when she chose to exert herself, had the energy of a young siri in her teens Within a month abe was settled into a two-room fifth floor flat, with a kitchenetic, and maid service supplied by the hour. There was also a restaurant attached. It was the latest thing in flats, built on the American model. "It's what I've wanted all my life," she said. "But I never thought that flats like this would ever be built in England."

They had only indeed made their appearance in London in the last few years, to cope with the servant shorting, diministed incomes, increased mobility through the motor car, and the preference of the middle-class family for a small house in the country, with a perch in London.

"I'm raing to be very happy here, his mother said. "My life's work behind one, to feel contented with in on the whole, to be able to face the flatter confidently." I nope that Barbara and Lucy when their times come will be able to say as mitch."

To the Istin of July the Spanish Civil War The Lettle would and the summer of long the semanting of the coun

publication or to sign this protest. He appeared to be on the mailing list of every Left Wing group. It puzsled him until a pamphlet reached him addressed in a familiar script, Pranklin; that explained it.

He called Pranklin up, but Daphne answered. He was out, she told him, at his office, "Ha office," "Yes; the Look Left to Preedom Leaure."

"What on earth is that?"

"They laughed together. "How long has this been going on?"

"Six weeks."

"It was about a month ago that this spate of literature had begun to clutter up his mail box.

"Would you like his telephone number? Daphne asked.

"No, no, you needn't bother."

A few days later Guy heard from Rex.

"You remember my sending you

"No, no, you needn't bother.

A few days later duy heard from Rex.

"You remember my sending you some while ago a pamphiet about the English Mistery?

"We are having a dinner on Saturday the 17th, why not come to it? Do try, Even if the idea doesn't appeal to you, "I'll be a good evening. And it will be a great pleasure to me to have the chance of a real talk with you. We don't see nearly enough of one another, but the bonds that were forged in Flanders are not to be broken lightly. Do come, at eight o'clock, at the Cannon Street Station Hotel."

another, but the bonds that were forzed in Flanders are not to be broken lightly. Do come, at eight o'clock, at the Cannon Street Station Hotel."

The Cannon Street Station Hotel. What a place to choose. Curiosity made him accept the invitation but he went there with the gloomlest expectations.

He could not have been more surprised. There was a comonny of at least two hundred. Half of them were in evening dress: the resunder in dark saits, a third of them were very young and beloneed to what thirty young auxiliar would have been called the lower orders.

Those were quite a few cockney acceptant Their owners were strong and instry, yet at the same time Guy was conscious of a silently inhealthy and anonymers; the same time Guy was conscious of a silently inhealthy anonymers; the same indecrurent of abnormality that had characterized the black-shirted, hlack-runsered hodyward that had paraded the King's Road, Chelsea.

Rex and some half dosen others were wearing a kind of Court dress black silk kines broeches and stockings and silver buckled sines. "There were truck and file?"

"Some are guests, some are supporters without being enrolled."

The Only's surprise he was provided with one of the best dimers he had eaten in several weeks. It was plan, straightforward fare in the best traditions of sound English cooking; turtle soup; grilled sole; a steak and kidney her a chediar choses. A steady flow of bottles was maintained.

Guy was on Rex's right. On his other side was a pale-harded overbred young man with spectacles and an earnest manner who lived in the country was married and had three children. He had a large extate that had had to may heavy death duties. T should like to have sold out, he stid. "But the Controller"

"Your as married and had three children. He had a large extate that had had to may heavy death duties." I should like to have sold out, he stid. "But the Controller"

"Your as married and had thre

Then you're a member of the Mistery."
He shook his head, "No, I'm not

fully enrolled. I couldn't give all the time to it it desent. I wanted to, of course, But the Coultroller and I'd he of greaker vaine if I worked my estate and made it prosper; was a unit in the work; that after all is one of the chief points of the Mistery, to get back to fearing England, restore the delight of the cratianna in his work; each man with his own pilot of soil; the old loyalities of husbandry; it's only a few of us who are fitted to be leaders: a selected few.

"What are the qualifications?"

"Birth. Good stock. I don't mean the aristocracy Good pure yecoman stock is the best we have; that's the stock that made England great. A Jew may be a good Jew, but never a good Englishman."

So it was anti-Semitic then as well as Royalist.

"What does the Mistery propose to do?" Guy asked.

"Lead England when the call comes to it."

"Guy remembered Lucy's vague remark about the King re-assuming his old sovereignty. Was the Mistery proposing to sound the clair on outside Buck House?

He turned his attention back to Rox. "The still confused as to what this is all about."

"Don't worry. You'll be much clearen after you've heard the speeches."

He wasn't. He was even more confused. The main speech leaded three-quarters of an hour. It was delivered with great visious, and with considerable oratorical skill. It consisted in large part of an attack on both Communism and Fasciam, but the alternative it affered bore strong resemblances to both. "We can learn, he said," from the tacking of the Communist cell."

To Guy it had long seemed that heady were all of them in the same bout the work was hurt-

rounts cell."

To Guy it had long seemed that they were all of them in the same boat result; each felt the world was hurtling to destruction; each had a totalitarian formula for salvation; and probably they were right to this extent, that if you put men into chains, without letting them know they were in chains, you could get the world's work accomplished. The slave system built the pyramids. "We must organise for our opportunity," the squat, tough Secretary was declaimed in Rome, in Berlin, in Moscow, in Vienna?

amall proportion of the gathering went to the Secretary's flat. He had a large living-room in the centre of which was a toll-backed chair. He sat in it like a heathen god and guests came up in turn to discuss his speech with him. It was a gay enough occasion, but once again Guy was conscious of an unhealthy, emotional undercurrent. "Are you fairly high up in this" he inquired of Rex. Rex nodded. "How does it appeal to you?"
"I'm as much in the air as when I came here."
Rex pured his lips. "Um, perhaps you are; but that's inevitable, Did you feel after this evening, after seeing the kind of people who have joined us, that it's something you'd like to know a little more about. "Rex pussed, looking at him interrogatively, Guy shook his head." I'm very sorry, I'm afraid I'm a

"I'm very sorry. I'm afraid I'm a great disappointment to you. But I have to go my own way."

Between Rex and Franklin there was more in common than either would have cared to admit, and to each the Civil War in Spain gave a sense of purpose.

To Guy its outbreak had come as no particular surprise. For a long time previously he had received disquieting rumours from the Jerez wine shipper. "If I were you' I should lay in as much sherry as you can," one of the salesmen warned him. "No one can ted what's cooking."

Every week some fresh rumour had resched the office of the pace at which the machinery of government was breaking down; then came the news of France's coup d'etat.

This had come as no great surprise to Guy But the course it followed did He had not forescen the strength of loyallar resistance, the consequent intervention, first of Italian troops and then of German airment, with Russistandly and sulkily giving the government half-heartest help, finally the enrolment of the International Brigade Frankilin was pibliant.

"What did I tell you' Doesn't the fursity everything I've said' Fasckan leads to war: the aristocrats and landowners aren't going to resign without a fight, why should they? The people have had to fight for every concession they've ever been granted: the party-boases sick together I taly and Germany can't afford to have liberal ophicins flouriating in the same continent That would undermine their power. The showdown's come at last Unless We support the government democracy will be dead in Burope. He talked of the civil war not as a disaster, but as the prelinde of a new dispensation. Guy's arguments were unwailing. For a teentury and a hair. Guy said, "the Spaniards have been fachting among themselves. Why should this one civil war be so very different?"

Pesause of the world situation. Two forces are in conflict. Fascism and Democracy Spain is the battlefield If we lose in Spain, we shall lose everywhere."

Franklin was as busy now as he had been fide two very back, raising funds for medical supplies, organism committees, public meetings, protest many million others. Guy latened to Kinz Bender and help the war time to discount in Chebea, in Tedwarth Square. She allowed him to use it for his meetings.

That white in company with

success of his reign as the defence, the justification of the things he valued. For close on quarter of a contury he had felt himself identified with the man who was to be his monarch. And now it was all over: a week of gossip, and his King an extle.

where or gossip, and his sains an exile.

There were those of his friends who looked on this abdication as the betrayal of a trust. He was not one of them.

The speech ran to its close, and silence followed, as it had eleven months before. Guy sat there brooding, motioniess, while the only man whom he would ever be able to think of as his King' started his lonely journey to an unguessed destiny.

London was hung with flags, its shops

London was hung with flags, its shops were bright with coronation souvenirs, but a cloud of omen overhung the pageant. How much had happened since the Silver Jubilee of two years ago. Italian arms were conquering Abyssinia: the field-grey uniforms had crossed the Rhine; the Eritish Navy, so it was rumored had not dared to pit itself against Italian airmen. The Spanish Civil War was rousing increasingly violent emotion among neutrals. The ordinary Briton was being assurant by the extremists of both sides that he could sit on the fence no longer, that he mist make his choice between Tranny and Freedom; each side calling itself Freedom and labelling its opponents Tryanny. The average Briton, confronted with the swastika on one hand and the sikle on the other, was unsure which he distrusted more. There was a cold civil war in England; friend was divided against friend, and family against family. The Rentons were not to be immune.

It came, the sudden showdown, without warning, Half a dozen sentences and the thing had happened. It took place in Guya flat Lucy and Rex had come up for the day. Lucy had been complaining that site never saw Franklin or Margery, so Guy had organised an impromptu lunch party. It should have been the friendlest of occasions, but no occasion was safe then. At any moment Spalm might be discussed. The most innocent topic led to it.

Guy was remarking on the excellence of some of the South African wines.

"I was trying obe of their sherries the other day. It was as good as any

Guy was remarking on the excellence of some of the South African wines.

"I was trying one of their sherries the other day. It was as good as any except the very best Spanish sherry."

"What a good way of imposing sanctions," Franklin said. "Put a robibitive duty on all Spanish wine. You'd be helping a Dominion and cutting at a Pranco source of revenue."

"That's silly." Margery protested.

"Not at all. It would burt the Spanish rebels if they couldn't get foreign currency."

"I don't really see why I should deprive myself of the pleasure of drinking Teo Pepe Bocause there's a civil war in Spain," she countered. It was the kind of conversation that is begun innocently, but there had been so many such conversations during the last nine months; they had ceased to be a bore and become an tritation. Guy had lost patience with it He let fat talk go on. It became acrimonious, Franklin persisting in his argument until Rex who had remained commendably slient for several minutes suddenly snapped out."

or swerm minutes suddenly scapped out:
"If you feel so keen about this wretched war, why don't you follow the example of these other partor pinks and enlist in the International Brigade?"

GUY RENTON The answer came back like a vol-leved tennis-ball. "As a matter of fact I have. But I didn't want to be dramatic over it."

fact I have. But I didn't want to be dramatic over it."

It came so pat that Guy was not sure whisther or not there had been a moment's bestation before it came; a moment of sheek, of deliberation; of terror, then resolve: Had there been? He waan't sure.

But one thing there was no mistaking, the note of triumph on which Frankim had flung down, like a glove in the acceptance of the challenge, those seven words, "as a matter of fact I have". For twenty years Franklin had been waiting for an opportunity to make that kind of retort to Rex. At last he'd beaten Rex on his own ground, on his own terms.

LUCY and Rex were the first to leave; there was a feeling of relief when the door closed behind them. It was now just the family baphne, for all that she had lived as much abroad and such a separate life, had become a part of the family in a way that Rox never had. She looked thoughtfully as her husband. "You haven't enlisted, have you, in the international Brigade?"

He shook his head. "If I'd said No, but now I'm going to' it would have looked like a dare. You'd all have looked like a dare. You'd all have told me not to be allly and dramatic. Rex would have appleased and despised me afterwards."

"I thought as much. You did it the only way you could; if you had to do, if. There's ho way now of getting out of it.

How well, Guy thought, she understands him. It was a real marriage there.

"This is going to be a shock to your mother," alse was saying. "I suppose Guy'd befter break the news to her."

And has's a fairly longh assignment, he said to Margery after they had gone.

She nodded "Franklin's still her

ment," he

had gone.
She nodded "Franklin's still her
favorite."
"In spite of all those grandchildren?"
"In spite of all of them."
"Barbara's going to have yet another,
did you hear?"
"I hadn't."

"I hadn't."
"Norman told me yesterday."
"Is he pleased about 12?"
"Delighted."

"It's the end of that gipsy life of

"It's the end of that gipsy life of his."
"That's why he welcomes it, I rather think. He wanted the issue settled."
"Does he paint now at all?"
"He makes a pretence of it to make Barbara happy. He wouldn't like her to think he'd sacrificed a career on her account. He adores her, you know. They're still crasily in love."

They're still crazily in love."

"Would he have been any good, do you think?"
Guy shrugged. "You remember what Roger said about him; that every year a hundred students of promise signed in at the Slade; the Slade's only one art school out of twenty. It's a question, Roger said, of how much a student stands or falls by what he paints. You have to be pretty ruthless if you're going to succeed. You can't serve two masters. If you put a wife first."

serve two masters.

"Do you think it matters?"

"Not when two people are as happy as they are."

"Yes, they are so much in love," she answered.

"Yes, they are so much in lave, see answered.
"And how's your world now? Still 'no reply?" he asked.
Margery laughed, a little wryly. "Ask any girl in my age group and position how she feels when a new man says, 'I think it would be easier if you wrote

me at my club.' There it goes, she thinks, the old routine again."
"You seem to thrive on it."
"On, I'm resilent."
Two days later Franklin rang Guy up, "They've sipned me on," he said.
"I leave within a week Have you told Mother yet?"
"Til do it right away."
"He went out to tea that afternoon. She met him with an anxious look. He had told her that he wanted to see her about something urgent.
"Don't tell me that Franklin wants to be divorced."
"Heavens no, nothing as serious as that. He's joined the International Brigade. He's going to Spain next week."
"You call that less serious."

week."
"You call that less serious!"
She looked very old. "What made him do it?" she asked.

him do it?" she asked.

"He's very worked up about this war.
He's been organising all these committices. He thinks that the fate of Europe
depends on what's happening in Spain.
He couldn's stand being a non-combatant any longer."
His mother shook her head. "No,"
she said, "that's not the reason. Isn't
there someone who could get him out?"
Mrs. Renton asked. "There must be
somebody with influence. They've got
Englishmen out of the foreign legion."
"But Pranklin desay", want to be

Englishmen out of the foreign legion."
"But Franklin doesn't want to be get out."
"That doesn't matier. We could go over his head. We could get his passport cancelled."
"Mother darling, he's done this of his own accord."
"On no, he hasn't: there's something at the back of this, though I don't know what."
There was a nause. She understood.

know what.

There was a pulse She understood Franklin as acutely as Daphne did.

"If only I knew what was the right hing to do." she was soing on. "If I knew why he'd done it, it would be simple; I feel so heipless. I'm the only one on his side. All the rest of you, even your father, you've only seen his faults, you haven't understood why he was like that. You've all been so hard on him."

sim. She was talking to herself in a blind, impotent misery. He tried to interrupt her but in yain.

"All along I've had to fight his battles, particularly against you, Guy, You wanted him to go abroad when he left Fernhurst. It would have been he left Fernhurst. It would have been fatal, I knew that; then when he had that trouble, with that nightchub, you wouldn't back me up; because you wouldn't back me up; your father wouldn't either. He always took your advice.

wouldn't back me up, your father wouldn't either. He always took your advice.
"It wasn't Franklin's fault, that was obvious; he was led astray by a much older man. But you took the other side: so he was sent abroad; in disgrace; that's how he met Daphne; that's why he married Daphne; ahe's been a good wife to him. He ought to have so old for him. He ought to have married somene younger: he ought to have happened if he had. Everything dates back to that decision of yours to send him out of England; you refused to listen to me.

out of England; you refused to listen
"And you see what's happened. If
anything terrible happens to him now,
you'll be to blame. I'll never forgive
you, never, You were a good son to
your father, you've tried to be a good
son to me; but you've been unjust and
unrelenting as a brother, driving him
out of his own house. I've never been
able to feel about you in the same way
aince."

aince.

It had been said; one of those things that cannot be unsaid; that may be forgiven but cannot be forgotten; that rankle, that itch like a festered sore. She hardly knew what she was saying. She was talking to herself.

"There's no friendship, no relationship in the world," Renee had once said, "that you can't ruin in two minutes." This was that two minutes. He sat in silence, he had ceased to listen to have had this said to him by his own mother; that all this time she had thought his about him; it poisoned the memory of half the times that they had shared.

Two nights before he sailed Franklin.

had thought this about him; if poisoned the memory of half the times that they had shared.

Two nights before he sailed Franklin dined with Guy. "Where would you like to go?" Guy asked. "You can choose your restaurant and pick your menu."

"Let's have it in your fist. I've come to think of it as a second home."

It was what Barbara had said once; what Margery had said more than once. He was giad Franklin feit like that. He was reminded of that dinner, eight years ago now, on the eve of Franklin's sailing for Oporto.

Franklin's sailing

does—well I suppose I'd have gone off with her: I'd not have wanted to but I would have gone.

"I suppose I missed my one real chance when I let Pamela go." Franklin continued. There was a reminiscent expression on his face. You remember that big seeme at Highgate when Pamela and I wen out into the garden? That big seeme at Highgate when I love you I believe in you, she said. You only to his to this trouble because there was a remaining the property of the said. You only got into this trouble because of the I won't be the same thing after a year's trial Let's take a dare, show them we believe in one another. Now when no one elbe does."

It was the first time that Guy had heard what actually transpired on that row what Franklin had meant by describing it as the turning point.

"Why dight you?" he asked. Franklin shrugged. "I funked it. I dight trust myself. I could not face the fear of failing her; to lose that here worship. Besides, if I had failed she'd investuck by me, she was such a loyal creature. She'd have fried to pick up the pieces: and that's what I couldn't face. Being organized; suntained by Pamela. After I'd been a hero to her. I had to go on being that: or nothing. "It was different with Daphne. She had no flusiona. She was in love with me, but with her eyes wide open; she mows the world. We were so right come to London?"

He was talking bout himself in the past lense, or at deast of his London life in the past lense. "How often will you get leave, do you suppose?" Guy and a farmed a concerned. Local leave in Tanders housely but her come? To was regarded in the farmed as a farmed and the concerned. Local leave in Tanders housely but her come? The was regarded as concerned. Local leave in Tanders and suppose?" Guy a Rouse I should think; as far as England is concerned. Local leave in Tanders housely but heter come.

asked.
"Nobe I should think; as far as England is concerned Local leave in Tanglers possibly. You'd better come across and see me there. It's late, I'd better be going. Dapline will be staying are."

"I'll drive you home."
"No, thanks. I'd like to walk." Guy
watched him from his window, hurrying with a quick long stride through
she October night. What was passing

through Franklin's mind? Had he chosen to walk back so that he could take his own farevell of London's streets, saying to himself, 'Maybe this is the last time that I shall ever walk here?'

is the last time that I shall ever walk here?

Across twenty years there came to him the memory of his own last leave october II. Just after Passachendaele: on the eve of Cambral. He had stood at the corner of Regent Sirect and Piccadilly watching the traffic swing into the Quadrant. Tomorrow he had thought, 'It'll all look just the same, with me not here to see it. Then it had been his turn to go, now it was his turn to stay.

Guy often thought of that last leave during the next few weeks. Everything looked the same in London. Autumn passed into winter. There was talk of an approaching slump Anthony Eden rushed from capital to capital: Baldwin was transferred to the House of Lords. Hitler and Mussolini sent each other bouquets. The Left Wing screeched for intervention.

The tension in the Press grew keener:

Wing screeched for intervention.

The tension in the Press grew keener; but trade showed no siackening in Soho Square. For Guy there were the daily telephone talks with Renee; the same dovetalling of their diaries, their hunches or their dinners two or three times a week. It all seemed the same. Yet a few hundred miles away his brother was training to be a front-line soldier with more than water, more than miles dividing him from these familiar streets.

During the first weeks Franklin's letters were eagerly awaited, read, and the news in them passed round. Most days someone asked someone what his news was.

The news after the first days was

The news was.

The news after the first days was slight. He was in Barcelona, at the depot, iraining with a polyglot collection of whom only a few had had any previous military training. Franking on the streight of a Certificate A earned in the O.T.C. at Fernhurst had been made a sergeant. It was a boring life, he said.

Grey made street the first days are sergeant.

life, he said.

Guy understoood that well. Pranklin might well not find himself in action for six months. He sent him out a food parcel from Portnum's: forwarded any book that might amuse him; but gradually, as the weeks went by he ceased to think of him as somebody in danger but as someone who was on a trip abroad.

cam e and January: Teruel was captured; and recovered Then Hitler marched into Austria, and Spain left the headlines. It was not till the sensation had subsided that the Rentons realized that no one had heard anything from Franklin for a full month. Ouy was deputed to make inquiries.

Among the many pro-Loyalists organizations was one that supplied medical services for the International Brigade. Its offices were in Soho, only a few yards from Duke and Benton. There was a brisk air of animation about the place when Guy called on them. It was a small congested room, its walls placarded with propaganda posters; its bookshelves sagging under pamphlets and the orange-yellow paperbacks of the Left Book Chub.

At a central deak in an armochalr, sat a well driessed woman in the thirties whose features were socially familiar, At a small table with a type-writer at each end were two youngish pinks haless, with an air of Bloomsbury. The attention of all three was concentrated upon a tall good-looking baldish but longhaired young man who was sitting across the desk one leg swinging loose.

He was just back from Spain, He had

He was just back from Spain. He had

Supplement to The Australias Weemer's Weekly—December 18, 1938 landed at Barcelona with an ambulance and driven it to Madrid himself. He was full of his experiences; he had actually been to University City, and seen some units of the International Brigade. The spirit of the men was wonderful. It justifies everything we are doing here. It gave me hope and faith."

At that point Guy interrupted, He had been in the room three minutes without stracting notice.

"Perhaps, then, you could give me some information about my brother, Franklin Benton, a sergeant. When he last wrote he was at the base. We've not heard from him for a month. Do the list of casualties reach you?"

The man and the three women swing round to face him. They were most obliging. They did not see the casualty lists themselves but they could make inquiries; would Mr. Renton be kind enough to leave them his address? They would do anything they could do to help. They were so proud of the young Englishmen who had answered the call.

Guy left his address and a subscription to the fund and expressed appropriate appreciation of their kindness. On his return to the office he found a letter with a Spanish postmark in Franklin's handwriting. I'm sorry to have left you all so long without a letter, but that leave in Tanglers did materialise. You ought to go there. It's fantastic Both sides dancing in the same night clubs; nearly fraternisation but not quite. That was in early April, the same week that an Australian cricket side arrived in England. A few week's later along with thirty thousand others Guy watched Hammond but through a long day after an early morning of disasters, and was to see for the first time in his experience the whole pavillon rise to its feet to applied a bataman as he left the field.

The news in the papers grew more ominous. But the public was now incoulated. There had been so many

time in his experience the whole pavillon rise to its feet to applaud a bataman as he left the field.

The news in the papers grew more cominous. But the papers grew more cominous. But the public was now incoulated. There had been so many scares during the last eight years the gold standard criss; the Hore-Laval Fact; the militarisation of the Ruine; the Abdication; the Archives, and the Deal and Hore-quarters of the German tanks that had gone into Austria were built of cardboard?

August came and the final Test March at the Oval and Hutton batting for three days; the sun shone steadily, and though the Evening Standard carried a cartoon by Low of a young man at the seaside in a blazer and open shirt lying on the sand, with the caption 'To Hell with Czechoslovakia', while down the chiff at his back was rolling a boulder marked 'Czechoslovakia', its sister the Daily Express assured its three million readers that 'There will be hower this year or next year either' and then suddenly before anyone could realise it was happening, a genuine crists was upon the country and Chamberlain was flying out to Germany to confer with Hitler.

During the week-end when the crists was at its height, Guy went down into the country to stay with Rex and Lucy. He took Margery. The Great West Mead was througed. It was rumored than on the first air raid there would be in London alone thirty thousand casualities. The evacuation seemed to have begun.

It was a warm week-end. Rarely had the English countryside appeared more tranquil. It was impossible to believe that in a week these quiet towns, Hungerford, Mariborough, Devizes, might be laid low by bombs.

Rex. however, was reassuring. 'No

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as plement to The Amerikas sensit's Weekly - December 12, 1933 cend to worry. None at all. There re- enough sensible people in control ere and in Prance in Germany too or that matter, to ensure that no-hing so instance ould happen. I can't course give my sources of information, but I can assure you that Hiller only a front; the men who really in the country, the Jimkers, the leneral Staff, are using him to keep the rabble quiet, to stamp out Communism, the moment he has ceased or seve their purpose, the moment hey find he's dangerous, they'll get do f him.

He spoke with an air of authority hat might shortly before dinner a all came from the Vicarage. The licar lyans in charge of air defence, in the country was in charge of air defence in had received an assignment of massembled gas makes he was most aircone to have them delivered on the allowing day. He was collecting volumers to hab in the willage hall the dinner. Would the Colonel and its guests be so very kind.

In the village hall, twenty or so arisinioners, some in dinner-faciets, some in corduroys, were gathered cound a long trestle table on which was laid out a heap of rubber masks dorned with goggles, a pile of perorated metal cylinders and a jumble of thick rubber bands. First of all out fitted the mask over the cylinder, had was simple. Then you had to lamp the mask simple, then you had to lamp the mask aimple, then you had to lamp the mask aimple. Then you had to roll to over the nozzle of the mouthpiece a though it was the rubber band, at the rubber handle of a tennis racquet. To fit the clamp out finger under the rubber band middle ingers began to ache.

Hex was delighted with the whole enformance. It all made capital ease, in his opinion, like the disgrage.

ers began to ache.

ex was delighted with the whole formance. It all made capital is, in his opinion, like the digang those slit trenches in the Park: attempt and a highly successful to get the country ratified. Look has rumor about the thirty thou-decided in the beds got ready in the little.

ouptials.

"Nonsense of course, all of it: but out effective. The Left Wing are ying to work up a war hysteria because they know that if there is a ar, the whole social fabric may colpse; then they'll come into power: they did in Russia. That I what have to avoid. We've got to get be public worned, then they'll accept actilement without feeling loss of ce.

settlement without feeling loss of see.

Guy did not contradict him. Peraps Rex was right; he didn't know. 
The one thing of which he was sure 
as his own ignorance. 
The headines next day were gloomer 
still. Even the Daily Express was 
edging on its bet. Lary's two boys 
apt on it. "There's going to be war, 
where sixteen and fourtien years od! 
bout to start their second and third 
ere sixteen and fourtien years od! 
bout to start their second and third 
sars at Pernhurst. To them war 
as the supreme adventure. For all 
a pacifist propagandi of the twenes, the adolescent mind still welmined war.

How long would the war last, the 
you were wondering; long enough 
or them? It had been four and a 
at last time. It might be longer 
it. 

'I'm sons into the R.AF." the

T'm going into the RAF," the der one was saying. The young the was going to be an Agineer. 'm going to lay mines. The sit on

a hill and watch a whole town explode."
"There's one thing you forget,"
Guy warned them. "If there is a
war, you'll play much less football
You'll have two corps parades a
week instead of one and endless
squad drill."
"Shall we oh." Their farm dronwed.

You'll have two corps parades a week instead of once and endless squad drill."

"Shall we ch." Their faces dropped. They hadn't thought of that. They pictured war in terms of the high spotlights; swoogling acropines and exploding hillsides. They had not bargained for the boredom of preparation: the weeks in barracks.

Margery had to be at work on Monday: they left on the Sunday evening, directly after apper. The six o'clock news had been even glounier than the morning papers. "It almost looks as though it will come." Guy said.

Margery laughed, a short bitter little laugh.

"It would solve quite a few problems if it did. I don't suppose I'd be the only one to welcome it."

"So it's still no reply."

"And looks like staying it." She said it on a weary note. She stayed silent. Then suddenly in a rush, it all came out. "Oh I'm so three of it. Never being able to ring him up at home. Always having his secretary explain that he's in conference Probably his wife's got at her. You should hear the glouting expression in her voice; the way respectable women combine against a girl who's on her own. Such a salve of virtue for their consciences. If one's outside their chub, how they sharpen their claws on one."

He had never heard her apsak on such a note before. It was probably because they were driving through the night that alse found it easier to speak.

"In the long run it gets one down," she said. "Never being able to go and one of the said."

The hight that are found it easier to speak.

"In the long run it gets one down," she said. "Never being able to go anywhere where I might meet him. What a welcome I should get from all those women: having to reture invitations that I'd enjoy because she might be there: if only we selonged to a different world; if I'd bent some pick-up he could fit into a back street of his life, who wouldn't have het own personal life of family and rivents messed up. I've never read a novel that showed in the way that I see it, the kind of frustation that ownset to gris like me—to know that any single friend of miles can see him, ring him, aby hour of the day, while I, just because I'm I, I can't."

"So you're all that much in love?"

"In love: that's not the phrase for it. Not after all this time. It's all too involved: It's gone so deep. He's woven into the fabric of so many things."

Guy did not answer, He had no idea who the 'he' was, nor how long it had gone on. It was easier for brother and sister to talk openly when they did not know too much.

On his return to London he found in his mail-box an unstamped letter in Rene's hundwriting. Dean one, you have been in my thoughts so much these has three days. I hope that I have been in yours, if this terrible trutble does descend on us, it is something, no, it is everything to know that I have you to share it with. I'll drop this at your house on my way back from church. I want it to be there to welcome you."

The crisis passes Hysteria broke

The crisis passed. Hysteria broke loose when Chamberlain drove back from the airport through cheering crowds to wave from his window a document on which England was promised Peace in our time. Peace

with honor. Then the reaction came; the suspicion that England had been fooled, that Europe had been fooled, that Europe had been fooled, that Europe had been fooled that the powers of darkness had pulled their trick again. Within his weeks everyone had recognised that Munich was only an armistice; a momentary trace.

"The enlisting in the territorials." Norman bold Guy. "I don't want to have to be kept waiting when the halloon goes up."

"You're very wine."

"You're very wine."

"You're very wine."

"Himself now over forty, he was too old he suspected, for very active service. He wrote to ask Rev's advice. Thirty-eight, he was told, is the maximum age for a commission in the territorials. But there is a special Emergency Reserve commission designed for men like yourself who are either too old for active warfare, or have particular specialist qualifications; I should apply for this.

"In the meantime I am writing on our behalf to a friend in Military

either too out for active warrant, or have particular specialist qualifications; I should apply for this.

'In the meantime I am writing on your behalf to a friend in Military intelligence who might be able to fit you into something. As I toki you when you were down here, I am convinced that all this nonsense will blow over soon, but I am glad that you should feel the need of action, Perhaps when this particular tension has died down, I shall be able to interest you in a project of my own.

There was no immediate sign, however, of the tension dying down. In Home Fuscist deputies were raising their perputua; catasil Consion, Tunis, Nice' in Berlin there had been another years an increasing insistence on rearmament; on one front only was there a slackening of urgency—it was now clear that France had won his coup d'etat, that it was only a question of time before Madrid was cut off from Barcelona. The clamour for intervention gradually subsided; it was time to switch the Party line.

Soon Prankfin would be coming home, Guy thought, Early in January the news came through that Frank-

nome, Guy thought, pernaps for Conse-ma.

He wasn't thought, Early in January the news came through that Frank-lin had been killed in action.

Guy could not be sure whether it was cowardice or kindness that made him send the news by letter to his mollar. Dayline had asked him to do wouldn't him, she couldn't face it she wouldn't him, she couldn't face it she wouldn't kind she will be a send of the practically strangers to each other.

practically strangers to each other. Guy wrote the shortest of short notes. Dearest Mother, this is to bring you the tractic news that Franklin has been killed in action. If I may I will come out to dise with you on Thursell She was completely composed when he wunt out to see her, carrying herself with pride and dignity.

This proves, doesn't it," she said, how wrong you all were about him? None of you believed in him I always did, didn't I, Guy, always, all the time?"

None of you believed in rim. I always did, dint' I, Guy, always, all the time?"
"Yes, Mother darling: all the time."
"Yes, Mother darling: all the time."
"Now he's a hero: now you all admit he's that Everything I ever said in his defence is justified."
"Yes, Mother darling, everything."
She spoke with pride, almost with happiness. Perhaps, finide herself, in the last analysis, ahe was relieved. She had loved Franklin more than anyone had loved him, but she had not been unconsolous of his weaknesses. Perhaps she had been even more consists of them than the others had; she had fought so hard to prevent his being sent abroad, not because she had trusted but because she had mistrusted him.

She could not tell what he might not do, away from her supervision. Perhaps she was in her heart of hearts relieved that he should have had this

kind of end, have passed now beyond blame and censure. Her last years would not be haunted by the fear of what might happen to Franklin when sha was some

what might happen to Frankini when she was gone. His mother wanted to have the memorial service in Highgate, in St. Michael's. Daphne was not likely to object. He called to discuss it with her. He was received by Julia. Her mother wouldn't be long, ten minutes at the most, she said, Julia was now a very modiah lady. "How's your mother taking it?" he asked.

"How's your mother taking it?" he saked.

She smiled "In her stride, as she's taken everything."

It was not said unkindly; but with an affectionate, amused respect for the life her mother had led, a life that made it possible for her to take a husband's death as 'just another thing.' A curious upbringing for a child, trailing along as part of her mother's lugsage, from one world's playground to another, with the tune set in each new playground by a different bendmaster.

'The afraid this means that we shan't see much more of you," she said.

"I don't see why it should."

She shook her head. "One says now it won't. But there won't be a link any longer: no daily give and take. I'm sorry I shall misss you. You won't remember it, but you made a great impression on me that first time you came out to Moughns. You were the first person who'd talked to me about poetry, in a grown-up way, who asked me my opinion. Yes, I shall miss you." She paused; she looked sad and thoughtfut; then her face brightened, "Shall'I tell you what I think! happen?"

"You tell me."

ophilon. Yes, I shall miss you." She paused: she looked sad and thoughtful; then her face brightened, "Shall I tell you what I think! happen?"

"You tell me."

"You tell me."

"You day I'll be in a fam: I'll be in love and not know what to do. I'll want to talk it over, and I won't know who with. I'll wish I were a Catholic and could tell a priest. I'll feel so lost; then suddenly I'll remember you. Why, Uncle Guy, of course. I'll ring you up; and your voice will be so warm and welcoming; the way it always is. Have you any idea how pitting-oil some voices can be on the telephone? You'll say, Why of course come round!

"And I'll curl up on your divan among your cushions and I'll grable away and you'll listen and nod and make an oroasional comment, ask an orcasional question. And somehow as I sit there talking, It'll suddenly become quite clear to me, simply through having you to talk it over with, and I'll know exactly what to do." She checked: there was a dreamy confident expression on her face. It's nice to be able to think that anyhow."

It was a small congregation for the memorial service. So much of Frank-lin's life had been spent abroad. Only the family, a representative from the Spanish Embassy, one or two strangers. Pamela had been notified, but was abroad. Standing by his mother's side. Guy remembered all the tilineent franklin in a saffor suit. Franklin in a saffor suit. Franklin in an Eton coller; Pranklin in stripsed trousers and a morning cost; always in each new manifestation elegant and easy-many happy memories.

They had had no details of his death. There had been a Palangist attack: it retreat; then a counter-remember of anxiety, of irritation, yet in himself never anything but gracious. He would leave many happy memories.

many happy memories.
They had had no details of his death There had been a Falangis attack: In retreat; then a counter-attack; his body had been found in a recaptured treach. They did not know, dhey would never know whether or not

he had died instantly, or whether he had lain there in the cold and rain, under a grey sky, chilled and in pain and numbed remembering ..., remem-bering what?

and numbed remembering remembering what?

Thinking perhaps in pictures; Fernhurst and its courts and cloisters, the
gold-inyour Abbey; the green grass and
white seats of Lord's; London on a
November afternoon with the daylight
fading and the line of a late Georgian
square showing between leafless
branches; London from Highgate Hill,
the dome of St. Paul's showing through
a grey-blue mist; the South of France
in April, the twin towers of Antibes
and the long line of Nice and the
snow-capped Aipes Maritimes behind
pleture after picture, with perhaps
as his last conscious thought, This
settles my account with Rex'

N February Guy re-ceived a letter from the War Office, stating that the application made on his behalf was being considered and requesting him to call for an inter-view. The letter was signed C. R. Oi-

view. The letter was signed C. R. Otway.

It was the first time he had been inside the War Office.

He filled in a form and was taken
by a messenger into a sparsely furnsisted sitting-room. Expecting to be
kept waiting, he had taken the precaution to bring a book with him. He had
read twenty pages before the door
opened and a cheery and families voice
said, "Rullo, old boy, fancy seeing you
here." It was Jimmy Grant; baid,
gugantuan, red-faced. Guy had not
seen him for several years.

"What on earth are you doing here?"
he asked.

"I work here."

"Six years ago. When most of our
friends were resigning their commissions, I applied to be taken back. I
foresaw this, Good idea to get in on
the ground floor, I thought. See anything of the old crowd these days?"

They gossiped about mutual acquaintakes. "By the way." Guy said."

They gossiped about mutual acquaintances. "By the way," Guy said, "I came here for a three o'clock appointment I've been here half an hour. Ought I do anything about it? I've come to see a Captain Otway."

"That's quite all right, old boy, that's who you are seeing. Sorry to have kept you watting."
"You're Captain Otway?"
"Yes."

"You're Captain Otway?"
"Yes."
"What's the idea of that?"
"What's the idea of that?"
"What's the idea of that?"
"We all have alibis in this game.
You'll have one too. Ever read a novel
by Compton Mackensie called Water
on the Brain? You haven't well then
get it. You'd think it was an exageration but it isn't I suppose I ought to
ask you a few questions, about your
languages. There isn't really any need.
But it's as well to get them down, for
record. Then I'll take you along to see
the colone!"

record. Then I'll take you along to see the colonel."

The colonel looked like a colonel: tall and spare with a black clipped moustache. He had a file of papers on his desk, to which he kept referring.

"You're Colonel Irwin's brother-in-law. Very fine officer, indeed. Great pity he retired. Served under him you say. Well, he served under him you say. Well, he served under me. Now about you. We can't do anything about you yet; not till the balloon goes up; can't tell you much about the job we need you for, but you can rely on getting a chit from us within a week of its beginning. In the meantime there's a course I'd like you to take. Put you in the general picture as regards intelligence. Teach you staff duties too It'll take up your evenings. I'm afraid, but I don't suppose you'll mind that. It is an interesting course:

one starts next week. Several of your friends are taking it." The interview lasted only a few min-

The interview fasted only a few minutes.

"Decent sort of guy," said Jinny as they walked away. "Fussy: he looks on it as a drill; as worried over a minprint in a report as he used to be over an unpoliabed button. By the way, do you want to wear uniform? Some do some don't. It's up to you."

Some sixty "closk and dagger students assembled in a wing of the War Office for a course that was to last two months and to which four evenings a week were to be devoted. They were at first glance an odd assortment, varying in age between the early fifties and late twenties.

Soon Guy was to realise what they had in common: alert, well-informed in the matters that concerned them, men of the world in their separate ways, they were all good mixers. Much of the work was done in syndcates. A problem would be set and in seam of six, each group would work out its own solution.

It was an interesting course, it was fascinading to discover how the machinery of a headquarters worked. He enjoyed playing the role of a G311 at Corps. "appreciating the situation on the eve of an attack, But atterwards coming out into Whitehall, watching the streams of traffic swing south to Westminster, walking up to Piccadilly with aff the lights of the Circus flasting the crowds pouring out of clinenss and theatres, hurrying towards tubes and restautrants and buses; it was difficult to believe that the world was headed for the monstrous catastrophic folly of a modern war. In 1914 was had come on suddenly; no one had been prepared, there had been no time for deliberation. But this time every country was on guard against a danger that every country draded, No one wanted war, except a minority of megalomaniacs in Berlim Surely they could be stopped in time. It was like watching a same had been rumored, on what authority no one knew that on March 15 a picture of John Bull waking from his nightmare, with the hobgobility of the scare vanishing in the morning light, but on that very day Hiller did take over Prague.

"That same week Norman, after three months

Vermen's Westly— becamber 14, 1933
"I wish we could,"
"Is there any chance, do you think?"
Is there any chance, do you think?"
She shook her head.
"Roger's being very busy. He's rather rand, you know. He comes next to deprise He has to do a certain amount of official entertaining now. And them a August there are Eric's bolidays."
"We are not seeing as much of each ther as we did."
"That's your fault. You've been so clay learning to be a spy."
"It's over now."
"It's over now."
"It's over now."
"It's over now."
"The Riviers can be very pleasant."
"The Riviers can be very pleasant."

The Riviera can be very pleasant

etter in the autium, after Eric's gone sick to achool."

The Riviers can be very pleasant hen."

"Let's try and fix it."

"Aet's try and fix it."

He made a late September booking a the Martiner He still couldn't believe that there would be a war. It all seemed pointless and unreal.

It still seemed that even on that rist Sanday in September when lev'lls Chamberlain announced over he radio that British was at war, lay heard it in his mother's flat fe was spending the week-end at No. 7. Norman had been called up in the previous week and there was blenty to be discussed. He had walk-down at the try of the try of the property of The land self-era.

The release win. You believed him you have their work cut out till the selects win. You talked about non-intervention when the Italians and Germans were intervening all the lime. Franklin was go bitter about that, Franklin was go bitter about that, Franklin was gibing for his country, every bit as much as any of the young mon who will doe for his country, every bit as much as any of the young mon who will doe for his country every bit as much as any of the young mon who will doe for his country every bit as much as any of the young mon who will do. His mane ought to appear in the Fernhurst Roll of Honor. I hope you's see it does.

"I will, Mother," He changed the misself does and the had been Roger was one of the top high-was in the head had about the warrier of talk to her on the head. She shook her head.

The shook her head.

The landscape looked very peace-ting leth his promise?

The landscape looked very peace-ting leth limit had been threatefied, the 50,000 in the other war in the fermed on, the reck-model of the landscape looked very peace-ting leth limit had been threatefied, the follow him. The light part of the warming with publicly she had found herral to the warming with publicly she had found herral to the warming him and the silver looked promise with the land as a wine merchant in School and the silver looked him her warming him the feel had found herral to the leth had been threatened, the 50,000 in the other warming him the land had been threatened, the 50,000 in the of the land had been threatened, the 50,000 in the other warming him the land had been threatened, the 50,000 in the other war

had been given by mistake. It seemed typical and symptomatic of the day. Nothing seemed wholly real.

Two days later he was ammoned to the War Office, He had been appointed with the pay and position of a staff captain to a special combined branch of Naval, Military and Air Force Intelligence. He would don't he asked whether he could continue his directorality at Duke and Renton. He would like to be able to attend its board meetings. What in point of fact, he was the could choose that day for his board meetings.

"But in point of fact," he was told, "you will find you are working in a very broadmidded outst. When work needs doing, and officer is expected to work twenty-ax hours a day, but he nothings doing, he's not asked to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial of the Wandersy, hours a day when nothings doing, he's not asked to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day. The serial continued to work twenty-ax hours a day will be a day thin a collection of Mass Secret 115.

Guy's office was south of St. James' Paris, near the Inner Circle tube stand in which any the serial proposition of the was great a small but comfortable office, any hours and the cortex had the work of the was duly of the work of the work

was in camp. Only Lucy and Rex were intere, besides himself.

The reception was in Tedworth Square. It was a house that Guy had rarely visited, into which Dapine had moved only a very few weeks before Frankin left, for Spuin.

The reception was on the first floor. Ther reception was on the first floor. There was a warture feeling against elaborate weddings, but Julia had available the dress worn by her grand-mother, that Dapine herself had never had a chance of wearing.

She looked very pretty in her lace and satin. As he took his place in the queue he wondered, whether she remmbered that last talk they had had here, after Frankin's death. There was a twinkle in her eye as he came up to her.

"Toon't think," she said, "Twe let you off that promise. I may need you yet." She squeezed his hand, then to his complete surprise and quite rest pleasure she raised herself upon her toes and kissed him.

tree me raised necessifugoa nor loes and trissed him. He walked downstairs. It was strange to think that thirteen mouths ago this had been his brother's home, that his brother had thought of this as home as he shivered in his trench under a wind that his home, as he shivered in his trench under a pranklin, nothing to remind him of Pranklin, nothing to remind him of Pranklin, nothing to remind him of Pranklin had made no friends, accumulated no possessions.

He had been loved, he had been liked, but he had put down no roots. He had moved into other people's lives, and then moved on; leaving no trace. In very much the same way that Daphne had done in the Reutons'.

Yes, they were of a type those two:

to one knother; for the months, how, on the ground floor at the buffet table he found floor at the buffet table he found floor as the primarile.

"Ah, there you are Knew you'd get down here soon. Good champagne, How's everything? Why no uniform?" "I'm cloak and dagger."

"Are you? Yes, of course you are 'Old Smoky' fixed you up all right, Thought he would Good fellow 'Smoky'."

Thought he would Good fellow Smoky.

"Why don't you come and join us? He thinks the world of you."

"Does he, that's good of him. I'm slad he does." He paused; a look that was almost furtive crossed his face.

"I oughtat to ask you. And of course it's not your pigeon. But just as a matter of curiority, have you beard my name mentioned in your outful?"

Guy shook his head. "We're like monks you know each living in his little cell, working out his nefarious projects."

"Are you? I suppose you are. We'll it's a relief anyhow that I'm not one of the birds whose tail you're aulting. What about some more champagne? Yes, I think so, Yes."

In March Roger went to Washington.

ret. I thick so, Yes."

In March Reser went to Washington on an economic mission. He had no idea how long be would be away. The problem of finding dollars with which to purchase war materials had become acute. He might not be back until midsummer.

"I shall be due for a month's leave in June" Guy said to Reuse. "Why don't we spend it in the South of France?"

"It might be managed."
That was the kind of thing that Londoners said to one another in March 1940.

hondoners said to one another in March 1930.

A cray, war, an unreal war, It still seemed unreal, even after the bulloon went up, and in the course of a few days there came to Guy and Reine, to Barbara and Margory and the rest of England the feeling that they were living not only in a different world but in a different planet, with England on her own, a solitary fortress in the Atlantic, the last custodian of freedom, with the Home Guard mustering in every village and invading afteratic circling over London.

Event followed event with bewilder-

every vinage and invaning arcent circling over London.

Event followed event, with bewildering catastrophic swiftness. Holland out of the war, Belgium out of the war, the Dunkirk beaches. But the sequence of disasters in France and Belgium did not alter Guy'e routine.

Every few hours a Most Secret report of the present position of the battle front would reach him. It seemed incredible; he would study it in relation to the map. He remembered those half-mile advances on the Somme. On his way to the Wanderers' he would buy a paper to see how much the public had been told, to find out what he was simposed to know in contrast to what he actually did know, so that he should not make a slip at lunch.

IN one of these reports he had read that the Queen Victoria Billes, had been rished across
the common than the common that the common than the common than the common than the common that the common that

wished she and Norman would have lunch or dinner with him. Would they let him know when he was next on leave?

"We'd love to," Barbara said. "But I think lesve's been atopped. As a matter of fact, I huven't heard from Norman for a week."

So, Norman had gone. Guy had his own sources of information. He knew that very few of them had got back to the Dinnik's beachined. He tearn't before Barbara did, that Norman was among the missing.

He went out to see her. The Heath looked very fresh and green in the late spring sunlight. He had never seen the rhododendrons in tulier flower. "The chances are a hundred to one on his being a prisoner." he told Barbara. "There was heavy fighting, but we know more or less where the casualties were." It was not strictly true, but it was better to pad the blow.

"Do you think I should be a coward if I took the children away to Canada or to Australia?" she said. "You'd be very wise. You could do no good here; if this Island's to be a fortress, the fewer well, shall I say useless mouths, the better."

"That's what I thought If Norman is a prisoner be'd be happler in his swn mind. If he hould think of the children being properly fed. I wouldn't mind in the least on my own account. If denjoy war work, but my war work's looking after these four children. Where would you suggest my going?"

"Canada, the firm's got links there. You'd be all right for money."

"That's deal fright for money."

"That's little close, but it was not near a railway of any milltary objective. "You'd not any milltary objective."

"You any in the count of the count of the count in the least on the war a railway of any milltary objective."

"You any in the count of the count of the count of any milltary objective."

"You any in the count of the count of any milltary objective."

"You might do very much worse."

Wassen's Weekly — December 18, lbs

"Till go and see it. You'd like to live
there you're sister-in-law's furniture.
He shock his head. There was said
that same obstacle. Highgate was to
far from Albion Street.
Barbara left early in July, a vecafter she had learn that Norman was
a prisoner. Guy went down to Euton
to see her off. The train was crammed
with mothers and their children.
"I feel an awful rat." she said.
"You shouldn't Everything will depend on this next generation. It will be
up to them to readjust the belance."

He returned to his office to find a message from Lucy. Would he ring be at once? She was staying at the little mational Sportsmeris Club. Her voice sounded distracted. She did not wan to talk about it on the telephone. Coule he come round and see him? "It would be better if you came to m that. Could you have dinner with my." The sorry, ho. I'm going out it Highgate. I could some round for a cocktail or after dinner. Mother the going to bed early." "After dinner would be more convenient."

ent." He had an idea he would be workin

ent."

He had an idea he would be working late.

Lucy arrived shortly before eleven.

"You've heard the news?" site said,

"That Norman's a prisoner. Yes of course."

"No, that they've arrested Rex."

"Wintever for?"

"Being a damer to the realm."

"But what's he done?"

"No, thing, it's what he might do."

18B. The law that allowed you in wartime to agreest without truls auxons who might be considered dangerom. He would be vulnerable under that definition. He had been mixed up with on much that was so near to Pascism.

"I should have thought you would have heard." She said.

"No, that's M.1.5."

"I thought you all worked hand-inglove."

"On the very too level was but on me."

"I thought you too level yes, but on my glove."
"On the very top level yes, but on my level the right hand does not know what the lett hand's doing."
"Then you can't do anything about the"."

"Then you can't do anything about 12"
"Not a thing."
"I'd hoped ... "she checked. "Hase you any idea what'll happen to nim" Actually he had none. But he did he best to put her mind at rest. "He's not a criminal This isn't Germany. There has no law under which he can be tried. He's not a traitor. He'll be treated like an officer prisoner of war, in honorable confinement. He probably won't he in prison very long. They're roping is everyone about whom they feel the least suspicion. They'll review the case later. They'll release three-quarters of them. You'll probably have him bac by Christmas."
"Do you think I shall? That's wenderful. You're very consoling."
"If there's anything I can do to heb."

"There is one thing. You could telt he boys."
"There is one thing. You could telt he boys."
"It could do that easily."
"It could do that easily."
"It be so grateful if you would. It would come better from you. The massiline point of view. I'm so afraid the may get a sense of inferiority about it. The other boys ancering at them. The mustr't be ashiamed of Rex. They must be able to stay proud of their father.
"It think I can put it right for them." I'll be so grateful." She rose to make the bead not been in the flat if them minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The had not been in the flat if the minutes. The work of the had not been in the flat if the minutes. The work of the had not been in the flat if the minutes. The minutes is not been in the flat if the minutes in the minutes in the minutes in the minutes. The minutes is not been in the flat if the minutes in the minutes i

'In that case then, well, I think I would like a whisky."

She stayed on for half an hour, but she had been right in thinking she would be bad company. There were awkward pauses in the conversation. How completely they had grown apart.

would be bad company. There were awkward pauses in the conversation. How completely they had grown apart.

Guy took his day off on the following Tuesday. It would be a half-holiday at Fernhurst. It was a warm, bright day, the spell of uncloud of making the still unbroken. The familiar landscape looked very calm and static, the cattle docing in the sinade; villages clustering round their spires, large reduction of the states of the sinade; villages clustering round their spires, large reduction for the same and outhouses and high, sarden walls, their parks and trees. It was hard to realise that across twenty miles of water an arrogant victorious enemy was planning the destruction of this fertile peace.

He had not been down to Fernhurst for fitteen years, not since he had come to see Franklin about his "emiproidered bag." He arrived soon after twelve. Everyone was in school and the courts were empty. He stood in the courts were empty, he stood in the courts were empty in the stood in the courts were empty. He stood in the courts were empty for their known of spill out their horde of shouting, hurrying boys.

He had wondered that last time he had stood there, whether he would stand here next at Renee's side, waiting for their son, fifteen years from then, in the autumn of 1940.

On the way down he had thought out whit he would explain that this war was not like the last; it was a fight not between nations but ideologies. There was nothing disgraceful, nothing even disgraduable in a man's having believed in 1850 that a different ideology held there is credit that he had concerned himself so internet with his country's problems, when a man having he level the solution for the world's and their traiter's credit that he had concerned himself so internet; with his country's problems.

He need not have put himself to so much trouble.

"Will it be

paragraph." I will, out only a small paragraph."

"Gibson's father got more than that when he drew second favourtie in the Irish Sweep. There was a photograph and an interview."

"It's much grander though," George countered. To have a father who's so important that they have to put him into prison before he's done a thing only because they're afraid he might."

"Poor Daddy. How he'll hathe it."

"Poor Daddy. How he'll hathe it."

"Poor Daddy. How he'll hathe there wery long," Gily said. "I expect you'll have him home for Christmas."

"Do you think he'll be back these hols?" Digby asked.

"The find and as soon as that."

"Then I'll ride the chestnut."

Margery dined with him that night. He had anticipated the need after an exacting day of family support. He did not, but he was grateful for her com-

pany "Young people take a very immediate view of things," she said. "They can't see further than next holidays and then in terms of their own interests."

That sounds like an M. of L 're-

"Well, and why not? Everybody makes fun of us. We're fair game. Better journalists are outside than in, and they resent our official stants. But we are, you know, quite sitietent."

"I've never known quite what you do?"

do?"
"Questions are asked in the House on that very point."
"I don't mean the Ministry. I mean you yourself."
"Me. oh, I'm rather grand. I organise people's work. I decide on policy. If we were an army unit, I'd he a major, I'll be a haif-colonel soon."
"Mayorers a hearings of Colonel Med.

I'll be a half-colonel soon."

Markery a Lieutenant-Colonel. Well, she was thirty-five. She had a mature air of authority. Her hair was beginning to turn grey. He had a swift prophetic snap of her at fifty; silverhalred, tant and lean, with lines between mouth and nostriks, composed, executive, high-up in some Government Department.

ment Department.

She was one of those who get and take their chance in wartime—a mern disciplinarian, her staff in awe of her, yet with an unquenched gamine quality that would make some girl who'd been reprimanted admit afterwards "she made me feel pretty small, but all the same she's not inhuman. She might even have been fun when she was young. Wonder what happened. I suppose someone lilled her."

"You like it, don't you, in your Ministry?" he said.

She nodded

Ministry?" he said.

She nodded.

"There's a fot that's maddening; ao much red taps; approaches having to be made through the right channels; but it is exciting, you're behind the scenes, and there's camaraderis. I wouldn't change my lob. I often thank beaven that I'm not married. Poor Lucy, marcomed there in that vast house, and Barbara in a strange country with bhose four children.

"I don't deny that I haven't felt cometimes sourt for myself this hast five years. I've sometimes sworn I'd marry the first reasonable man that asked me. Thank God, I didn't. I wouldn't change places how with the woman I would have been if I had. Marriage for love's sake, yes, but marriage for the sake of marriage, no, no thank you."

She paused. "They say that no girl's

thank you."

She paused "Thoy say that no girl's unmarried who's had a chance of marrying. What rubbles that is, Do you remember Father's remark all those years ago about it not being true any longer that a girl's botter of married unhappily than not married unhappily than not married. There's not all that difference nowadays between a man and a woman. By and large, you and I, we, the unmarried ones, have come off best."

time he gets back from Washington, beaven that I'm not married. Poor Lucy, marcomed there in that vast house and Barbara in that vast house and Barbara in a strange country with those four children.

'I' don't dery that I haven't feit sometimes sorry for myself this last five years. I've sometimes sorry for myself this last five years. I've sometimes sorry for myself this last five years. I've sometimes sorry for myself this last five years. I've sometimes sorry for myself this last five years. I've sometimes sorry for myself this last five years. I've sometimes sorry for myself this last saked me. Think God, I didn't. I wouldn't change places how with the woman I would have been if I had Marriage for love's sake, yes, but marriage for love's sake, yes, but marriage for love's sake, yes, but marriage for the sake of marriage for myself what rubbins that is, Do you remember Pather's remark all those years ago about it not believe that hose years ago about it not believe the say class remained ones, have come off best."

There's not all that difference nownal large, you and I, we, the unmarried ones, have come off best."

There's not all that difference nownal large, you and I, we, the unmarried ones, have come off best."

The House Guard was mustering constituted the say of the say criss-crossed with the with that followed Never, he felt, had the contrast been more acute between the god of the nation's. The Home Guard was mustering constituted the collapse of Prance and the threat of huminent invasion brought no changes in the smooth rivythm of his routine.

He found it hard to believe that Firiah was threatened by real danger. He knew she was, but it seemed impossible Everything looked so very much the same in Lendon: the same his Lendon: the same his possible. Everything looked so very much the same in Lendon: the same his possible Everything looked so remained the same his Lendon: the same his Lendon: the same his possible. Severithing looked so very much the same in Lendon: the same his possible everything l July. For Guy it was a calm period that followed. Never, he felt, had the contrast been more acute between the tempo of his private life and of the nation's. The Home Guard was mustering, coast defences being built, new age groups called-up, the factories working avertime. He read of the Dunkirk spirit, the tremendous drive of energy inspired by Churchill's speeches and Herbert Morrison's "Go to it." But for himself the collapse of France and the threat of imminent invasion brought no change in the smooth rhyshm of his routine.

He found it hard to believe that Hrizah was threatened by real dainger. He knew she was, but it seemed impossible Everything looked so very much the same in Landon: the same brise busile along the streets, the poffee-room at the Wanderors' at lanch three-quarters full, scarcely a free table at dinner in the Cafe Royal.

The sun shope and the eky was

bine. Hence's Fric came back for his holidays; his final holidays but one. His ase group would be called un at Christmas. Some good one-day matches were being played at Lord's, and Guy took him there. Once the three of them drove out to Exping Forest for a picnic. The Battle of Britain had begun. Each day brought in its cricket score of German losses, but the blue sky was clear and cloudless. The war seemed very far away. Then, on the first Saturdsy in Sep-

but the blue sky was clear and cloudless. The war seemed very far away.
Then, on the first Saturday in September, the branen fury broke loose
upon London.

In the third wesk of the bombardment, a few days after Sylo had gone
back to Ston, Gny was rung up by
Renee at his office.

"I'm in trouble," sits said. Try
heen bombed out. No one's been
hurt, but there's not much left."

Her voice was as calm as ever.
It was as though she had said, Thy
raining. Twe no umbrells. Could you
send round a car to pick me up?

In silence they stood together on
the pavement; a direct hit had torn
away the whole frontage of the house.
It looked like a stage set, with the
exposed frescoet, spintered lacquer,
the velvet curtains hanging loone, and
high on the top floor, the nursery
wallpaper with its serial fairy story
showing through the latha and plaster
beneath the conventionally-patterned
paper that had been superimposed
when Eric had become a schoolboy.

"I'm glad that Roger Isn't here,
she said. "It would have broken his
heart. He loved that house. By the
time he gets back from Washington,
they'll have the whole thing demolished."

"What are you going to do yourselly"

"Find a flat or go to a hotel."

cendiary bomb that had pitched in the backward. Windows would be smashed by binat. They would return from dinner to find a lump of shell casing in the hall. There would be the white over their beads of a screaming shell and before the noise of the explosion reached them, the house under the impact of its explosion would be quivering in its foundations. On their way back from dinner, as they turned a corner there would be a quick succession of explosions and the street in front of them would be a cloud of rubble.

There were completely dependent on

They were completely dependent on each other. There was a last-time sense about everything they shared, with danger rendering every sense-tien more seute. It was in varying moods that they faced the bombing.

moods that they faced the bombing.

There were times when simultaneounly they would want to dive under tables; there were times as they sat over a thas of sherry before going out to dinner that the roar of agroplanes would so get on their nerves, that they would suip down their wine and almost run to the shelter of a basement restaurant. There were other times when the roar of the accopianes overhead was like a sedative.

senative.

It was a pionic life they shared, doing the sreater part of their own housework, fixing their own housework, fixing their own housework, fixing their own breakfusts, often cooking themselves kitchen auppers, ringing each other up during the day to decide the shopping, never during the black-out going outside a five minutes radius, never seeing anyone except themselves, with no one for those fourteen hours between half-past-elsa and half-past-elsa twisting for them outside themselves; with everything that happened during the working day made harmonious, significant by the memory, by the prospect of those fourteen hours.

Ohne be was sent out of London on

Once he was sent out of London on a tour of duty. "In'll give you a chance of a night's sleep," the Colonel said.

Colonel said.

But he rould not sleep. He felt reatiess, away from London. He tried to ring up Renee but the line was blocked. He cut his four short and was back by the following afternoon.

"I've never realised," he said, "till now what mirriage was I've always thought of it in terms of obligations. I've never thought of it as a coming home to someone."

It was on a Saturday in November.

It was on a Saturday in November that he said that; one of those warm November days when summer seems to have returned. They had each had a half-day off; they had strolled through the park as the day was dy-ing.

The moon was three-quarters full the sky was cloudless London looked early lovely in the silvered days, the eye undistracted by the glare of street larms. The night was warm so warm that back in the flat they did not bother to light the fire. They sat sipping at their sherry, with the black-out curtains undrawn even though an Alert had gone. The moon high over the roof-tops filled the roof with twilight if was easy in that atmosphere to say tender things, as easy with the width of half a room between them, with the accoplanes dronting above their heads, with searchilghts sweeping the sky, with the clatter of anti-arcraft fire splitting every serience as ever it and been in the dusk of their closed moments. Never had be felt more at one with her "Balf the novels I've I'n he said, have talked about love changing, becoming a different kind of

love, about 'being in love' giving way to 'loving'. It's fifteen and a half years since Murren yet I feel no diff-erently."

"That's how I meant it to be," she said.
"Meant?"
"I meant you to stay in love with

"I meant you to stay in love with me."

Her head was against the light, in profile and silhouette, which was a symbol he supposed of what she had always been to him. He'd never known what she was thinking.

"I've never known what you saw in me," he said.

Thought she was still in silhouette, he could tell from her profile that she was amiling.

"That's the third time that you've said that," she said.

"It's not the third time that I've wondered it.
"You've never guessed the answer?

"You've never guessed the answer? Haven't you read in any of those hovels about love coming after-wards?"
"Where would that apply?"

"Where would that apply?"

"That I might have been lonely that I might have needed sumeone; that is a girl who's been let down in love might say. Til marry the next decent man who asks me and I'll make a go of it. Mighth! I have thought in my special and particular position. The next man I meet who's wholestome in mind and body and who's attracted by me I'm going to make fall in love with me and stay in love with me. Did it never occur to you that I might have felt fust that?"

"Is that what you did feel thea?"

"Is that what you did feel then?"
"I didn't say I did. I asked if you hadn't ever wondered whether I mighin't have."

She walked over to the window; she flung up the sanh and stood, her hands upon the sill, He crossed to join her Coutside the light had faded it was a good night for bombers.

Already there was a red glow in the North, the houses round Paddington, he supposed. He put his arm about her shoulders

"I don't know what you felt then or what you didn't feel. There's only one thing I know for certain, what I feel now. I've found you at lant. I've found what marriage to you could be I'm not going to let you go again."

Outside, the red glow to the North

Outside, the red glow to the North was heightening deepening and widen-ing. There was a kinghip, a linked association between his own problem and this tortured city's.

association between his own problem and this tortured city's.

"We've played for safety you and I all our lives," he thought; "and why clee is London in fames tonight but because we as a nation played for safety because we put second things in front of first things as you and I put second things in front of love; properly convention social interest, the opinion of other people. "There's only one was to love," he said "for two people to give up everything for each other to live in and for each other to live in and for each other. The said standard of the said standard of the said that accemed to come from the depths of a deep happiness.

His arm tigntened about her shoul-

bombs grew louder nearer, so that he barely heard her as she began to answer him. He leant over close to catch her words "Nothing else in the world matters nothing."

She rose on tiptoe as she spoke, so that he could hear above the bomb's loudening whine, though it was barely whispered that final "nothing."

It was the biggest moment of his life. In that one word at last, after fifteen years, they had become complete, had found each other, had found themselves, had become one person.

It was that whispered "nothing" the pitch and tone and the vibration of it that echoed through his brain and heart now six years later in the spring of 1984, as he stood at this same win-dow, pondering the question that this young officer and set him, the question of a companionate alliance.

"Can't you put yourself back," the young man had asked, "... out of your own experience."

young man had asked." Joll of your own experience."

Out of his own experience, out of all this room had seen! Franklin on the eve of his two departures: Daphne on the eve of her two departures: Daphne on the eve of her operation; the Abdication speech! Barbara bringing Normagnound, the tweed cost, the conduction that the bard is prison; all those talks with Margery Margery on his return from Fernhust. "By and large you and I have come of best" out of all this room had seen out of all the moods that he had lived through here all the confidences that he bear brought to him; out of it all out of twenty-one years of living it was that whispered "nothing" that spoke with the final urgency, the ultimate authority It was under that influence that he turned back to the young man behind him.

"I'm an ageing backelor," he said.

behind him.

"I'm an ageing bachelor," he said,
"and where love's conferred ageing bachelors are usually either cynical or sentimental. I don't hink a mether and I'm not a moralist. But this the certain of, that when two young people really love each other, there's only contained of that love lasting; that's in marriage. There has to be a complete giving; on both sides, and that, outside marriage there never can be."

He snoke quietly but very excitorate

He spoke quietly but very seriously. He could see that the young man had been impressed. He had been given the advice that probably, in the last analysts, in his own heart of bears he had been hoping for Most likely he would act upon it.

Guy turned away to look below him; standing where be had stood Gwenty-one years ago watching for the first time for a grey-green Chewrolet; standing which had stood on that November evening with Betree in his arms, with the bilts roaring over them, leaning to catch her whisper.

That final "nothing." It was the last word he was to hear her speak. For the bomb whose white had almost deadened that jast sentence had been succeeded before the house had censed its quivering by another and swifer impact that had crushed them sensess to the floor. Beside him in his arms when he recovered consciousness was a lifeless body.

"Nothing else in the world matters.

Nothing else in the world matters. nothing

It was in the light of that final "nothing" that Renee would, he felt very sure have wanted him to advise her son.

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